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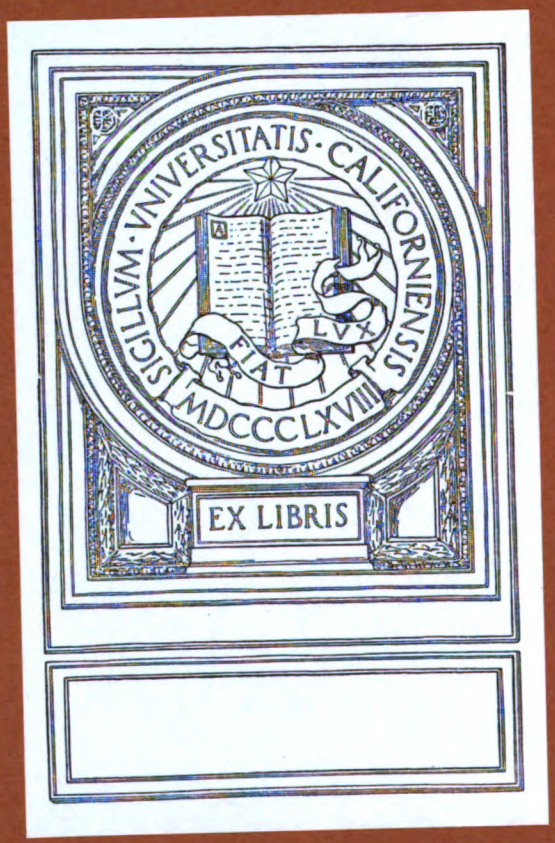

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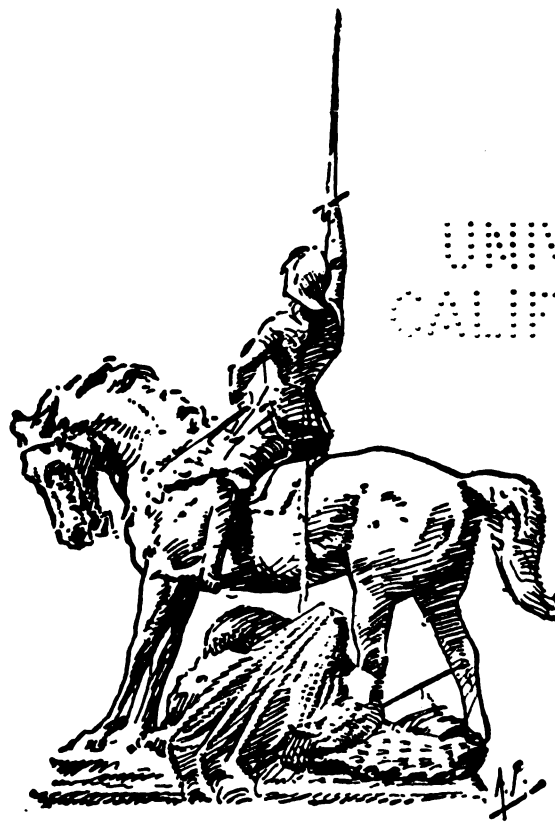

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INDEX

Aldershot Forty Years Ago. By *Percy Cross Standing, Esq.*, 442.

Army Mule, The: An Appreciation (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt*, 529.

Australia's Greatest Racehorse (*Illustrated*). By *Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.*, 596.

Balti Girl, The (*Illustrated*). By *Major G. T. Williams*, late 11th Hussars, 184.

Baltistan, Ibex Shooting in (*Illustrated*). By *WEGH.*, 416.

Bavarian "Prince Philip Regiment" of Carabiniers, 1704–1710, The (*Illustrated*). By *Major H. Fitz.M. Stacke, M.C., p.s.c.*, 106.

Blenhiem: Cavalry Battle Honours (*Map*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.*, 95.

Cavalry:

Arras, at, 1917, 292.

Battle Honours (*Maps*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.*, 95, 216, 402, 533.

France, in, March–April, 1918 (*Maps*). By *Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D.*, Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry, 170, 326, 483.

Journal, Annual Meeting, 135.

Operation, An Audacious and Successful. By *Lieut.-Colonel O. J. F. Fooks, p.s.c.*, 14/20th Hussars, 9.

Stations, Old: Woolwich (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.Hist.S.*, 237.

The Approach March of the: Translated from "Wissen und Wehr," 518.

Chargers in Horse Shows in India. By "*Risala*," 615.

"Chivalry." By *Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C.*, Royal Tank Corps, 278.

Clare's Dragoons, The Myth of. By *J. M. Spaight, C.B.E., LL.D.*, 67.

"Come for a Ride" (*Illustrated*). By *Dudley Wrangel*, 76.

Correspondence, 132, 463.

Dettingen: Cavalry Battle Honours (*Map*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.*, 533.

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Egypt, The Tragedy of the old War Horses in (*Illustrated*), 127.
Exploits of the Eighth Hussars (*Illustrated*). By *J. Paine*, 1, 163.

Fair Means, By (*Illustrated*). By *G. W. Meredith* ("*Bridoon*"), 85.
Fishguard, 1797 (*Illustrated*). By *K. R. Wilson*, 229.
Fishing Trip, A Week-end (*Illustrated*). By *WEGH.*, 209.

Glorious Memory of those Twenty-Eight Regiments of the Cavalry Corps which had comprised the British Cavalry of the Line until Reorganization, To the. By *William McCabe*, 93.
Good Legs (*Illustrated*). By *Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt*, 13.
Great Bear Lake Patrol, The (*Map*). By *Inspector C. D. La Nauze, R.C.M.P.*, 259.

Hawthorn, Alice (*Illustrated*). By *Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.*, 323.
Horse Trails in the Rocky Mountains (*Illustrated, Map*). By *R. M. Paterson*, 375.
Horses, Celebrated War (*Illustrated*). By *J. Paine*, 497.
"Horses, My": An Equestrian Odyssey (*Illustrated*). By *Richard Oakley*, 46.
Hunting Big Game (*Illustrated*). By *WEGH.*, 554.
Hunting in Palestine (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Hamilton, O.B.E.*, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A., 369.

Ibex Shooting in Baltistan (*Illustrated*). By *WEGH.*, 416.

Koziatyn, The Raid on (*Maps*). By *Captain Eugen Hinterhoff, F.A.*, Polish Army, 382.

Lake and Victory (*Illustrated*). By *Colonel E. B. Maunsell, p.s.c.*, late 14th P.W.O., Scinde Horse, I.A., 23, 189, 351.

Magazines:
Home and Dominion, 140, 295, 488, 626.
Foreign, 143, 298, 451, 627.
Maintenance of the Objective: Pieces of a Grim Fairy Tale. By *Captain Hook*, 598.
Malplaquet: Cavalry Battle Honours (*Map*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.*, 407.
Mass *versus* Mobility: A Brief Study of the Evolution of Offensive Tactics in the Mobile Arm, 565.
Muir, Captain W. H., M.C., King's Dragoon Guards, 136, 463.

Napoleon, The Soldiers of. By *Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C.*, Royal Tank Corps, 113.
Notes, 135, 292, 446.

Digitized by Google

Officer's Lady, The. By *Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C.*, Royal Tank Corps, 427.

Oudenarde: Cavalry Battle Honours (*Map*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.*, 402.

Panipat: The Last Battle of, January 13th, 1761. By *H. G. Rawlinson*, 577.

Pig, The Outlying. By *"Koosial,"* 605.

Polo Temperament (*Illustrated*). By *Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt*, 391.

Publications, Recent, 146, 301, 455, 630.

Ramillies: Cavalry Battle Honours (*Map*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E. F.R.Hist.S.*, 216.

Riding before Breakfast (*Illustrated*). By *Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt*, 223

Rurales of Mexico, The (*Illustrated*). By *Percy Cross Standing*, 274.

Senlac Field. By *Major C. F. Marriott*, 20th Lancers, I.A., 591.

Shipwrecked near 'Frisco. By *Old Timer*, 620.

Sport in South Persia (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Hamilton, O.B.E.*, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A., 252.

Sporting News, 155, 313, 464, 635.

Stalk in the Nilgiri Hills, A, 397.

Surtees, Something about. By *Hugh Machell*, 510.

Tales of Tomsk: Yakub and the Tomsk Hussars. By *Siegfried P.*, 41.

Tales of Tomsk: A Paper Chase, Siberia, 1919. By *Siegfried P.*, 610.

Tragedy, The. By *Multani*, 226.

Veterinary College, The Royal (*Illustrated*). By *Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.*, 342.

Whyte-Melville: Sabreur and Sportsman. By *Percy Cross Standing*, 586.

Yeomanry Officers in Parliament, 138, 446.

AUTHORS

Baker, Colonel B. G., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.: Old Cavalry Stations: Woolwich (*Illustrated*), 237.

Edwards, Major T. J., M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.: Cavalry Battle Honours (*Maps*), 95, 216, 402, 533.

Fooks, Bt. Lieut.-Colonel O. J. F., p.s.c., 14/20th Hussars: An Audacious and Successful Cavalry Operation, 9.

Goldschmidt, Lieut.-Colonel S. G.:
Good Legs (*Illustrated*), 13.
Riding before Breakfast (*Illustrated*), 123.
Polo Temperament (*Illustrated*), 391.
The Army Mule: An Appreciation (*Illustrated*), 529.

Digitized by Google

Hamilton, Colonel F. A., O.B.E., late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.:
Sport in South Persia (*Illustrated*), 252.
Hunting in Palestine (*Illustrated*), 369.

Hinterhoff, Captain E., F.A., Polish Army: The Raid on Koziatyn (*Maps*), 382.

Hitchcock, Captain F. C., M.C., F.R.Hist.S.: The Royal Veterinary College (*Illustrated*), 342.

Hook, Captain: Maintenance of the Objective: Pieces of a Grim Fairy Tale, 598.

"*Koosial*": The Outlying Pig, 605.

La Nauze, C. D., Inspector, Royal Canadian Dragoons: The Great Bear Lake Patrol (*Map*), 529.

Machell, Hugh: Something about Surtees, 510.

Marriott, Major C. F., 20th Lancers, I.A.: Senlac Field, 591.

Maunsell, Colonel E. B., late 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse, I.A.: Lake and Victory (*Illustrated*), 23, 189, 351.

Meredith, G. W. L. ("*Bridoon*"): By Fair Means (*Illustrated*), 85.

McCabe, William: To the Glorious Memory of those Twenty-eight Regiments and Cavalry Corps which had comprised the British Cavalry of the Line until Reorganisation, 93.

Multani: "The Tragedy," 226.

Oakley, Richard: My Horses: An Equestrian Odyssey (*Illustrated*), 46.

Old Timer: Shipwrecked near 'Frisco, 620.

Paine, J.:
Exploits of the Eight Hussars (*Illustrated*), 1, 163.
Celebrated War Horses (*Illustrated*), 497.

Paterson, R. M.: Horse Trails in the Rocky Mountains (*Illustrated, Maps*), 375.

Preston, Lieut.-Colonel T., M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry: Cavalry in France, March–April, 1918 (*Maps*): Part I, 170; Part II, 326; Part III, 483.

Pitman, Major-General T. T., C.B., C.M.G. (Colonel 11th Hussars):
Alice Hawthorn (Pedigree), 323.
Australia's Greatest Racehorse (*Illustrated*), 596.

Rawlinson, H. G., M.A., F.R.Hist.S.: The Last Battle of Panipat, 13th January, 1761, 577.

"*Risala*": Chargers in Horse Shows in India, 615.

Sheppard, Captain E. W., O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps:
Soldiers of Napoleon, 113.
Chivalry, 278.
The Officer's Lady, 427.

Siegfried, P.:
Tales of Tomsk: Yakub and the Tomsk Hussar, 41.
Tales of Tomsk: A Paper Chase, Siberia, 1919, 610.

Spaight, J. M., C.B.E., LL.D.: The Myth of Clair's Dragoons, 67.

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Stacke, Major H. Fitz.M., M.C., p.s.c.: The Bavarian "Prince Philip Regiment" of Carabiniers, 1704–1710 (*Illustrated*), 106.

Standing, Percy Cross:
Rurales of Mexico, The (*Illustrated*), 274.
Aldershot Forty Years Ago, 442.
Whyte-Melville, Sabreur and Sportsman, 586.

WEGH.:
A Week-end Fishing Trip (*Illustrated*), 209.
Ibex Shooting in Baltistan (*Illustrated*), 416.
Hunting Big Game (*Illustrated*), 554.

Wilson, K. R.: Fishguard, 1797 (*Illustrated*), 229.

Wrangel, Dudley: "Come for a Ride" (*Illustrated*), 76.

Williams, Major G. T., late 11th Hussars: The Balti Girl (*Illustrated*), 184.

Wylly, Colonel H. C., C.B., late Sherwood Foresters: The Approach March of the Cavalry, translated from "Wissen und Wehr," 518.

FRONTISPIECES

Portrait of an Officer of the Eight Hussars.
A Picquet, 1856.
Alice Hawthorn.
The Earl of Uxbridge.

PLATES

Riding School with Backboards as it used to be .. .. *facing page* 8
Cart in which Native Females Ride 26
Native Troop of Horse Artillery: "Bengal Troops on Line of March," 1820 26
21st Bengal Native Infantry, 1796: "Native Officers" 32
8th Light Dragoons, 1804 36
"Bubley": The late Brigadier-General Neil Haig 50
Come for a Ride 76, 80
"It is an Old Trick . . ." 88
Officer of Bavarian Dragoons, 1704 106
Trooper of Bavarian Dragoons, 1704 108
Trooper of the "Prince Philip Regiment" of Carabiniers, 1704–1710 110
Old War Horses in Egypt 128
The Balti Girl 184
A Week-end Fishing Trip 210, 214
Riding before Breakfast 224

Digitized by Google

"Their Thoughts are apt to dwell on their discomforts" 225
Surrender of the French on Goodwick Sands, 1797 234
Sport in South Persia (H.H.) 252
General Diaz 274
Captain C. G. Brown on "A.D.C." 321
Royal Veterinary College (London) 342
Lieut. John Shipp 358
Officers Smoking out Wolves, 1810 366
Officer's Charger, Royal Canadian Dragoons 375
Troop Charger, Royal Canadian Dragoons 375
Horse Trails in the Rocky Mountains 376
Temperament 392
Ibex Shooting in Baltistan 420
Lord Roberts and his Charger, "Vonolel" 508
Typical Canadian Army Remounts 528
Big Game Hunting 556
Phar-Lap 596
Extract from Letter of Imperial Yeoman 614
Advice in Equitation to intending G.C.'s 615

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PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER OF THE 8th KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS, 1828. REVIEW ORDER.

By Wm. Heath.

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1927

EXPLOITS OF THE EIGHTH HUSSARS

By J. PAINE.

"*Pristinæ Virtutis Memores*" the motto granted to the Regiment a hundred and fifty years ago, speaks not only of pride for the past, but of faith and hope for the future, faith in the ever living honour of the regiment . . . that those who come after may prove worthy . . . and the traditions bequeathed to them . . . capacity a man may have served, let him feel that . . . a thing to have belonged to the VIII Hussars.

General The Right Hon. Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O. 1897.

The story of a regiment is, broadly speaking, a narrative of its exploits on active service interspersed with accounts of its

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K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O. 1927.

The life story of a regiment is, broadly speaking, a narrative of its exploits on active service interspersed with accounts of its

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movements and duties in the intervening periods of peace. With almost all regiments this is a very fine story if told in the proper way. The career of the Eighth King's Royal Irish Hussars is one which certainly offers wide scope to the historian and yet only three gentlemen have responded to the call—a War Office clerk, a regimental surgeon and a clergyman. The first scribe, Richard Cannon, the principal clerical man in the Adjutant-General's Office almost a century ago, compiled brief Records of almost every regiment in the Service. These productions were rather unreadable and not free of inaccuracies, the "Historical Record Of The Eighth Or The King's Royal Irish Regiment Of Hussars, 1693-1843," being no exception. It was embellished with a couple of costume plates and was published By Authority in the year 1844 when the regiment had been in existence just a century and a half. During that period the Eighth had not been idle. Eleven years following its formation in Ireland as Conyngham's Dragoons it proceeded to Portugal to lend a hand in the War of the Spanish Succession, being actively engaged during the next six years in different parts of the Peninsula. It was at the siege and defence of Barcelona in 1706 and at the battle of Almanza in the following year. The charge of the regiment when it was styled Pepper's Dragoons at Almenara in 1710 formed the subject of a coloured plate from D. M. Anderson's picture in THE CAVALRY JOURNAL of January, 1930, accompanied by a brief description of the exploit. It was in this battle (some writers say it was at Saragossa in the following month) that the regiment adorned themselves with the cross-belts of the beaten Spaniards. Hence the sword belts worn for many years as a distinction over the shoulders instead of round the waist. The nickname "The Cross Belts" still survives, also the "Twenty Fives," from the fact that the Eighth and Seventeenth saw much service together. Under the Duke of York in 1793-4 the regiment did good work in Flanders especially at Bousbecque where it suffered heavy casualties; it was present at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope two years later; served in the Kaffir War of 1800; and one troop joined Sir David Baird's force in Egypt in 1801.

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Cannon's was not the first History of the regiment, but it was the first to see publication. The short "Historical Record of the Eighth King's Royal Irish Hussars From Its Being Raised To 1803" was in fact written by the Assistant Surgeon of the regiment, John Francis Smet, at a time when several of the officers who had seen service in the Seven Years' War were still serving in the regiment. Smet carried on as an Assistant Surgeon up to 1809 when he was made Surgeon, a position he filled till 1824, when, after thirty years' service with the Eighth, he retired. It is difficult to see why publication of his book should have been delayed till as late as 1874. Though Smet himself describes the Record as "an imperfect account drawn up for his own amusement" it was quite a readable little affair, and there is the added interest in knowing that it was written by one of the regiment. His document is in parts human enough to give one an insight into life in the regiment as it was in those far-off days. He constantly refers to the Eighth as the Cross-Belt Dragoons and mentions its excellent band in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the entire regiment only consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight men, exclusive of officers and warrant officers. When the troopers proceeded on furlough they were actually allowed to take their horses to their parents' homes. But many recruits in those days joined with their own steeds and on discharge took the animals with them. There are a hundred and one other items of interest one would like to comment on in Smet's little volume but want of space forbids. Though it may have been the attitude in his day nobody could agree with this surgeon's verdict that "the history of a regiment cannot be considered as very instructive or useful." Like the Record devoted to the Third Light Dragoons by Lieut.-Colonel Stisted in the 'thirties, this narrative of Smet's is very scarce. The Royal United Service Institution possess a copy, but the British Museum is not so fortunate. One might wait a long time ere securing an original issue of Cannon's Record, but little difficulty will be experienced in obtaining one of the reprints.

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So much for the two little Histories which had to suffice till four years ago when the Rev. Robert H. Murray's "History of The Eighth King's Royal Irish Hussars, 1693-1927" made its welcome appearance in two finely illustrated volumes. This is surely the first History of a cavalry regiment on a large scale to emanate from the pen of a clergyman. One has the Rev. Harold Gibbs' contribution on the Fourth Dragoon Guards, but this only covers the late war and is quite a small publication. Whilst acknowledging the services of gentlemen of this calling mention might be made of the very interesting extracts from some eighteenth century Army Inspection Returns contributed to the Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research in 1924, by the Rev. Percy Sumner. The Return relating to the Eighth in 1785, comments on the rarity of punishments and states that it was the only corps known to possess a schoolmaster. Murray's History, which was privately printed at Cambridge and limited to an edition of two hundred and fifty copies, is very full in information concerning the early years of the regiment and the all important business of its raising and formation. The first volume closes with the record of the part played by the regiment in the Napoleonic wars and in the long peace which followed, whilst the second is devoted to its services in the Crimean War, Indian Mutiny, Second Afghan War, South African War and last, but not least, the Great War. The author has not of course ignored the intervening periods of peace with its numerous changes of title, dress and quarters. Among the appendices one would like to have seen a bibliography and a few bars of "St. Patrick's Day," the regimental march. A considerable amount of research has been expended in the production of this History and the regiment is to be congratulated on securing the services of such an able annalist as Dr. Murray. The foreword to this admirable work was contributed by the late General Sir Bryan Mahon, who, since 1910, had been Colonel of the Regiment and whose portrait forms the frontispiece to the second volume. Mahon was the Adjutant of the Eighth Hussars in the early 'nineties. The work has a very full index but the records of officers are neither as inform-

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ative nor as interesting as those included in the Histories of the Eleventh and Fifteenth Hussars. In a work of this magnitude it is nearly always possible to point out a few minor blemishes but taken on the whole, Murray's is quite a good record and certainly the best and most valuable thing yet achieved in the literature of the regiment.

The last century was particularly eventful for the Eighth and almost every campaign in which it participated produced a member of the regiment with a literary bent. Smet was not the only medical man of the Eighth with journalistic gifts. James Alexander Ure, the author of a "Narrative of the Battle of Leswarree" was Assistant Surgeon of the regiment from 1830 to 1839 and his book, which is not in the British Museum, is noteworthy if only for the fact that it recalls an exploit which gave the regiment its first Battle Honour. Colonel E. B. Maunsell contributed to the last number of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL an interesting article on this battle under the title "Lake and Victory." Though mounted on grey Arabs in its notable charge the regiment was ordered to advance by one who rode a celebrated black charger. The rider, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Pakenham Vandeleur, who was killed as he was about to lead the charge, published a treatise in 1801 on the "Duty of Officers Commanding Detachments In The Field," a copy of which is still in the possession of the regiment, but not in the British Museum. In several other actions of the Mahratta War the Eighth took a prominent part. It had arrived in India in 1803, had served at the Siege of Agra, and did not leave the country till nearly twenty years later, when on its return home it was converted into Hussars. It is the only cavalry regiment with the Battle Honours, "Leswarree" and "Hindoostan."

Disraeli once remarked that "every village has its hero." Had he been a soldier he might have altered the wording accordingly and told us that every regiment has one. The Eighth has had many, but the name of one seems to stand out a head and shoulders above the rest—Robert Rollo Gillespie, "the bravest man that ever wore the red coat of a British Soldier." In that rather sweeping phrase Sir John Fortescue sums up the great

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soldier who before donning the scarlet tunic of a general officer was proud to wear the blue of an Irish Dragoon. He only commanded the regiment for a short time and when he fell in the attack on the fort at Kalunga in 1814 a body of his beloved Royal Irish was close at his heels. At San Domingo and later in India he had proved himself a gallant fighter and his quelling of the Vellore mutiny will go down to posterity. In our own day Newbolt has honoured him in verse. Honours very often come to a soldier when it is too late, and it is sad to recollect that his knighthood was posthumous. Gillespie's grave is within a stone's throw of where the Mutiny broke out in 1857, an obelisk stands to his memory at Comber, Co. Down, his birthplace, and his statue by Chantrey forms the nation's monument to him in St.Paul's Cathedral. An illustration of this monument accompanied by a biographical sketch will be found in Cannon's Record of the regiment. An anonymous "Memoir of Major-General Sir R. R. Gillespie, K.C.B.," was published two years after his death. Fortescue devoted a chapter to him five years ago in his delightful book "A Gallant Company, or Deeds of Duty and Discipline from the Story of the British Army," and he is one of a noble quartette whose careers are so admirably sketched by Lieut.-Colonel L. H. Thornton, C.M.G., D.S.O., in "Campaigners Grave and Gay: Studies of Four Soldiers of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," published at Cambridge seven years ago. Among the manuscripts preserved in the Royal United Service Institution is one relating to the presentation of the famous Sword of Honour to Lieut.-Colonel Gillespie by the Eighth Light Dragoons on his transfer to another regiment in 1809. The well-known miniature portrait of Gillespie painted by Chinnery in Calcutta is familiar to most of us. It is worthy of note that two other celebrated cavalrymen served, like Gillespie, in both the Eighth and the Nineteenth, Lieut.-General Sir John Floyd, who was appointed Colonel of the Eighth in 1804, and the late Field-Marshal The Earl of Ypres, whose first cavalry duties were performed as a subaltern of the Eighth. Two jackets in the Royal United Service Museum worn by officers of these two regiments in

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1811 formed the subject of some illustrated notes in the first number of the "Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research." Floyd by the way was succeeded in the Colonelcy in 1818 by the great cavalry leader, General Sir Banastre Tarleton, who wrote a History of the 1780 campaign in North America. Unfortunately for the regiment Sir Joshua Reynolds did not depict him in the dress of the Eighth. Tarleton's dazzling career formed the subject of an article by Colonel H. W. Pearse in THE CAVALRY JOURNAL in 1910, whilst another was devoted to Gillespie by the same writer in the same journal in the following year. The latter volume has an attractive picture by Harry Payne of an officer of the regiment in the Light Dragoon dress of 1810. Most of the outstanding figures in the regiment's annals have hailed from the Emerald Isle, as witness such names as Conyngham, Pepper, St. George, Vandeleur, Gillespie, Westerna, Mussenden, Mahon and others. The depot used to be in good old Dublin, and let it be remembered too, that to-day the Eighth is the only Irish cavalry regiment unamalgamated to another regiment.

During the regiment's long stay in India two Regimental Medals were presented to men of the Eighth, the first was a gift of Colonel Sir Robert Laurie in 1803 and the other a Reward of Merit of 1819, ornamented with the regiment's unmistakable harp and crown crest and motto. When Troop Sergeant-Major John Landers left the corps in the late 'thirties the men of his troop gave him a gold medal inscribed with the names "Laswaree" and "Hindostan." This relic eventually found its way into the Day collection of medals.

It is only an authority on such a specialized subject as uniforms who gleans much from descriptive letterpress. The average reader prefers to take a glance at a picture ere he is able to gauge what an officer or trooper looked like at a certain period. The coloured frontispiece accompanying this article will substantiate this. Here one has an officer of the Eighth Hussars in all the full glory of the dress worn over a century ago. This is a faithful replica of the uniform donned by the commissioned ranks in the year 1828 and is the work of a con-

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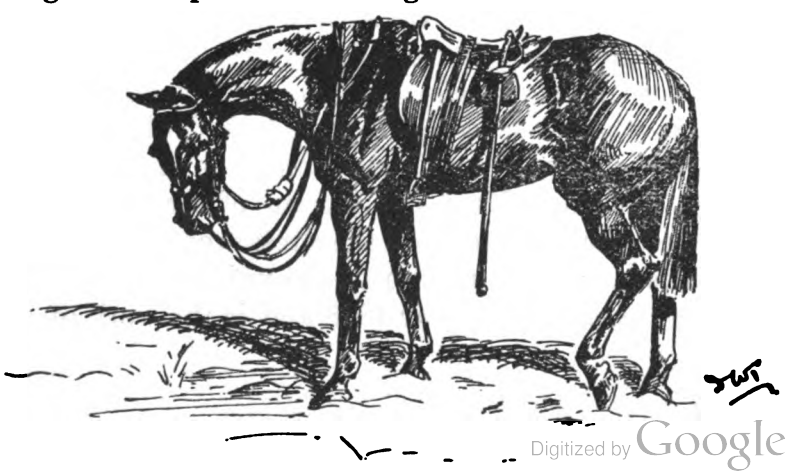
temporary artist who needs no introduction, W. Heath. Particular interest is attached to the picture since paintings of cavalry uniforms of our Army of this period are seldom met with. The original water colour now reproduced for the first time is in the possession of Mr. Godfrey Brennan, whose varied collection of prints, portraits and photographs of not only the Eighth Hussars but every other cavalry regiment, British and Indian, is in its way unique. In the popular sense of the word the regiment cannot boast of any famous painting like the Greys for instance with its "Scotland for Ever" by Lady Butler, but it has a few pictures worthy of notice, such as J. H. Lynch's picture of the review of the regiment and the 1st Life Guards in 1842, H. de Daubrawa's rather straight-legged officer of 1844 on a white charger and R. Dighton's attractive portrayal of a dismounted officer in the superb costume of 1805. Not being in the leading line in the Light Brigade charge the Eighth escaped the attentions of the Balaclava artists, and Desanges omitted to immortalise the Victoria Cross episodes of the regiment in his forty odd canvases depicting the winning of the decoration in the Crimea and Mutiny. All the V.C.'s of the Eighth, five in all, were gained in the suppression of the Sepoy Revolt.

—Owing to the limitation of space it is impossible to enumerate the various personal memoirs penned by members of the regiment who served in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, but it is proposed to devote a discussion to these works in the next number since they comprise a wealth of valuable material relating to the exploits of the Eighth Hussars.



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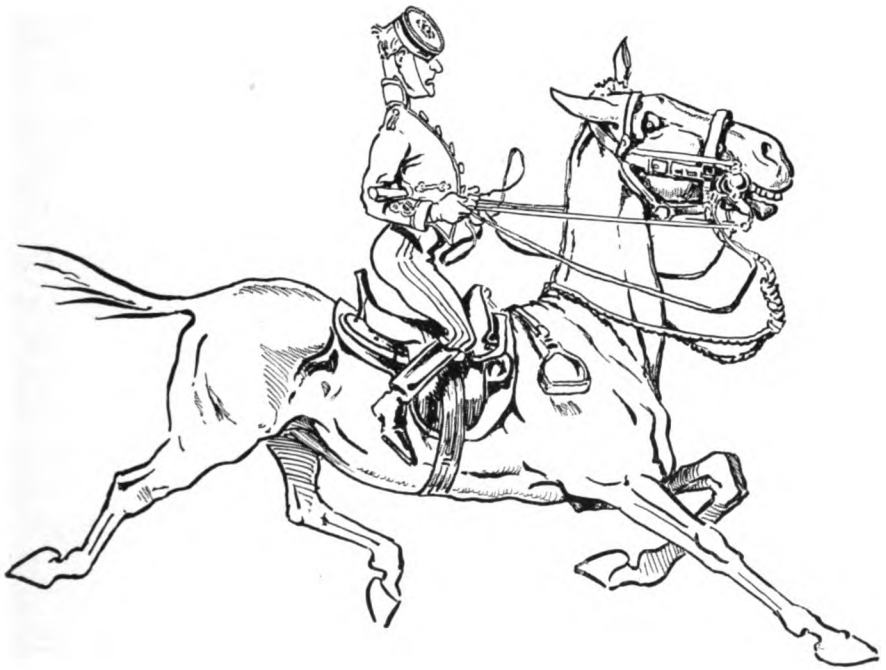

RIDING SCHOOL WITH THE BACKBOARD, AS IT USED TO BE

It was not so much the trussed-fowl feeling (though that was vile enough),

It was not the forage cap which kept blobbing over your eye,

It was not the collar and stock which kept choking you,

It was not the side-slip on a polished saddle when the riding-master cracked his whip and made your horse squirm.

But it was the thought that the gold lace on your back was being frayed to rags so that a new stable jacket would soon be indicated—

THAT is what made one curse that DAMNED BACKBOARD.

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AN AUDACIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL CAVALRY OPERATION.

THE tasks that have fallen to the lot of cavalry to carry out have been strangely diverse throughout centuries past. The capture of a fleet of Dutch men-of-war, which were ice-bound off the Texel, was described in the CAVALRY JOURNAL of July, 1927. In the American Civil War Confederate cavalrymen under "that invincible raider," Bedford Forrest, captured several Federal gunboats and transports on the Tennessee River and its tributaries.

Perhaps the most daring and gallant action by cavalry took place in the neighbourhood of Lille in 1708, where a French force under Marshal Boufflers was besieged by the Allies (England, Austria, Holland, and various German States) under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugène. The assaults had been particularly severe, and although the Allies had not made the progress anticipated, yet the French garrison was running short of gunpowder. No relieving force was at hand, and the situation, therefore, from the French point of view, was becoming very critical, unless a further supply of munitions could be brought into the city. Marshal Boufflers managed to send word of his plight to Vendôme's army, and various schemes were discussed. The plan was finally formed, whereby a force of cavalry, carrying the requisite amount of gunpowder, was to break through the besiegers' lines, and enter the city through the "Porte Malades." Reliance was to be placed on secrecy, and on the fact, or perhaps only, the hope, that the Allied sentries and guards would not be on the alert from the direction of their rear.

To carry such an operation to a successful conclusion, a bold and fearless commander was essential, and in the Chevalier de Luxembourg, who was selected for the task, these qualities were present.

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The plan, which had been carefully worked out in detail, was as follows. About two thousand specially selected troopers from different cavalry regiments were to assemble at Douai, and there each man was to take from the arsenal a bag, containing 50 to 60 lbs. of gunpowder, which was to be carried on the saddle. Each trooper was also to carry a firelock and bayonet. Unnecessary impediments, such as standards and drums, were to be left behind, but cloaks were to be carried in order to protect the powder from getting wet. In order to deceive the enemy, sprigs of green, which were the badges of Marlborough's cavalry, were to be worn in the caps. The advance guard was to consist of 40 Dragoons from the garrison of Tournai—men who knew the country and its roads well. Each of these was to carry a shovel, pickaxe, or billhook. Behind these were to ride three hundred German and English cavalrymen, who formed part of a mercenary contingent in the service of Louis XIV. The rearguard was to be composed of one hundred and fifty mounted grenadiers, who, in the event of a reverse, were to dismount and cover the retreat of the cavalry. Luxembourg was instructed to avoid fighting, and to carry out his mission by stealth and deception. In case of failure his force was to retire on Pont-à-Vendin, where a small post, whose commander was acquainted with the general plan, was established.

The preliminary preparations being satisfactorily completed, the gates of Douai were closed to all on September 28th, so as to prevent any leakage of information to the Allies. The column set off on its 20 miles march at 3 p.m. At Raches, 4½ miles from Douai, where the River Scarpe was crossed, the force was halted till the evening. Here Luxembourg addressed the men in the following words :—

" Allons! Mes amis. Il est nécessaire d'entrer dans Lille et il n'est pas nécessaire d'en revenir. Il faut nous sacrifier pour la gloire de la patrie et secourir nos compagnons d'armes. Je vous recommande le silence jusqu'à ce que nous avons passé la tête de la ligne de circonvallation." If the troopers had not understood the nature of their mission before, they must now

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have realized the tremendous risks and dangers of the enterprise.

The march was resumed about 7 p.m., and shortly afterwards the first mishap occurred. One of the horses fell, and the sparks caused by the iron shoes striking the pavée ignited the sack of powder. The explosions spread with rapidity, twenty-two men and horses being blown to pieces. In order to avoid any similar accidents, the column left the roadway, and marched across country.

When nearing the Allied lines, one of the cavalrymen, possibly unnerved by the ordeal of carrying the powder close to his body, galloped off into the country. Luxembourg, fearing that the man might have deserted and might convey information to the enemy, increased the pace of the column to a gallop. Fortunately, there was a brilliant moon, and so there was no difficulty in finding the way.

About 1 a.m. the advanced guard reached the besiegers' lines, where the barrier across the road was found open, whilst the guard were warming themselves in front of a fire. The sentry challenged. The reply given in Dutch, "Vive Hollande; Marlborough's Regiments taking ammunition to the front line," was satisfactory. The column proceeded. The advanced guard and six regiments of the main body had already passed through the barrier, when an officer was rash enough to shout out loudly in French to the rear files of his regiment "Close up." Doubts, thereupon, rose in the minds of the guards, and their suspicions increased at the length and rapid pace of the column. On receiving no replies to further challenges, the guard gave the alarm, and throwing themselves into a redoubt, opened fire. Grenades were hurled into the middle of the column, which ignited the sacks of powder carried by the troopers. The mass of dead and dying men and horses formed an obstacle, which the horses of the next unit were too frightened to pass. Meantime, the whole of the Allied guards were roused, and were rushing to arms. Any further advance by the remainder of the column, which consisted of about three regiments, was manifestly impossible. The retreat was therefore ordered. The Grenadiers of the rearguard took up a covering position in the

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village of Ennetieres, whilst the cavalry slowly retired, followed by a few Hussars only.

Meantime, the greater part of the force under Luxembourg continued the advance, and reached the Lille defences at the "Porte Malades." Owing to the increased pace at which the column had advanced, the latter were before time, and the French garrison, fearing a ruse, delayed in opening the gates. Fortunately, however, the Allies were slow to recover from their surprise, and only one Dragoon Regiment was able to follow up the French column.

Allied chroniclers tried to minimize the effect of this gallant and successful exploit, and under-estimated the numbers that got into Lille. It is apparent, however, that the garrison was reinforced by about fifteen hundred men, who brought with them 50,000 lbs. of gunpowder and 1,200 firelocks. The moral effect on the French was very great, and the defence was continued for another three weeks. According to the Allies, 100 troopers and their mounts perished near the gate into Lille, and another 50 or 60 near the barrier, whilst 5 officers and 25 men were captured, their casualties being nil. Luxembourg had carried to a successful conclusion what was seemingly an almost impossible task, and he was recommended by Boufflers to the French King for immediate promotion to Lieutenant-General.

Such a strange mission deserves to be chronicled amid the many heroic feats carried out by cavalry.

References to the above will be found in: Siège de Lille, by Sautai; Kane's Campaigns, 1689-1712; Life of Marlborough, by Lediard; Millner's Journal; The Wars of Marlborough, by Frank Taylor, 1921.

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GOOD LEGS.

By Lieut.-Col. Sidney G. Goldschmidt.

If my title had been "good hands," I take it that every one who has been on a horse, and many who have not, would realize its significance. We all know, or should know, what is meant by "good hands," but I cannot remember ever having seen the present subject treated with the deference it deserves, so I will begin with a definition.

For a rider to have good legs he must be capable of two things. In the first place he must be able to apply the leg aids correctly so that they act in conjunction with his hands in guiding and controlling a well-schooled horse. In the second place, he must be able to train an unschooled horse to respond correctly to leg indications, again always in strict conjunction

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with the hands. In learning to ride, the student must acquire the first of these arts, and in time, and with experience and tuition he must attain to the second. There is no riding worthy of the name without leg control, and no finished horsemanship without the ability to teach a horse to obey leg indications. It is necessary for the riding master to impress on his pupil the necessity for this dual control from the earliest days.

To attain efficiency in leg and hand control we must presuppose a firm seat, not only independent of the hand, but also one that allows that part of the leg from the knee to the foot to be used freely. It is just as much against good riding for the lower part of the leg to be cramped in the effort to obtain security as for the hand to clutch at the reins for the same purpose.

It here becomes necessary to dwell briefly on the racing seat so as to appreciate the contrast between this and the hunting and polo seat. It must be realized that the former, whatever advantage it may have, gives a minimum, the latter a maximum of security and control.

One must, of course, assume that security in the saddle is the steeplechase jockey's first desire; for one thing, his horse cannot win without him, but I have heard sarcastic allusions to "Semi-voluntary pessimistic falls," and have read that "Seven tosses out of ten occur because the rider is not concentrating his thoughts upon remaining in the saddle; and another two of those ten are due to the rider's determination to *leave* the saddle."* The same author adds, "It is clear from the picture-paper snapshots of professional jockeys engaged upon their profession, that they have long since made all necessary arrangements for quitting the saddle. In no other way can you explain the pea-in-a-pod positions which, according to the George Washington camera, our jockeys adopt in riding over fences. Small blame to them. It is their profession. If a barrister, for example, were liable to be flung into the well of the court at any moment during his speech

* "Horse-sense and Sensibility."—Crascredo.

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for the Crown he would probably address the court on all fours. . . ." But these views are perhaps too pessimistic and uncomplimentary.

It must further be realized that there is only one effective place to apply the spur or heel, the area enclosed by the dotted

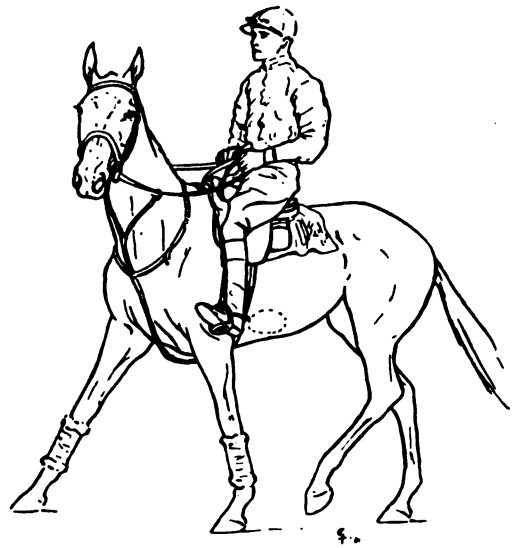

FIG. A.

line in Fig. B. For the purpose of control, therefore, the flat-race jockey has no legs at all, but it may be that some subtle countervailing advantage is gained. A trainer whom I have consulted gives it as his opinion that it is an advantage to remove the heels of an unskilled and uncontrolled rider from their "sphere of influence," rather than to leave them in a position to do more harm than good by excited haphazard applications in a close race. He adds that given greater knowledge and skill in the use of the leg he would prefer to see his jockeys ride in the position of Fig. A. So it is important to weigh in the balance on the one hand the loss of control that the shortened stirrup entails, and on the other hand the problematic extra speed obtained. This becomes important nowadays, as not only is the steeplechase jockey pulling up his stirrups, but hunting and polo men are showing a tendency to do so also.

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In flat racing the idea is, of course, to sacrifice everything to speed, and the theory is that by throwing the weight of the rider forward, the horse's hind limbs, where the mechanism of propulsion is situated, are freed from weight, and their efficiency thereby increased. A second theory is that by leaning well forward over or alongside the horse's neck, wind resistance is diminished. Both of these are important points, but it is worth considering whether both could not be obtained without the loss of control and security which the jockey seat entails. As said before this consideration is specially important to-day, because of the growing tendency in the hunting and polo field to shorten leathers in imitation of the flat race jockey.

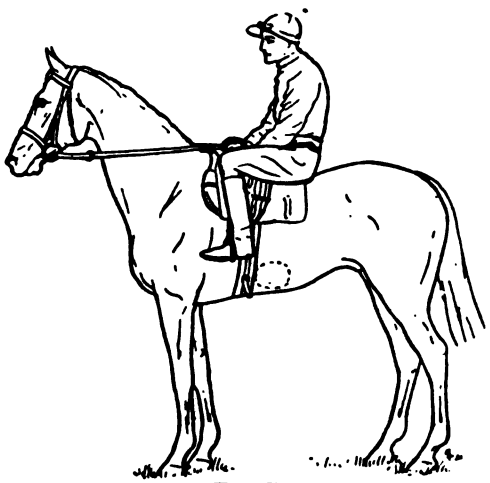

FIG. B.

It is also interesting to consider how the short stirrup came into vogue, at all events in England. It dates from the invasion of that great artist, Tod Sloan, who descended with such startling results on English racing in October, 1897. Although the " American seat " had really made its first appearance in 1895 with the coloured jockey Simms, it was left to Sloan to capture the popular fancy for riding with short leathers. This jockey had a great talent for winning races, in fact, he revolutionized race riding by jumping his horse into its stride as

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the gate went up, and by maintaining the highest possible speed throughout. He had abandoned the established custom of riding a waiting race culminating in a strong finish.

Not only was it found that Sloan's method was the quickest way of getting from starting gate to winning post, but he had in addition a great knack, amounting some say to genius, of getting away quickly, of not interfering with his horse, and of knowing whether it was doing its best. He was successful; he won his early races, and there was great competition to secure his services, with the result that he got the choice of the best mounts. In his first year, he had twenty winners with 58 mounts, and his success culminated in 153 winners out of 364 in 1899. He thus came to be looked upon as almost invincible. Trainers, owners and jockeys, taking no cognizance of his make and shape (he was a tiny man with diminutive legs), or of his genius for race riding, put down his success to his peculiar seat. Every jockey tried to imitate the only point which his limited imagination could envisage, and no jockey would have been entrusted with a mount unless he had copied him.

Whether there is any virtue in the shortened stirrup is open to doubt, and it is difficult to see how it can ever be decided unless some jockey were to appear who rode successfully with the longer stirrups, and obtained enough winning mounts to prove the success of his method. The result would, of course, be a swing back to the old graceful seat of Archer, Fordham, Loates, Cannon, and the other great men of that generation.

Here we will leave the racing seat and abler and more experienced men than I must decide whether wind resistance and the shifting of the weight forward is not a theory designed to fit the successful Tod Sloan riding and whether the same advantage cannot be obtained in combination with the control which the longer stirrup gives. Figs. A and C. But it was necessary to touch upon it briefly because in discussing "leg" we must leave the racing seat out of consideration since as said before for the purposes of control the flat race jockey has no legs at all. On the contrary we must emphasize what may be called the antithesis of it, the hunting and polo seat. Fig. D.

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The first thing to consider is to what extent leg control can be obtained without the spur. The theory of this is akin to that of bitting. Horses' mouths vary in nervous sensibility and call for bits of varying incisiveness. Furthermore mouths vary in sensitiveness as the horse's education proceeds so that a keen bit has sometimes to be used to teach and emphasize a special lesson or exercise.

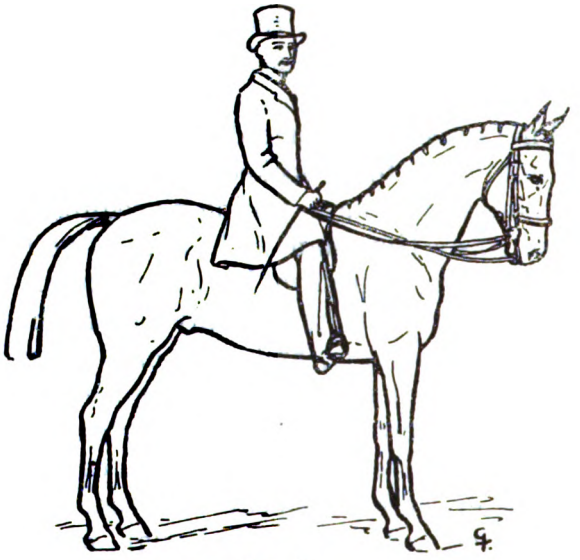

FIG. C.

In exactly the same way the sides of horses vary in sensitiveness, so that spurs may have to be used either regularly with an unresponsive, lazy horse, or more often temporarily with a well-bred energetic horse to teach and emphasize a certain lesson or exercise. It is not difficult to grade bits in their order of severity, but to grade the leg aid is not so easy, because it requires skill in applying it in such a way that effects may be differentiated. The most emphatic and direct effect can be obtained with a spur with a rowel. This, however, is too severe for most well-bred horses, although it may be useful at odd times for a special lesson; but the rowelled spur should be discarded as soon as possible for the dummy spur, this in turn may be left off altogether for the rider to rely

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on his bare heel, which in turn can be followed by mere leg pressure as the horse becomes trained.

Broadly speaking, the better bred the horse the less the spur will be required, and of the three fatal misuses of the spur the most pernicious is to continue to use it after a horse has learnt to give way to the leg.

The second fatal mistake, one that runs number one very close, is to use spur, or heel, for that matter, before a horse has been taught its meaning.

The third erroneous use is to look upon the spur as a means of punishment.

Having enunciated the misuses of the spur, let us turn for a moment to positive as distinct from negative argument, and consider its use. It has only one. The spur is to emphasize the touch of the heel and of leg pressure. If a rider is dissatisfied with the response he obtains with the leg, he should use his heel, if that fails to satisfy him there is the dummy spur which in turn can be replaced by the spur with a rowel.

So disastrous, however, is the result of keeping on too long with the spur, that it is better to err on the side of leniency, leaving it off even if it has to be resumed later.

The evil effects are many. A horse may be made permanently hot, he may get into the way of kicking, and he may be driven into that habit of mind which is in turn reflected in his powers. If a horse in his work lays back his ears, and swishes his tail, this is merely the outward sign of discomfort nearly always the result of over-spurring at some time, and with a mare there are often other unpleasant manifestations. Anyway, a horse that is swishing his tail is constricted in his movements, and is seldom doing his best; any of these faults is bad enough in a hunter, but disastrous in a polo pony or racehorse.

It is not the province of this article to give practical instruction, so it would be out of place to describe how to initiate a horse into the meaning of the spur, the heel, and leg pressure. This I have done minutely in " Bridle Wise." Suffice it to say that beginning on foot with a whip he must be prepared by

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successive stages to move away from anything that touches him in that magic area delineated in Fig. B. If one were to use a spur on him without this preparation, he would treat a touch with it exactly as he would the sting of a fly. He would press against it, try to rub it off against anything handy, swish his tail, cow-kick at it, even throw himself down.

When we consider punishment, it becomes necessary to generalize. We cannot punish a horse; we can only act in opposition to his rebellious movements. A horse is controlled by oppositions. He has not the reasoning power to connect pain inflicted on him with a misdeed. There is nothing in his

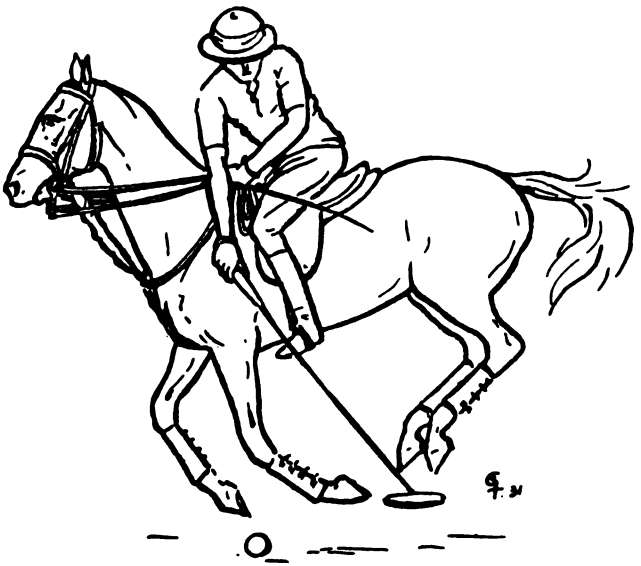

FIG. D.

mental equipment to inform him that the pain you are inflicting is in retribution for a past misdeed. All one can do in this direction is to oppose an unwanted movement with the appropriate aids.

Not only must the appropriate aids be used, but they must be used appropriately. That is to say, leg and hand must be correctly *timed*. This, again, is further reaching than may

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appear at first sight. Timing in so far as it refers to co-ordination of hand and leg belongs to ordinary riding, and can be acquired with sound tuition, but to apply the leg aid to synchronize with the *horse's* movements is something far more subtle and requires great skill and nervous perception on the part of the rider. The moments when the legs can be successfully applied are fleeting, and to apply them at other times is worse than useless, because it would be demanding a movement which a horse is not in a position to make. This is specially noticeable in teaching a horse to change his lead with his hind legs at the canter. It applies equally when trying for an increase of pace. Indiscriminate spurring will simply make a horse cringe, and will thus slow him down. But if leg or spur be applied as the hind feet come to the ground the horse will be stimulated to strike back with increased vigour.

So it will be seen that to attain good legs requires theoretical knowledge and unremitting practice. Actually there can be no such thing as good hands without good legs, and of the two the latter is harder to acquire, because the use of the hand is more instinctive, and therefore comes more naturally, but it should be the object of the riding master to train his pupil to use his leg as instinctively as he uses his hand.

There are two infallible tests, not only of good legs, but of a horse's training also. A rider ought to be able to make his well-broken horse canter along a narrow track, say 1½ yards wide, changing his legs (hind legs as well as fore legs), every stride, every other stride, or with any other interval, at will. These changes should be made without leaving the track, and in response to leg and hand indications only, and they should involve no change of direction.

The second test is almost entirely one of the use of the leg. Here the rider must be able to make his horse move forward from the rein-back, at the walk, trot, or canter (on either leg) at will. To convey to a horse by varying the intensity of leg pressure which of the three paces is wanted, and in the case of the canter on which leg it is to be, requires great refinement of touch.

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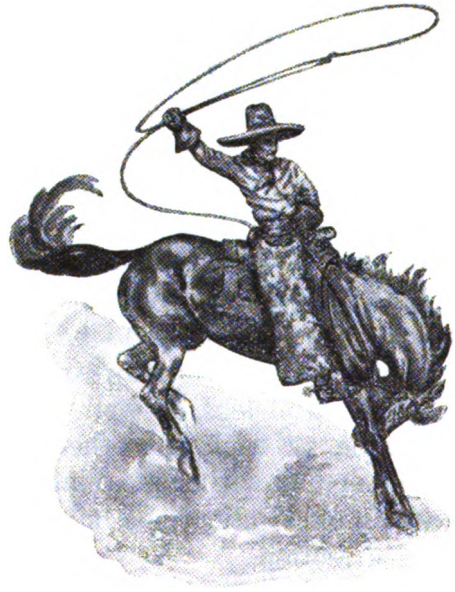
In conclusion, the rider who aspires to good legs must, in addition to all I have laid down, bear in mind the adage, "ars est celare artem." The onlooker should not be able to detect the use he is making of his legs (or hands either for that matter) if he is riding a made pony, or a well-broken hunter or hack. The great horsemen cannot be seen to use their legs, and possibly this is the reason why the leg aid is so universally neglected by the uninitiated.

"Illustrated by Cecil G. Trew."



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"*LAKE AND VICTORY.*"

By Colonel E. B. Maunsell, *p.s.c.*,
Late The 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse.

(1) The Followers.

A particular feature with all Indian armies, until very recent years, was the enormous swarm of followers, male and female, which accompanied them. This was attributable to three factors, first, the custom of centuries, second, the caste system, which to all intents and purposes is a very close form of Trades Unionism, brought to a fine art, third, the absence of regular lines of communication as now understood. War, in the old days, had, as its prime objective, plunder, not the destruction of the enemy. This being the case, an army would attract swarms of hangers-on out for gain. The caste system was of such a type that the soldier's task was to fight, and only to fight, the other castes existing for the purpose of maintaining his capacity in this respect to the uttermost. Thus, it was not his job to cook, fetch water, or, on any account, perform sanitary duties. He might do the first two for himself or some special comrades, but as a form of duty, it was taboo. Sanitary duties in any shape or form, were absolutely barred. The system would go further, if British officers tolerated it, in that the soldier would not pitch his tent, groom his horse, or cut grass for the animal. Although the British soldier had no such thing as caste, the whole of these jobs, for the mere sake of prestige, had to be done for him. The man was waited on, hand and foot. Special lascars pitched his tent, which was a very big one, holding ten to twelve men with charpoys, for the British soldier was provided with a charpoy on service. That

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the tents were of the present European private type is improbable, for both Lake and Thorn state that they were ill adapted to extreme heat, which may indicate that they were only single fly instead of double fly. Our fathers deemed bivouacking, even in the cold weather, which is no hardship in northern India, as prejudicial to health, but as Lake and Wellesley marched at all times of the year, big tents were essential. For British troops, also, charpoys were necessary in the rainy season, otherwise the men would have gone sick by shoals. Every mess had its cook and cook-bhisti, while every company had its dhobi, "nappy," or barber, and sanitary establishment. It was the custom for practically every British soldier, who had been in India for any length of time, to have adopted a dusky lady friend. She and her progeny, by hook or by crook, would follow her swain's fortunes in the field. The white women of the soldiery were left behind in cantonments, and a fine time of it the unfortunate officer left in charge had too, for most drank like fishes, and fought with other "ladies," while a great number were by no means averse to conferring their favours on any male, including black, who would accept them.

The caste system in India is of such a nature that professions pass from father to son, and it is curious to read descriptions of the barrack hangers-on of British troops over a century ago. They are the same low class, black-faced genus now that they were then, getting drunk, eating beef, and aping the British soldier. Cook boy Mungoo, who now assists Private Scroggins in the cookhouse, bedizened, for inspection purposes, in a clean cook's cap and suit, is, without doubt, the direct descendant of many other cook boys who have served the soldier since the days of Coote, Cornwallis, Lake, and Wellesley. Much in the same degree do the servants of very young officers resemble the "Rumjohnnys" who waited on our great grandfathers, when they were ensigns, the term "Rumjohnny" being a corruption of Ramzan Khan, the name most of these gentry, in Bengal, seem to affect.

In the cavalry, particularly the British dragoons, followers were even more numerous. Every horse had not merely its

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syce, but a grass cutter in addition, while extra bhistis and sweepers were also required. The officers' servants may have totalled as high as 500, for there were men of means in the cavalry in India as well as at home. These followers usually had their women with them. Hence, the hangers-on of dragoons may have amounted to as many as 4,000 per regiment.

The native cavalry, though not so well provided as the British, none the less had one syce to three horse, with one grass cutter per horse in addition. The caste system may have even forbidden the trooper to clear his horse droppings—an idiotic custom that was tolerated in certain native cavalry regiments as late as 1900.

It is not likely that the high caste Bengal sepoy brought his wife on service with him, but the Bombay sepoys, not so saintly, did so, or if their wives did not come, they soon arranged for consolation with other ladies. None the less, great numbers of women did accompany the soldiery, and these were not ladies of easy virtue.

The effect of the soldier being thus waited on, while not serious in India itself, became obvious when they served overseas. The British soldier, feckless at the best of times, became almost as helpless as a child, and, not infrequently, became mutinous when called upon to do the same work that troops out from England did as a matter of routine.

With regard to officers' servants, the estimate given by Thorn was ten to a subaltern, twenty to a captain, and forty for a field officer—field officers in those days were considerably more important gentry than they are now, and most appear to have been capable of absorbing more port wine than now seems credible. In the Madras and Bombay armies the estimate was not so high, for officers were not so well paid.

The follower, by far the most deserving of fame, was, and is, the bhisti. He counted as a fighting man for purposes of pension, for he followed his company into action everywhere. We have the picture of him at Assaye, returning to the stream, already tinged with the blood of the fallen, to fill his water bag. We hear of him at the Siege of Delhi, in 1857, and the

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men of the 9th Lancers voted him the Victoria Cross. His last prototype fell gallantly at the attempted relief of Rumeitha by the 45th Sikhs in 1920, after having thrice returned from the Euphrates to carry water right up into the firing line. He also was recommended for the Victoria Cross. Numbers of these valiant, patient, and devoted followers fell dead in the performance of their duties in the terrible hot weather campaign of early 1804, and in every battle, from Delhi to Deeg, bhistis appear in the casualty lists.

In addition to the "recognized" followers and hangers-on, there were innumerable others, for the best description of which we will turn to our friend Captain Thorn. "The power of the imagination can scarcely figure to itself the sudden transformation that takes place when an army halts, when an Indian camp exhibits, with the effect of an enchantment, the appearance of a lively and populous city in the wilds of solitude, and on a dreary plain. In a short space the visage of war is converted to the smiling aspect of peace. The dread of the foe is changed to the reciprocal offices of confidence, and the fatigues of professional duty are forgotten amid scenes of festivity. Throughout long and regular streets of shops, like the booths of an English fair, may be seen in every direction the bustling variety of trade, the relaxation of enjoyment, and the pursuit of pleasure. Here shroffs, or money changers, are ready with their coin to accommodate those who are unprovided with the currency requisite for the necessaries or luxuries of life. In such a situation, where nothing could well be expected than what serves to satisfy the present cravings of nature, every kind of luxury abounds, and, while some shops allure with boiled or parched rice, others exhibit a profusion of rich viands, with spices, curry materials, or confectionery for the satisfaction of a voluptuous appetite. European merchants, either by themselves or by their agents, are busily engaged in vending wines, liquors, and groceries, while other traders exhibit for sale fine cloths, muslins, and rich Kashmirian shawls.

"Here also are to be found goldsmiths and silversmiths exercising their occupations, and endeavouring to attract the

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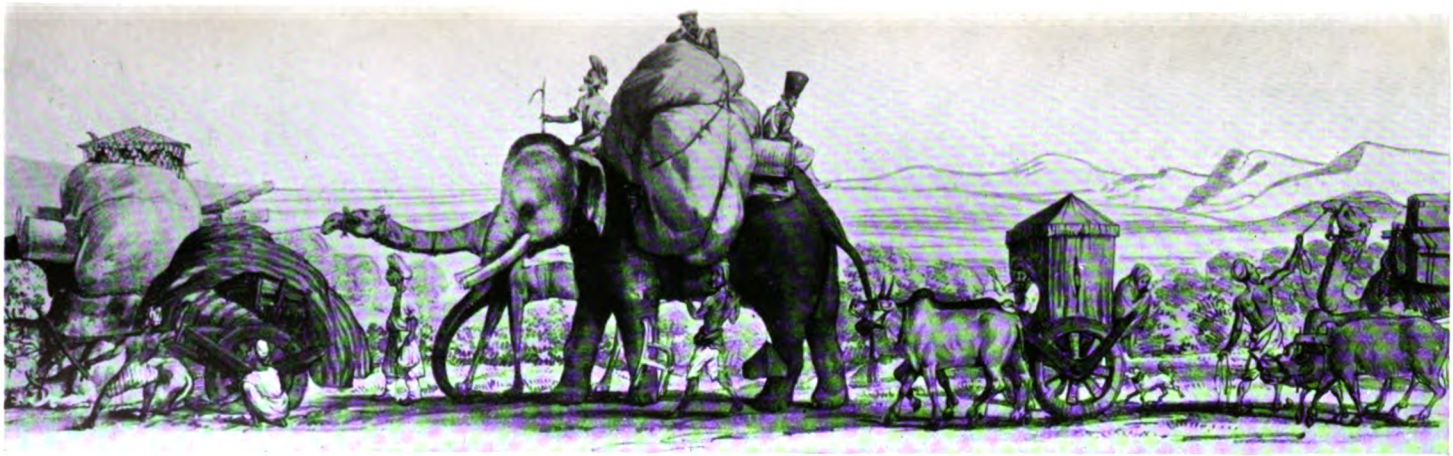
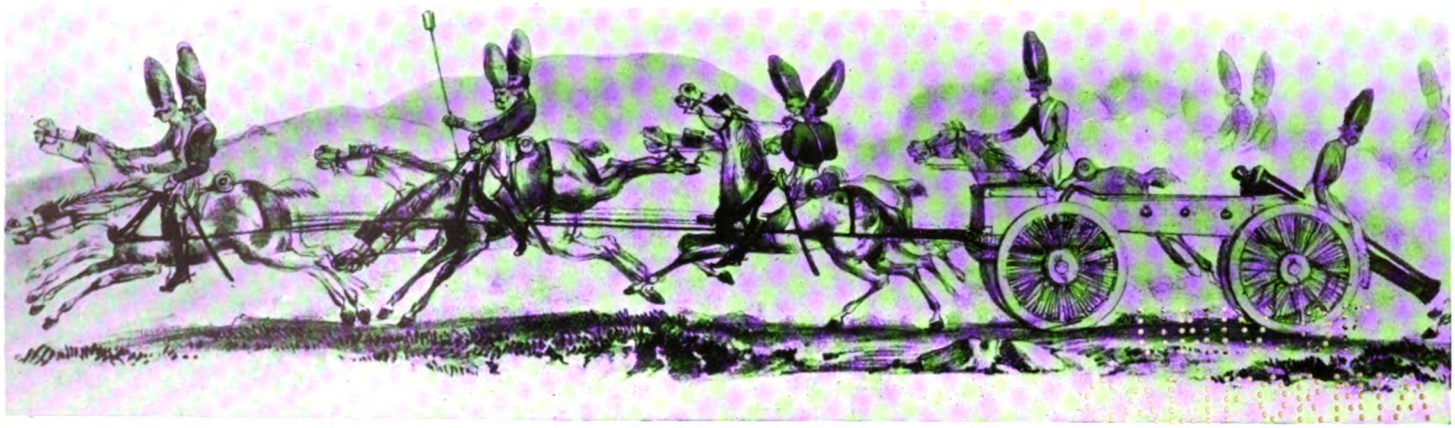


Cart in which Native Females Ride.



Native Troop of Horse Artillery. Bengal Troops on the line of march. Date about 1820

From a Panoramic Sketch in Colours, by an Officer of that Army.
By the courtesy of the Council of the Royal United Service Museum.

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fancy by a display of elegant ornaments, as though war had been deprived of its austerity, or that victory had been already decided. Besides these and other traffickers, the camp exhibits the singular spectacle of female quacks, who practice cupping, sell drugs, and profess to cure disorders by charms. Nearly allied to these are the jugglers, showing their dexterity by numerous arts of deception. To complete the motley assembly, groups of dancing girls have their allotted station in the bazaar. This Cyprian corps is composed of different Indian beauties, from the fair Pathan to the copper-coloured Canarese. These last, who joined us with the Bombay force at Bhurtpore, resemble the gypsies, both in appearance and manners, leading, like them, a wandering life, telling fortunes, and singing. The harmonious powers of these females, however, would hardly procure them support, were they not set off by the influence of personal attractions, and, therefore, care is taken to select for this vocation persons of the finest features and the most exact symmetry, which they set off to the best advantage by languishing looks and graceful dress. Like the dancing girls in general, they are far from considering chastity among the cardinal virtues, whence it can be well imagined that the number of these votaries of pleasure is not small. Of the camp itself, and its grotesque appearance, something remains to be said. Excepting the tents of the military, which are all of an uniform appearance, and pitched in regular lines, the collection of coverings used by the followers to screen them from the sun by day and the dews by night, exhibit a motley variety of colours, materials and figures, according to the taste and circumstances of individuals. Thus, in some places, ragged cloths or blankets are stretched over sticks or branches of trees, in others palm leaves are hastily spread over similar supports. While handsome tents, and splendid canopies, are intermixed with oxen, asses, tattoos or ponies, which ludicrous contrast becomes more striking from the throngs of camels and elephants making a tinkling sound from the bells that are hung round their necks or legs. To complete this confusion, an endless variety of tongues is heard, English, Hindustani, Persian, and

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a number of provincial dialects, altogether forming a scene which may well be compared to a migration from Babel."

(2) SUPPLIES.

Organized lines of communication, in the sense of convoys marching via a chain of posts at regular intervals, did not exist, though forts were often provisioned up as granaries, a point Fortescue is, seemingly, unaware of, for he contrasts Lake's methods with the very carefully thought out supply system of Arthur Wellesley, which was certainly excellent. The latter, in a memorandum on supply in India, dated 1804, makes a curious statement " In truth, no one here (at Calcutta) knows how General Lake is supplied, any more than if his army were in Japan." The fact is, Lake's system appears to have been almost the same as Wellesley's, but, as the Grand Army was in a comparatively rich country, as compared to the Deccan, which was a desert, his army had swarms of hangers-on who would not, and could not, accompany Wellesley. He depended greatly on Brinjarras, in other words, on a Trade Union whose *métier* it had been for centuries to supply armies in the field. These are a semi-gypsy of Hindus, who owned thousands of bullocks and worked the carrying trade all over India. Wellesley had great trouble with his, who hailed from Mysore and the Nizam's Dominions, when they were in the neighbourhood of Ahmednagar, for they either plundered, as they had been accustomed to with native armies, or demanded exhorbitant pay. Lake does not appear to have had any such inconveniences to cope with, with the Brinjarras of the north, doubtless because he had far more money to keep them quiet.

The Brinjarras, on the whole served him well, despite their convoys often being attacked. Their wives and children accompanied him, and they could, being armed with spears and matchlocks, defend themselves against ordinary robbers.

The army was, indeed, a huge flying column, carrying its requirements for the next ten days or fortnight along with it, with the result that there were innumerable baggage animals of every kind, category and description. Thorn tells us that,

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with Lake's 9,000 or 10,000 men there were hundreds of elephants, thousands of camels and almost tens of thousands of bullocks, and that the best part of ten followers accompanied every fighting man. In addition would be the "meat on hoof" for the British troops, very lean stringy sheep. The majority of the elephants were for carrying tents, and were the property of the Honorable Company, though wealthier officers would usually have one for their own baggage.

A considerable reduction in the number of followers occurred when Government took over the supply and transport of armies in the field, but this was not until very recent years. It may be said, indeed, that it was not until Lord Kitchener appeared on the scene that a regular system of transport, though not of supply, came into being, and even then on a scale adequate only for small frontier operations.

Unbelievable though it may seem, the only transport existing in time of peace amounted to a small number of the Company's elephants, and even gun bullocks were only impressed animals. Arthur Wellesley first inaugurated a regular establishment of artillery cattle and of drivers to care for them, and it was due to his extreme care of his gun bullocks, which were regularly fed, though other cattle might, perforce, starve, that he was able to carry out such astonishing marches, marches which only had their equal in South Africa a century later. The whole of the rest of the transport in the Company's service was impressed or obtained by contract, the colonels of regiments arranging the details for their corps and making such money as they could out of the transactions, though in war they were generally losers. It was in the matter of transport that the organisation of the brigades of de Boigne was so far ahead of that of the Company, for each battalion had its fixed establishment of bullocks—"of very superior sort" as Lake's despatch put it—and camels.

Order of Encampment and March.

(3) The Baggage Master.

Having assembled the army, how did it camp?

It is true that Thorn tells us it both marched and camped

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in a form of square, but Pestar, who was a staff officer whose job it was to actually mark out the ground, gives us other information.

When the ground suited, the general custom, all over India, was to camp in one long line, with the cavalry on a flank, and the artillery park in the centre. Behind this line was a second, termed the Headquarter Line, in which the glittering and gilded staff resided in tents of enormous size. Arthur Wellesley's tent took sixteen special tent lascars to pitch it, and a magnificent guardsman like Lake may have required twenty to pitch his. There is an order, dated Sept. 30, 1804, authorising thirty-four lascars for Lake's establishment. On each flank of this Headquarter Line would be the Grain Commissary's department, Cattle Agent's department, Pioneers' park, and similar institutions. Behind this again was the bazaar line. Under this system, it will be realised that the more senior one became the closer one was to the bazaars, and the further one was from the enemy. From the point of view of comfort most officers would prefer the reverse. In the bazaar line, the leading members of the noble society of camp followers would jostle for places nearest the centre, and the Bazaar Master could make much money if he chose to accept douceurs from those individuals who specially coveted certain sites. Thus, the grande ballerina, and her suite, might have a partiality for the British dragoons as being the best patrons, while the chief money lenders and restaurateurs might favour the Headquarter Line. In native armies the thieves and murderer branches of the Indian Trades Union system usually had allotted places in the bazaars, and the former actually paid a trade tax for the privilege. They were both, it must be remembered, of considerable service to the native chiefs, and much important work was entrusted to their peculiar talents. Behind each battalion or regiment, in the bazaar line, were to be found the representatives of the various commercial firms attached to the corps, chiefly those concerned in the provision of grain and eatables, for the sepoys had to pay for their own food. Most British units at all events, if not the native corps, had repre-

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sentatives of the entertainment branches (feminine gender) in their bazaars.

The "lay out" of most of the older cantonments in India represents the general idea of most Indian camps of the day, the general parade ground representing the front of the camp, and the Sudder Bazaar the Mayfair of camp society.

The front covered by such a camp would be roughly the same as that occupied by the army formed up in line for battle, the general estimate being about a couple of miles for ten thousand men. The depth, with the bazaars, might be anything up to three-quarters of a mile, but as natives have but little objection to herding together, it might be less. Of the sanitation, the less said the better. Our forefathers were crude enough, but the native of India can beat him hollow. The Wellington despatches, however, lay stress on the necessity of preventing the fouling of the ground, and give the detail of those responsible for digging latrines.

Thorn, when he says the army both marched and camped in square, refers to the war with Holkar, but not to that with Scindhia. Holkar had swarms of horse, whereas Scindhia had disciplined troops, and his horse gave no trouble at all. There was, therefore, no necessity to adopt the square.

The practice of the later Mysore wars had resulted in an order of march very commonly adopted, in flat, open country, for the next fifty years. It was the huge, elongated square mentioned by Thorn, the cavalry usually furnishing one side and the infantry the other, while in the middle moved the migration in general. The formation, in point of fact, was not adopted by Lake until after he had relieved Delhi, and just prior to his pursuit of Holkar. Pester's journal gives many details of the order of march, and it is evident that the army usually marched in one column, the cavalry leading, the baggage on one flank or the other, and not following the army as it would now.

The order of march of units was fixed, with the result that if the army marched "by the right," the right hand battalion always led, if "by the left," the left. Occasionally, in order

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to get the 76th, the only British corps, in front out of its turn, some complicated manoeuvre had to be executed. This would be when the army marched "by the left," for the 76th were always on right in camp, the native battalion that had opened the war on their right being left to garrison Aligarh.

The guns marched on what answered for the road, and kept position opposite their stations in line, the infantry, in "quarter companies," that is, about six abreast, close alongside them. Further inside came the magazines, or ammunition column, and then the mob, described as baggage. The officer who had the ineffable pleasure of controlling the baggage was the Baggage Master. He had to be carefully selected, though his credentials did not require to be of the type one would seek for, for the Embassy at Paris or Vienna. His requirements were three. First, a knowledge of camp vernacular, an attainment that differed materially from that required at the Court of the Great Mogul. What is generally known as "Tommy's Hindustani" met the purpose, and sentences such as the following may give some idea of its nature, "'Ere you bu'oy, take that there blinkin' oont out of the way, or I'll garm your picche," which, being interpreted, signifies, "Kindly remove your camel from the road," or "'Ere, you bannchoot, w'en I sez jelloo, just you jelloo, or I'll knock your 'ed off," which may be taken as the equivalent of, "When I express a desire for you to proceed, you must proceed." (To those who are not profound Orientalists it should be explained that Thorn, the historian, tells us that the expression "banchut," is "reproachful." We believe, however, that Mr. Chucks, boatswain to Mr. Midshipman Easy, would have applied a rather stronger term.) In order to make use of this attainment, a loud voice was essential, a voice capable of drowning the roaring of the camels, the trumpeting of the elephants, or the yelling of the followers proclaiming that the other fellow is making too much noise. The third requirement, and possibly the most important, was a strong arm, and a capacity to use a "hunter," as natives term a whip, or hunting crop. The officer selecting the Baggage Master would, therefore, look out for a

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21st Bengal Native Infantry, 1796
Native Officer

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"ranker" who had been some years in India. The famous John Shipp, who had fought his way twice from the ranks to the King's commission had all these qualifications, and made an admirable one in the Pindari War of 1817. He had the additional merit of having served both in the infantry and in the 27th Dragoons, in which he had been both drill sergeant and "regimental," as the regimental sergeant major was known, in contradistinction to the troop sergeant majors of his day.

Obviously, one Baggage Master could not, by himself, control the best part of one hundred thousand animals which might accompany Lake, so he was furnished with a troop of irregular horse—most of them also armed with whips. Even then, with utterly undisciplined followers of every possible kind and description, and with a mob of elephants, bullock carts, camels, pack bullocks, and donkeys, to say nothing of goats and milch cows, all starting off in the darkness of very early morning, the baggage would straggle for miles, and, in the Mysore wars, for instance, the whole country appeared moving in every direction, for the first thing numbers of followers would think of would be to get away from the Baggage Master and his minions.

The terror of hostile horse might make many wary of going far away, but even this would not suffice if there was supposed to be any chance of plunder en route. The country traversed, however, had been in a state of turmoil since the memory of man, and nearly every village was walled, while the small towns were usually very strongly defended. The inhabitants, from much previous bitter experience, knew what the passage of an army meant, and despite Lake putting plunderers to instant death, knew he could not entirely control them. The result was that every bullock, cow, goat, or living thing would be driven inside the walls until the scourge had passed by, while every villager, armed with tulwar, matchlock, or spear, would be ready to defend the place. In order to protect houses or special crops, like sugar cane, betel, or flax, "safeguards," in other words, picquets, would be posted, and the crime of "forcing a safeguard" was punishable with death.

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Officers were extraordinarily immune when out on shikar, and, we read that the very day of Argaum, a number only returned to camp to hear the drums beating the Assembly. This, of course, was by no means always the case, for there are one or two cases mentioned of their having been attacked and murdered.

A further curious feature was the manner in which dancing girls or bunnias sometimes moved about away from the army. We must, however, remember that the "grande ballerina" and her suite were decidedly cosmopolitan in their ideas, and may have had some important appointment with the enemy general, who might be highly put out if the lady were molested—and when native generals are thwarted in such matters it is usually very unpleasant for the offenders, or for gentry even slightly suspected of being offenders. Furthermore, such ladies invariably had a number of henchmen, for their jewellery was of enormous value, and these were carefully selected from the most truculent fighting men.

With regard to bunnias, these correspond largely to the Jews in Europe, and the firm of Mohan Lal, supplying ghee, rice, and curry materials to, say, the Lal Paltan or the Company's artillery, might quite well have a branch supplying the same delicacies to Scindhia's general, and might even be lending that general money. This again might lead to unpleasant consequences to the robbers.

Should, however, an unfortunate officer's servant, grass cutter, or even unarmed soldier straggle, woe betide him, for he seldom escaped.

(4) Discomforts of Indian Camp Life.

Certain writers, Fortescue included, not fully versed with Indian conditions, fall into the error of describing Indian wars in general as being "very comfortable," the fallacy being based on the enormous tents, cumbrous baggage train, and horde of servants, who waited, not merely on the officer, but on the soldier, hand and foot. The complete absence of billets, the sun like a furnace, dust, glare, mosquitos, and clouds of flies

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are forgotten. The hordes of followers, utterly undisciplined and with no sanitary notions whatever, fouling the ground, here, there, and everywhere, together with numberless animals, ranging from elephants to goats, adding to the filth, cause one to wonder how it was these migrations escaped extermination like Senacherib's host. Extraordinary to relate, cholera, though endemic, had never made its appearance until the Mahratta War of 1817 as an epidemic, when it played untold havoc. There was, certainly, appalling mortality in the army in the hot weather of 1805, after Bhurtpore, which appears to have been enteric but this was in cantonment and not in the field.

There must have been many other discomforts not mentioned in journals, being, as they were, everyday occurrences, and officers of the Indian silladar cavalry of twenty years ago can best appreciate them. The stallion that breaks loose, savaging and fighting every horse or mare it encounters, the must camel, dangerous to all and sundry.

The continual fighting among the innumerable dogs that accompanied the army, some, in the early hot weather affected with rabies—extraordinary to relate we hear no mention of this in any officer's journal—and, on moonlight nights, their never ending barking.

To add to this, was the noise from the bazaars, distant not more than a quarter of a mile, if that, the eternal tom-tom, the cacaphonous "singing" of the nautch girls at night, the strident yells of which ladies so delight the native ear, but which send cold shivers down the backs of most Europeans. In this connection, however, it is as well to remember that our forefathers evidently relished nautches in a manner not done at the present day, and the performers would appear to have possessed more attractive externals than the terrible harridans we now usually witness. The song "Taza ba taza nau ba nau" was as famous then as now as being almost the only air with any European rhythm. To those interested in such matters, the popular song "You'll have bells on your fingers and rings on your toes" which we all used to sing in

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pre-war days, together with the "Ho Rojer Rum" ("Ho Raja Ram") of the war are very old Anglo-Indian songs, based on the days of the soldiery of Coote, Cornwallis and Lake.

With regard to food, it must be remembered that in Indian camps the supply of European vegetables as we know them in India of to-day, was almost unknown.

In 1803, potatoes, for instance, were almost unknown over the greater part of India, and officers were, almost entirely, dependent on the insipid, tasteless Indian vegetables. Meat being almost invariably tough and stringy, resort was had to continual curries.

We have evidence that the Bombay troops who marched into camp before Bhurtpore in 1805 had no baker capable of baking leavened bread in the whole force, which comprised two British regiments, and all the officers lived merely on chupatties as substitute.

It is allowed that the Bengal army did themselves better, but this is no evidence of good feeding, for many hardened old "leather tummies" went sick.

Despite double flies, double walls, glass windows, khus khus tatties and punkahs to tents, life under canvas in the hot season is purgatory under the best of conditions. What, therefore, it was when there was a plague of flies due to the presence in close contact of innumerable cattle, horses, and followers whose notions on sanitation were nil, can be imagined.

Finally, we have the evidence of Blakiston, who was with Wellesley at Assaye and in Spain, who tells us he infinitely preferred the dirty billets and muddy bivouacs of the latter, to the "luxuries" of Indian war.

(5) Uniforms.

We now come to an all absorbing point, far transcending such secondary details as discipline and training. How were the soldiery dressed? In other words, how did they cause their light to shine before women. In 1803 the comfortable and serviceable dress of the Peninsular War had not come into

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8th Light Dragoons, 1804

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being, and the uniforms in general were the same as they had been for the last twenty years or so.

The Light Dragoons, however, wore the familiar helmet, of the fireman's pattern, black, with a strip of panther skin round it and a plume, or, rather, tail, of horsehair. In contradistinction to the short, dark blue jackets of the Light Dragoons at home, the jackets were French grey, or light blue, the colour being better adapted to Indian conditions. The trumpeters wore wonderful jackets of the regimental facings—one worn in the 27th can be seen in the R.U.S.I. Museum, a flaming yellow. The breeches were white buckskin, and the men wore long boots.

The native cavalry, seemingly, wore red kurtas much of the present day pattern, white breeches, and big boots. Arthur Wellesley, writing in November, 1803, on the subject of organization and formation of regular cavalry for the Bombay Army, which did not then exist, says, "Clothe them in the red jacket, cut according to the Hindustani pattern," and there is a picture by Devis, in the Junior United Service Club, dated 1792, representing the surrender of Tippu's two sons as hostages to Cornwallis, in which there is a sowar in the background wearing a red khurta, white breeches, and big boots, presumably a Madras trooper. He wears a red turban. Another picture, dated 1810, depicting "Officers Smoaking out Wolves," has an officer in a dragoon helmet, red shell jacket, white breeches, and big boots, in the act of shooting a wolf. Behind him, it is of interest to note, is a native shading "Master" from the rays of the sun with an umbrella—a brave man indeed. In the pictures of the period these "chatta wallahs" figure frequently, regardless of officers being in uniform. In one old book is the spectacle of a young officer going through a snipe bog, with his umbrella man, treading delicately like Agag, with the "chatta" held well over his august master's head. The red was changed into blue in 1812, and, extraordinary to relate, in view of the experience with the colour with the Light Dragoons, into dark blue. Native cavalry commenced to wear French grey in 1817 or thereabouts, the uniform being an extraordinary travesty of the

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Light Dragoon costume, with a short shell jacket, white—later yellow—breeches, and big boots. The headgear was similar to that worn by wooden soldiers apparently. The wearing of turbans, at this period, was regarded as slovenly and unsoldierlike, and there are scathing comments on the appearance of Ranjit Singh's Sikh infantry for this very reason. The cavalry carried only a limited number of carbines, about fifteen a troop, a troop numbering about seventy. Each man, on the other hand, carried a pistol, and, in 1810, the number of pistols was increased to two. The native infantry was sensibly clad, with a red coatee, and, in the case of the Bengal and Madras sepoys, very short white drawers, with a blue edging. The Bombay sepoys had white trousers. The native officers had white trousers, and, it is ridiculous, but true, these they pulled on over their dhotis, making an absurd bulge. The Bengal sepoys had a most extraordinary headdress, a kind of wide-topped shako without a brim, termed a turban. The accoutrements were of black leather.

In this connection, de Boigne clothed the Brigades on much the same lines, in red, but with blue pagaris instead of hats. Ranjit Singh of the Sikhs, subsequently dressed his own troops in red, with green facings and black accoutrements.

The Pioneers, who, in 1808, became the famous Sappers and Miners, were clothed in green.

An important point to note is that the Company's sepoys had to carry packs, whereas Perron's infantry had theirs carried on camels, to their enormous advantage.

A picture of the Siege of Sarsni, 1803, by a Lieut. St. Aubin, of the 76th Foot, killed a few months later at Aligarh, gives us a very good, and, doubtless accurate, idea of the uniforms worn. It was then the cold weather, the troops were quite fresh, and had had nothing to disorder their finery. The 76th still had the red coatee, white breeches and high black leggings. The men had flat black hats, were powdered, and had pigtails. The officers, on the other hand, had cocked hats. Incidentally, the size of the cocked hat seems to have risen in proportion to rank, for Lake affected an enormous one on great occasions,

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though he usually wore a "round, black beaver, surmounted by a magnificent ostrich feather"—in other words, a hat not dissimilar to the present day Kitchener helmet, but round and black. The Company's artillery had very much more sensible kits. The men were unpowdered, and their hats were black, with white plumes. They wore short tunics and white trousers. Their facings were yellow, and they had the ordinary white cross belts in most, but not all, cases, for some of the men had none.

In the foreground is a very interesting detail. It is an individual, evidently the surgeon, attending to a wounded man. He wears a colossal top hat and a brown frock coat, quite the Harley Street specialist transported to the wilds of Hindustan. There is a second detail that may amuse those conversant with the detached point of view of the natives. A peasant is seen driving his bullocks out of the line of fire of "No Man's Land," having seemingly made the discovery that such a situation is fraught with danger.

There is considerable ground for supposing that the Company's officers were far more reasonable in clothing their European troops than were the King's. For instance, the Madras artillery had straw hats for work under certain conditions, and a cutting from pay on account of them was the ostensible cause of a mutiny of the European artillery at St. Thomas' Mount in 1798. In describing uniforms, we are far too prone to imagine that they remained the same throughout a campaign. We may be perfectly certain that the British soldier would soon contrive to lose any particularly obnoxious article, and tight clothing might be made more comfortable by seams splitting by accident. Red coats would soon attain the marvellous colour an old hunting pink acquires, and blue would soon trend towards a bluish khaki.

The only individual in the whole army who, we imagine, would retain his Pall Mall style and cut would be the Commander-in-Chief, Gerard Lake. It was one grievance held out against him by his staff, or "family," as it was known in those days, that he had a most obnoxious habit of rising, even

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in those days of early rising, at an hour which created consternation and alarm, and of compelling his staff to conform. The future Sir John Malcolm was one who held forth on this iniquity to a distressing extent. The wretched individuals —doubtless not infrequently with leathery tongues and aching heads, the result of the Chief's inordinate hospitality, and, indeed, partiality for claret—would be summoned to appear. They would find Lake in his enormous tent, either undergoing the operation of being shaved, perruqued and powdered, or standing before a mirror, while he damned his much beloved domestic for a rascal in desiring that he, the Colonel of the First Guards, should incur the risk—at 4.0 a.m.—of not "presenting an elegant corpse."

We have all read of the famous James Pigg, huntsman to Mr. Jorrocks, and the "stinking violets," but there is another tale of Lake, who, with many hard riding bloods of his kidney, was hunting with Lord Yarborough's hounds. The day had been a bad one, and Lake, who was one of the hardest of hard riders of the time, evidently incurred the old huntsman's displeasure, for the man, riding up to Yarborough at the end of the day, as a privileged old family servant, stated, in terms of withering contempt, "I am sorry, your Lordship, the dogs has behaved ill, but its they gentlemen with the scented neckerchiefs."

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TALES OF TOMSK

By SIEGFRIED P.

I. *Yakub and the Tomsk Hussars.*

YAKUB KHAN polished a bit assiduously watched by three Russian cadets who were trying to teach him Esperanto. It was a warm summer day, but cool in the long stone corridor. Yakub leant his back against the window-sill. His bowed legs, puttied and spurred, were planted squarely before him. He smiled to himself, his moustaches bristling upwards. His turban was tilted slightly back from his forehead whilst he rubbed the shining metal.

A characteristic portrait is this of Yakub, who spent all his time outside his master's door, cleaning saddlery and buttons, ever within call by day or night. At night he wrapped himself in several blankets, head and all. A hacking cough would resound down the corridor ever and anon, the result of pneumonia in Chita.

He had many acquaintances, but, as he only spoke Urdu with the slightest dash of Russian, his conversation was limited in the world in which he found himself. However, he knew how to buy food and appeared contented, more especially with himself. He had a profound but friendly contempt for most people, but held his British Sahib-log in great veneration.

He was an Indian cavalry reservist, a Punjabi Mohamedan. Those who knew such reservists realize their limitations. He had come to Siberia as batman to Jameson. With his striking appearance which invariably collected an inconvenient crowd, apart from his fierce aspect, his value was more ornamental than strictly useful. In fact, Jameson had to give considerable time and thought to looking after Yakub. But he was a regular

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mascot to the British Military Mission at Tomsk. Everyone liked him. Besides, he had his days!

One lovely morning in September, 1919, Major Jameson with his adjutant, Captain Pelman, rode down through the streets of Tomsk. Trees in the glory of their first autumnal tints spread their branches over the side walks. Both officers were "spit and polished." The red of Jameson's staff cap flamed and Pelman's shoulder chains shone silver in the sun. Maxwell and Bartlett boots gleamed dark tan. "Tak" and "Kak," grey and bay, were models of horse management. They pranced down the street.

A guard of Russian soldiers watched them idly as they passed. Suddenly there was an air of activity. "Guard, turn out," shouted an N.C.O. Both officers turned in their saddles. "General salute, present arms!"

Yakub Khan, swaggering in his saddle, surveyed the guard benignly and smiled. He liked watching guards working. His thoughts flew back to Bareilly. He passed on in the wake of his master. The guard looked interestedly after their Rajah visitor and dispersed.

"I don't believe that Yakub realizes his success," said Pelman, laughing. "He's the making of us."

On down past the Remount Depot, into the Pochtamskaya (or street of the Post Office), through the great market square and out into the meadows beyond the suburbs the trio rode. Girls in their summer frocks, errand boys, drovers, all stopped to stare at Yakub.

The Colonel of the Tomsk Hussars had invited Jameson to be present at an inspection of his regiment. They had just been issued with British saddlery and he wanted to know if all was in order.

The squadrons were drawn up in line of squadron columns facing the river. The second-in-command rode out and greeted Jameson and invited him to take post to one side of the regiment. Jameson spoke Russian.

"We've had some trouble with this new equipment," the officer told him. "We can't honestly say that we like your

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saddles. Your cavalry must ride Clydesdales in England!"

There was no time for further parley, as in the distance a horseman was seen approaching. The regiment was called to attention and awaited its commander, and both Jameson and Pelman were left pondering over the last remark.

Colonel Popoff was of the old school. On nearing the parade he broke from a trot into a canter, and from a canter into a gallop, advancing faster and faster towards his squadrons. He would rein up magnificently, throw his arm high and shout: "Zdravstvuite bratsi (be healthy little brothers)!" thought Pelman—and then would come that splendid deep throated roar from the ranks in answer: "Zdravi Jelayu, Gospodin Polkovnik (we wish you health, Colonel)!"

"But hang it all," Pelman added to himself, "he'll never stop his horse at that pace." It now appeared that the Colonel was about to charge into the ranks. His right hand which had been flung automatically into the air in a brave gesture was on the reins now. The little man was purple in the face. He was pulling at the bit, sawing and cursing. With a superhuman effort he drew the mare's head round, and rocking one of his squadron commanders nearly out of the saddle as he bumped by, shot away at right angles to the regiment. The little Irish mare he rode was almost thoroughbred and fast.

Fifty yards away the Colonel's red and blue cap was wafted off in the breeze. He was helpless now. The mare had complete control.

An urgent whisper from Yakub came to Pelman's ears. "The Sahib's cap is off." "Yes," said Pelman; and Yakub taking this as his cue put spurs to his horse, a lumbering brown gelding, appropriately named Sanduq (which means "a box" in Russian), and was off. He cleared the front of the astonished line at full gallop, vaulted to the ground in his heavy though agile manner, seized the cap and was away again in full pursuit of the disappearing Colonel. Cramming his "kulha" well down on his head with one hand, the tail of his lungi streaming behind him, Yakub urged on Sanduq to do his utmost. The little mare in front had slowed down a little, but hearing hoofs

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behind realised that it was a race. She buckled to and on she dashed once more.

Luckily the way was towards Cheremochenskaya. The ground began to get boggy towards the river marshes, and gradually the mare's pace became slower and she stopped, her sides heaving.

Yakub, triumphant, was seen to be nobly assisting the Colonel. He handed over the cap, patted the officer in friendly fashion on the knee and readjusted the mare's curb chain, the root of the whole trouble. Then holding Sanduq with one hand, he started to lead the truant back.

Colonel Popoff, extremely choleric, gradually recovered his sense of proportion and, after some futile signs to Yakub to render him back his dignity, he shook off his escort and trotted back on his now well behaved mount.

"My apologies, Major. The little brute. Too much oats!" The fact was that Colonel Popoff had been too assiduous to his social affairs during the last few days. The mare had not had sufficient exercise, and owing to his lateness of retiring on the previous night the gallant Colonel was too sleepy to examine the turn-out of his charger before mounting.

"Now to it, Gentlemen. I'm afraid, Major, that your equipment is useless. The saddles can't be made to fit."

Indeed it was a strange sight. The British cavalry saddles were balanced on the horses' backs, the wooden trees against the skin. "But, Sir, where are the blankets?" expostulated Jameson.

"Blankets! Blankets! What blankets?" retorted the C.O. "Have you any blankets, Boris Ivan'ich?" he asked a Prussian-looking Baltic Baron of Pelman's acquaintance, who commanded one of the squadrons. Boris Ivan'ich was a very smart cavalry officer and an excellent horse master, but he disapproved of the British saddle on principle. He had, on his own initiative, kept his squadron in their old patchwork assortment, which they had been using for training. He was also extremely mortified by his senior's exhibition before foreigners.

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"Each man's got one blanket, Sir," he replied shortly. "Of course," said Colonel Popoff, "of course, only one blanket apiece. What of it, Major?"

"Where are the blankets, Sir?" asked Jameson quietly. "Where do you suppose? On their beds I presume. Men don't want to dirty them by bringing them out here—except you, Pavil Alexandr'vich! Your squadron has paraded in marching order, I think."

"Let's see that squadron," said Jameson. There they were. Each saddle had a blanket folded on the seat like a cushion, and held in place by the surcingle.

"You see that blanket should be under the saddle, not on top. It is instead of a numdah," explained Jameson and proceeded to demonstrate.

But Yakub was before him, his cavalry instinct aroused. Pushing his horse through the crowd of satellite officers, he was on the ground and had dismounted an astonished Russian trooper in the twinkling of an eye. The troopers were annoyed at having their new blankets placed to absorb their horses' sweat. "Poor devils, they want those blankets badly," murmured Pelman, as he girthed up a saddle which he had readjusted for demonstration.

Yakub's exuberance, however, soon had the men in a good frame of mind. Full of his success, he would have re-saddled every horse in the squadron if he had been allowed. Jameson called him away peremptorily as the parade was being held up.

Some well executed drill and manœuvre followed, and soon the little cavalcade left Colonel Popoff full of self-esteem once more. It seemed that they heard his voice still shouting out commands as they entered the suburbs half a mile away.

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"*MY HORSES*"

(An Equestrian Odyssey.)

By Richard Oakley.

Let me make it quite plain at the outset that "My Horses" does not mean that all the horses mentioned in this sketch were my property; but merely that they came into my possession from time to time, and further that this is no disquisition on horses in the sense that "Nimrod" wrote about his horses. Neither do I profess to his knowledge and skill as a horseman or horsemaster. Rather is it a recital of equestrian adventures and equine friendships; also a swansong, for I see no future possibility of ever crossing a saddle again.

It was not my lot to be born in the saddle, or with a silver bit in my mouth, so that my prospects of ever becoming a horseman were nil. And yet there must have been a germ of horsiness about me for from my youngest days I have loved the warm, acrid smell of a stable.

One of my earliest memories is of being lost at Filey, where we used to spend our holidays as small children, and being found chewing a straw in a yard where cream-coloured ponies, postillions and phætons were stabled. My prayers for years ended

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with: "and O God, please give me a pony with saddle and bridle on all ready." My toys were "real skin" ponies and model stables and traps, and what limited pocket money could not buy was made up by cutting the figures out with scissors. After this followed a phase of "Black Beauty," which I gave to grooms and cabmen indiscriminately, for though bred from yeoman stock on each side, from the counties of John Mytton and Squire Osbaldeston respectively, yet I was in fact born in a town, and so had to satisfy my love of horseflesh by frequenting cab proprietors' yards, inn stabling, and the Cavalry barracks, whence many of my early school friends emanated. Little did I think then that the subalterns of those days would one day be my own senior officers in mess and field and trench.

I had, however, two uncles who lived in the country and kept horses; one who was affluent and possessed a carriage and other smart turn-outs, while the other was a farmer, who bought and sold Yorkshire coach horses, as a side line, with an occasional hunter. It was on this farm that I picked up most of the slight knowledge I possess, and I used to spend my spare time with the grooms who looked after these horses. I had a good eye for a horse from the first, partly inherited I expect, and partly due to a good idea of form and proportion, as I and my brothers had a natural gift for drawing animals.

It was a great satisfaction to me to be able to pick out the best horse when they paraded, as I often could, and to be shown the faults when I failed. I learnt how to bed a horse down, piling the straw round the sides and corners of the box so that he should not damage himself when he lay down or rolled. I could pick up droppings in a handful of straw as deftly as any groom; but my aunt stopped this when she found out. I learnt about windsucking, pulling manes and tails, ginger and other fancies and foibles of horse-dealing. But there was one thing that I did not learn here, and that was *to ride*. My two cousins had each a pony, a black and a grey; but they would not allow me to ride them. I was about nine years old at this time and was running wild on the farm as I had been delicate at my last school. They went to a day school a few miles away, and before

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going each day they set me work to do before their return. They were older than I, but it was not bullying, for I realised that on a farm everyone must work, and I liked the responsibility. I was expected to "muck-out," groom, fodder, and water these ponies three times a day, which made me familiar with handling horses; speaking to them on approach, picking up their feet and holding their tails when I groomed their hindquarters, so that if they attempted to lift a leg to kick I could pull their weight over on to that leg and so make them put it down again. I learnt also the various uses of dandy-brush, curry-comb, body-brush and rubber, all of which was most useful knowledge to me in after life. Still I was not taught to ride or given an opportunity to teach myself. My cousins looked upon me as a town boy and therefore not to be trusted on their ponies.

On occasions, as a great concession, they would take a pony out on the long reins, lunge him round and round on a piece of ploughed land to take the "fettle" out of him, and then allow me to sit on a pad saddle for a turn or two. This, of course, was to show their superiority and I was too young to expostulate; besides, there was always the fear at the back of my mind that if I urged it myself and they allowed me to mount in the ordinary way, horrible fate would cause me to let the pony down and break his knees and life then would no longer be worth living. One could have put up with their righteous anger, but never with their scorn for a "Town-bred tailor" as they would have termed me, though I had no connection with sartorial art.

Years went by and I was sent away to school where games became my chief interest in life. Occasionally I stayed with a maiden aunt in Wales for the holidays, who possessed a brougham drawn by a well-bred Welsh cob. This cob I was allowed to hack about on the hills and I acquired some kind of a seat; but I have often thought since that he was a very good tempered cob. Once, indeed, he did bolt with me, when a train came up from behind where the railway ran alongside the road. As I was laden with parcels, the weekly shopping, I had my work cut out to keep my seat, and steer him past some gypsy caravans, to their great amusement, and it was only the

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gates of the railway crossing that stopped him. I realise now that he was enjoying himself, for he was a knowledgeable old cob.

* * * * * *

Life took many turns, and in the next seven years I only put my legs across a horse twice and that a corned-up hireling, who more or less took charge until the corn worked off. Then I found myself in Ceylon on a rubber estate. I could not afford a pony, but my P.D., who had hunted Glenside, possessed the champion pony jumper in the island, a grey Waler mare, called Mary. One day he asked me to ride her over to a neighbouring estate, where he was spending the week-end. All went well until we came to the outskirts of our estate. Here was a stile with stout rails let into sockets to keep out buffalo. The ground was not too hard and my P.D. was wont to practice Mary over these rails, but then they were taken out of their sockets and balanced on pegs. Mary saw the stile before I realised the situation, and started for it. I managed to pull her in just in time, whereupon she put her head down, arched her back and shot up into the air; twice I went up like a game of cup and ball, then I bit the dust while Mary stood still looking at me with a look of contempt on her face. I mounted again, but before doing so I saw that the horsekeeper had removed the rails. Mary now seemed quieter and I was beginning to feel more confident when ascending a slope at the side of a paddy field she started to buck again and finally stood straight up in the air. Rather than come over backwards, I elected to slip off sideways and managed to pull up just before taking a header into the oozing paddy. Once more I mounted and this time remained on top until I reached the bungalow. All my P.D. said was that I had ridden her on the curb too much. Of this I made a mental note.

A week or two later I was staying the week-end at this self-same bungalow. During the night I heard a horse galloping round the bungalow, so fearing that he would spike himself on a tea bush I woke up one of the boys and we went out to see what horse it was. It proved to be my host's thoroughbred Waler, Tony, which we caught with a feed of corn and a bridle. I put

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him back in his box, but found that he had broken the rails which kept him in and as I could not patch them up properly and there was no halter, I gave him a good feed of corn to keep him occupied.

At breakfast the following morning my host suggested that as Tony had not been ridden for several days and as he seemed to have been restless during the night, perhaps I would ride him back to my estate. Not wishing to appear afraid, I agreed to do so. Hardly had I got into the saddle when he started off at a canter. Remembering my P.D.'s advice about the curb, I was afraid to use it lest I should repeat the cup and ball game in front of my host and his wife, so that the canter soon became a hand gallop, and the hand gallop a mad one, for the horse, I suppose, realising that I was nervous, became frightened too and lost its head. It is a nasty feeling to know that one has lost control of a horse and to feel him going faster and faster, and it is nastier still to know that the road down which one is flying is cut in the side of a steep hill and presently jinks upon itself, and that a few yards beyond that jink is a sheer drop of many feet on to jagged rocks. We crossed, by the grace of God, a wooden bridge with several planks missing and then realising that it was now or never, by tugging with all my might at his mouth on the off side nearest to the slope of the hill, I caused him to put a foot in the side drain. The next thing I knew was that I was hurtling through the air and then skidding along the hard road on my face. When I finally stopped and looked up Tony was still sliding on his hindquarters and swinging his forehand clear of me. He had landed on his head, come croup over poll, to put it politely, and somersaulted again until he was right way up once more. I suppose it was the pace that saved us, for I received a scraped face and slightly sprained wrist while Tony had only a tiny flesh wound above one knee, which ultimately left no mark. Thus was I gaining experience.

A year passed with an occasional ride on Mary, who became kinder to me as she got to know me, when the wheel of Fortune turned and I found myself in charge of the estate with sufficient salary to buy a pony of my own. Through a horsey friend I

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"BUBBLY"

The late Brigadier-General NEIL HAIG
Mhow Brigade, France, 1917

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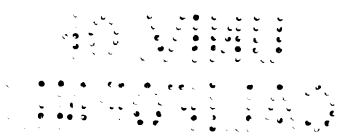

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heard of one in Colombo belonging to a wealthy native who had bought him as a "griffin' for racing up to 14-2 and under. He had won one or two races, and being a youngster had outgrown the standard, but was not big enough and fast enough to run against horses. He was a thoroughbred Waler pony 15 hands now and rising five as near as I could tell.

I went to Colombo to see him, and the owner rode him round the race-course for me to see him move. He then suggested my riding him back to the stables. I mounted, whereupon he, feeling a novice on his back and with his head turned for home, made up his mind to get there as quickly as possible. He was wearing a rubber snaffle and no martingale and as I knew little or nothing about keeping my hands down and flexing his neck, it soon became a question of pull butcher, pull baker, and the baker won. My topee fell off, fowls, dogs, children, old men and maidens, rickshaws and bullock-carts fled helter-skelter, leaving a clear road for "John Gilpin" until he nearly ended his days like Absalom under the stable doors. Next day I took train and bullock-cart back to the estate with my tail between my legs.

A day or two later my æsthetic values began to disturb me. I kept seeing that pony in my mind's eye. I had never seen a better looker, and even if I could not ride, I still had an eye for a horse. I should never get the same chance again; he was within my price too; there never was such a bargain. I could not concentrate on my work and I could not sleep until I had sent off the fatal telegram. I could not sleep then through fearing that I had made a mistake and bitten off more than I could chew. A letter followed to my friend asking him to have the pony fitted with saddle and bridle, and I sat down, metaphorically, to wait, feeling more nervous every hour. Two days passed and then on the evening of the third day when I was pottering about among the plants in my garden, I suddenly heard the beat of hoofs upon stone and a moment later around the corner of the bungalow appeared the horsekeeper leading *my pony*, "with saddle and bridle on all ready." It was then I realised that prayers are answered, if only one prays and

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desires hard enough, though the result may not come about in exactly the miraculous way one hopes, and yet it was in my case no less a miracle. It was now that I really began to learn to ride. The pony was as green as they are made, never having been off the turf, and the scents and sights of an estate terrified him.

He shied at everything: goats, the white buckets of the rubber tappers left on the road side, and particularly anything white such as sunlight gleaming on wet or freshly blasted rock. As the estate was both rocky and hilly, the roads, some three yards wide, had to be cut across the steep slopes of the hills and frequently blasted through rock, while on the outer side the road was probably built up in a rough fashion from below, with a drop of thirty feet or more, if one went over the edge. Once in such a place he shied badly, springing round and across the road, and for a few seconds we were poised on a piece of slab rock over the abyss. Everyone knows how one's heart goes cold, mine ceased to beat, but instinct told me to sit absolutely still, and he recovered himself. It was a close shave and my heart still goes cold when I think of it.

Water was his pet aversion; he had probably never seen it out of a bucket or trough before he came to Ceylon, and the trouble I had at first to get him across the tiniest trickle was amazing. He would blow and snort at it, put his foot forward and draw it back quickly, much as a cat will when frightened of getting its feet wet, and then finally, after much legging from behind, would take a tremendous plunge, landing many feet beyond it.

It would take too long to tell of all the escapades I had with this pony. How once rounding a corner on a road we came face to face with an elephant, and how in spite of the efforts of the Mahout and myself both our mounts turned tail and fled in opposite directions. How I rode a nine-mile race against a friend after a planters' meeting, and won, but at much cost to our horses. How we joined the Ceylon Mounted Rifles together and learnt to hold and lead horses as No. 3, and to fight rear-guard actions. Never shall I forget the difficulty of mounting

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a horse that would not stand, when others are galloping past, with a rifle in my hand, for we had no slings, and other impedimenta on the saddle. Rear-guard actions, whether sham or real, always brought back that horrible feeling of the bear in one's childhood, which lurked behind the linen press and might spring out on a little boy as he dashed for the nursery door.

It was at one of our Squadron parades shortly after war had broken out that the Indian Army Remount Officer proclaimed my pony as the best he had seen in the Island; but in spite of this he would not give me the top price as it was only up to weight for Native Cavalry. I hoped he liked his bargain, anyway I did not lose on the pony, and it gave me a little money to take on board with me; but I hated giving him up.

A month later I found myself in England awaiting my gazette to a Yeomanry Regiment,* the modern survival of "Nimrod's" regiment. In order not to waste time I went to the Cavalry barracks of my home town and interviewed the riding master. It was the reserve regiment of the "Greys" and "Royals," and accommodation was most kindly given me to go into the riding school with various rides of recruits. This was a splendid experience as I went five times a week and probably joined three different rides each day, with a different mount each time, and finished off with a short special lesson in the aids and ceremonial drill at the hands of the Sergeant-Major. The knowledge thus gained of different kinds of horses and the practice over jumps, barebacked and with folded arms, was invaluable, and I shall always be grateful for it. Also let me say here that the method of teaching adopted by this reserve regiment was far ahead of any I saw later in other riding schools. There was none of the hectoring bullying so common in the old type of school, nor did terrified horses dash across the *manège* to keep out of range of the rough riding Sergeant-Major's whip whenever he entered the ring. Both horse and man were encouraged in the most patient manner, and it was only when the white feather or obstinacy was definitely

*Denbighshire Hussars Yeomanry.

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shown that the blunt spur or whip was used or a dressing down administered. One feels that there must be a very fine tradition of horse mastership in these regiments, and it was admirably upheld by the rough riding staff throughout.

I now became a "Yeo-boy" and went through a further course of instruction in the riding school, and other matters. I am glad to say that I soon passed out of the former, as I did from two other schools which I had to appear in when I was seconded to other units.

In the Yeomanry I had a very good-looking polo pony allotted to me as a charger, as I was a light-weight, and I hope also because it was thought that I should not spoil it. It had formerly been the private property of the Second-in-Command and I was the first to have the use of it as a charger and felt duly gratified. It carried the dark cross of the primitive horse on its withers and spine, and although it appeared more of a chestnut than a dun, like all horses bearing this hall-mark it was a good one.

From here I went to the Curragh, where with a squadron of Yeoman I was attached to the 8th Cavalry Reserve Regiment for training. It was here with a mixed troop of Yeoman and Lancers that I took part in the Irish Rebellion of 1916, just as "Nimrod,"* a cornet in Sir Watkin Wynne's Light Fencible Cavalry, had assisted in the Rebellion of 1798. This Yeomanry Regiment, being the "Black and Tans" of those days, was known to the Irish as "the Bloody Britons." History did not repeat itself to that extent, but I think we pulled our weight.

While at the Curragh I rode a mare, the like of which I had not ridden before nor since. She was a thoroughbred chaser, slightly lop-eared, often a good sign, and a lady from the soles of her hoofs to the tips of her ears. She taught me that breed will tell, for her heart was too big for her body. I am not a bold horseman, but on her I would have gone for a six-foot spiked railing had there been reason for it; she was as gold is to dross. I do not know her history, but they told me at the Veterinary lines that she was the best horse that had passed

*Vide "Life of John Mytton, Esq., of Halston."

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through their hands up to that time. Unfortunately she suffered from poll evil, entirely due I think to pulling on her head collar, as she was very highly strung. Prior to the war, I imagine, she had been treated as a lady, having her own boudoir, but in a remount camp she had been stabled in lines with horses on either side of her and her sensitive nature revolted against her low-bred neighbours, so that she was always pulling at her head collar to get away from them. When she came into my possession I moved her into the officers' lines, to a loose box, but it was too late, I fear, as I had to leave her being treated in the veterinary lines when I left the Curragh.

My next move was to the Cavalry Machine Gun Training Centre at Maresfield Park in Sussex. Here I experienced the joys of riding to hounds for the first time. I picked horses from my section and my first choice showed my foolishness, for I selected a mare that someone had hunted the week before and declared to be unmanageable in the hunting field. I went by her looks, though I knew she was excitable. She certainly was a lunatic and tried to rush her fences in a blind fashion, but we managed to get through the day without doing any harm to ourselves and, what was more important, to anybody else. It was a heavily wooded country, but the autumn colours were glorious and we had one short sharp run flying our fences in fine style that gave one an exhilaration which I have never known surpassed.

My second attempt was not quite so successful, as this mare had gone and I had to ride a safer but more prosaic "plug," and usually brought up the rear. I did, however, remember to shut gates when stock was about so I suppose I was a useful member of the hunt in a humble way. We pulled up far from home, when I felt my honest old friend had had enough, and then we had a long hack back in a blinding snow storm, much of which I walked on foot. I shall never forget the way he enjoyed his warm mash with linseed in it when we got home. There are few more gratifying sights and sounds in life than a good horse enjoying his feed after an honest day's work.

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My next experience as a horse owner was in France. Here I nominally possessed four horses. Two chargers and two servants' horses on which I rung the changes as occasion required. My original allotment was a Waler known as "Soldier." He had come to France from India with a British Cavalry regiment and was an experienced pig-sticker. I never knew him put a foot wrong even in the most shell-pocked country, and I rode him through part of the Hindenberg Line during the early stages of the battle of Cambrai; but he was a most uncomfortable ride and had a mouth like iron when he wanted to be pig-headed.

Next came Mary, a pretty little black mare, and as whimsical as any woman. She used to squeal and wriggle pretending to kick or buck when groomed, or if one's toe touched her flank when mounting; like a pretty woman, however, one could forgive her many things.

One of my servants had a country-bred which was an unenterprising beast; but two incidents remain in my mind with regard to it. One illustrating the quickness of action of the more primitive animal. I was cantering him along one day when a piece of thistle-down floated across his front about chest high. He evidently thought it was a hostile insect, for he struck at it with his off fore with such lightning quickness that I hardly felt any alteration in his stride. The other incident shows the stupidity of some horses. We were billeted in a demolished village, as winter quarters, and my servants after arduous labour had managed to re-roof an old stable so that all four horses were snug and warm. One day I rode the country-bred over to some old lines where we had been hock deep in mud off and on, for several weeks, to *scrounge* for any timber we might have left behind. Slipping on the greasy chalk soil we came down flat on our side, and in my effort to save myself I lost my hold on the reins. Before I could prevent it the country-bred galloped off, but instead of leaving me a three-mile tramp back to camp, as I expected, he went straight to his old position in the lines, still hock-deep in mud, and standing there allowed me to mount him and ride off.

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My other servant had a poorish mount which developed a bad attack of colic. Unfortunately it must have rolled and twisted its bowel before we discovered anything was wrong, as in spite of keeping it on the move and doctoring it, it died. When we dragged it to the pit which the fatigue men had dug for it, it was found that it was not quite wide enough to receive it, since its legs had stiffened. A lazy fatigue man suggested breaking its legs, but I felt shocked and noticed a look of relief come into my servant's face as I gave the order for the pit to be enlarged. After the burial he came up to me with tears streaming down his face and asked me if I believed in a future life for horses, and of course I said that I did. He was an elderly man and a hard-bitten "stiff" too.

After this I had to get my servant a new horse and when some remounts came up I selected one with a view to it becoming a possible charger. He certainly was not an ideal saddle horse to look at for he had too much of the hackney about him, except the high action; but he was well-muscled up and had a good honest personality which I liked. He reminded me of the country doctor's cob of a 100 years ago; blunt and straightforward like his master and never likely to let one down—nor did he, poor old chap. He measured too much to be called a cob so I named him "The Doctor," and took him unto myself, for in spite of his build he was a comfortable ride.

Now I must relate the last that I know of these four horses. During the German counter-attacks at the battle of Cambrai in 1917 I received orders to take my Vickers guns and attach myself to "C" Squadron, Inniskilling Dragoons, who were in our brigade, and "C" Squadron in turn was attached to the 2nd Bengal Lancers. Tanks had failed to appear and we were to gallop a ridge taken by the Bosche the day before.

This is not a war story so I must get back to my horses.

I rode the Doctor; Mercer, my first servant and friend, rode Mary, as my horseholder and orderly; while Hudson, my second servant, rode Soldier, and led an ammunition pack; the country-bred was reduced to the ranks. There is no need to tell again in detail the story of that gallop over the open. How the

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Colonel of the Lancers was the first to fall as he led the charge; how the leading squadron of the Native Cavalry carried away the wire; how one of their officers first cleared it on his horse and pursued a fleeing German officer over the ridge with drawn sword, how the German put up his hands and the officer put up his sword, when the German instantly whipped out a revolver and shot him, and how the officer's servant ran the German through with a *hog spear*. This has already been recorded in "Pig sticking extraordinary." How others of the enemy were caught on the point of the lance. How we won the ridge but later were out-flanked, reinforcements failing to reach us, and how Lance Dafadur Gobind Singh won the V.C., three horses being shot under him as he took his messages successfully through. How a note came through from Germany saying "the last that was seen of Shoeing-smith Brookes, he was knocking hell out of the Bosche with his hammer; then he was bayoneted," and lastly how an officer, whose servant had a leg blown off and was dying, bent down to catch his last message—it was: "Have I done well, Sir."

For my part I remember the exhilaration of the gallop forward, then the wicked frontal and enfilade fire of rifles and machine guns, riderless horses dashing past me and rolling over dead, or sitting down on their haunches like dogs—pack horses galloping spare, and Hudson taking the lead minus his pack horse, for old Soldier, the horse with the hard mouth, had taken charge of him. A bullet clanged on Mercer's helmet, and then in a dip of the ground we came suddenly upon two unbroken aprons of wire, too much for us to break through with our guns and led horses. I had chosen the Doctor because I knew I could hold him and he would play the game. I eased him up and gave the signal, "Halt; action front." As I sprang to the ground and threw my reins to Mercer a bullet struck the Doctor, in the gullet as I learnt afterwards, and the last I saw of him alive was spinning round and round till he dropped into a shell hole. Three hours later I did exactly the same thing. Years afterwards when I went to see Mercer at his comfortable farm in the Yorkshire Dales, he showed me his delved helmet and told me

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that when the Doctor was hit he followed the seven led-horses, remaining out of my forty-three, out of action. Before he had gone far Mary was hit in the off elbow and side and they both came down. Leaving her as dead he managed to catch an Indian Sowar's loose horse and got back to safety. Later that night behind a ruined village where the salvage gathered, there was a movement among the horses and little Mary hobbled in on three legs. When he saw her he burst into tears. Hudson and Soldier survived, how I do not know; but the country-bred gave his life like so many of his compatriots that day.

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Once more the scene changed and I found myself in Northern Nigeria, faced with a trek of three hundred odd miles on pony back. I hired a pony from the local chief and progressed by stages of fifteen to twenty miles a day. Arrived at my destination I set about looking for a pony of my own. The local horse-copers brought batch after batch for me to try, which consisted of old screws, cowhocked and goose rumped, probably due to being ridden too young and yenked back on to their haunches by the cruel Hausa bits. It was not until I made it known that I was a soldier *mai-doki* (horse-soldier) that passable ponies were brought to me; for they had had dealings with the pre-war M.I.

Ultimately I chose a bay of about 14 hands. He was slightly ewe-necked but a very good ride, and did me well for many long treks through most difficult country. It is extraordinary what a difference a little attention and good feeding can do to these country-breds of Barb extraction. Though stallions, most of them are amenable to kind handling and respond readily to the English bit and aids. Mares are hardly ever ridden and are usually turned loose, hobbled, to pick up a living as best they can; a dangerous practice when one is riding a full-fed stallion, which may lead to a nasty situation. If only selection were exercised among the mares by Emirs and chiefs as it is to some extent among the stallions, a very fine stamp of pony might be produced.

When I went on leave I left this pony with a soldier who was the son of a well-known M.F.H. at home, knowing that he would

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look after it. Unfortunately he was invalided shortly afterwards and handed my pony over to a man who cared little for horses. When I returned after six months and wired for my pony to be sent to meet me on the three hundred mile trek, I received a reply that it was sick and unfit to travel. On arrival at my station I found that the pony was in the North Cameroon with this man and still sick. Within a few days I was sent out to Bush and borrowed a mount, hoping to get my own back before long. A week or two later the owner sent for his pony but hired a horse from the Emir for me to ride. I came out by lamp-light to look at him, as it was night time when he arrived. He was a fine upstanding bay of about 15 hands, with a beautiful Arab head and cock tail, evidently three parts Arab bred, and I learnt was a present from another Emir to our own. I felt very pleased about him.

Next morning when I went out to mount him for the day's trek I was more pleased, for he was such a picture, except for a rather wicked look in his eye. When, however, I came to mount him I was not quite so pleased, for he tried to cow-kick me. He then tried to plunge but could not as the horse boy had kept a shackle on his off fore and hind. Once I was in the saddle he was fairly handy, and full of life, and when later I tried him out in a gallop, I found he had a wonderful stride and tremendous propelling power behind. I thought I was on a good thing, and so I was, except for his temper. In fact it was not temper, but sheer unadulterated vice, and I sometimes think it was madness. Anyway I soon found that he was almost unapproachable in the stable. He would bite the hand that fed him and strike out with his fore feet if approached from the front, unless shackled. There were times, certainly, when I could run a hand over him, but it was always at great risk. I tried all means, coaxing and severity, but it was of no avail. The horse-boy and I were both frightened of him and he knew it, though we tried not to show it to him or to each other. I have seen murder in his eye and am certain that on occasions if he could have got loose he would have killed us both. I have seen the same expression in the eye of a Pagan ju ju man; wicked cruel

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murder mingled with impotent rage. Sometimes I felt like sending him back to the Emir; but pride would not allow me. I would not acknowledge defeat, for I had learnt by this time that only one of his men would ride the horse, nor could I acknowledge defeat to the horse, for I knew that if I did I might lose confidence in myself. Also, and this was a strong factor, each morning when I went to mount him, although overnight I had decided to get rid of him, he looked so superb challenging the other horses, that I could not part with him: it fed my vanity in fact. He made me realise what a magnificent sight the stallion chargers of Knights must have made as they challenged each other on entering the lists, with mein as noble, hearts as bold, and crests raised high as their lords and masters.

About this time my own pony turned up. I had been told that he had been suffering from some germ, probably tetse fly, and for weeks had not been able to stand on his legs. When I saw him he certainly looked very weak and as thin as a rail. With difficulty I recognised him, and one felt one could push him over with one's hand. While I was looking at him he passed some dung, and although the letter that came with him stated that the horse-boy had been given 2s. for corn on the road, which was ample, I noticed that there was not a grain in his droppings.

At this moment my steward-boy came out to have a look at him and immediately exclaimed, "why Master, this is the horse-boy you sacked for stealing the corn." I then looked at the horse-boy, whom I had hardly noticed up to this moment, and sure enough it was so. Then I knew the whole story and that horse-boy got his deserts.

In a month's time one would not have recognised the pony, although he never was quite the same again.

As one needs two ponies on trek I kept the Emir's horse and only rode the old pony on short journeys to give him light work, and when I was invalided home later I sold him to a lady for a hack.

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To return to Sultan, as I named the Emir's horse, we had some very hard treks together. An incident occurred now that rather shook my nerve. I went to see some Pagans who when last called upon had greeted the political officer with a shower of arrows. I was not quite certain of their attitude, but as I approached their principal hill, on the boulder-strewn side of which they had their villages, I saw a large crowd of them assembled at the foot. Since they had been warned of my coming and did not appear hostile, I went forward alone to show confidence in them. I had just reined in and greeted them when my followers galloped up behind. Sultan, hearing them, stood straight up on his hind legs, and in the sudden effort of gripping I strained my riding muscle. Fortunately I did not fall off or the impression I had hoped to make would have ended in ignominy. I completed my palaver and returned to camp, where I remained for two days doing office work as my muscle was so painful.

After we struck camp I was riding ahead of the cavalcade when without warning Sultan reared straight up and at the same time a riderless horse dashed past. As he did so Sultan gave a plunge and a swerve in mid-air; I heard my thigh muscles crack as they were wrenched and the next moment I was flung heavily to the ground. Sultan gave one kick of defiance and galloped after the other horse. When my men got up to him they found the other horse on the ground and Sultan savaging him. They beat him off and brought him back to me. The other horse was badly bitten about the neck, and I felt very bruised as I had fallen on my game leg; but I was obliged to mount him again and ride for another three hours, partly because my other horse had gone in advance; partly because I could not appear afraid before natives; but mainly because I knew it was the only way to restore my nerves.

On another occasion at an assembly of chiefs we were holding a dismounted palaver and the horses were being held by horse-boys. At such times Sultan was always a nuisance, as he had been used for stud purposes by the Emir and so looked upon other stallions as possible rivals. He would stand on his hind

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legs, paw the air and neigh abuse at them. This particular day he was very troublesome so the horse-boy threatened him with a stick. Immediately Sultan struck at him with his fore feet and then rushed at him open mouthed; this was too much for the horse-boy, poor fellow, who turning, put up his hands to shield the back of his neck, and fled, with Sultan after him. We all ran to the rescue and just in the nick of time beat the horse off, or he might have been seriously mauled, if not killed.

Fording rivers in wild country can be very exciting at times. Sometimes one crosses in canoes, the horses being taken inside too, if the canoes are large enough. At others the horses swim alongside on the downstream side to prevent them being washed under the canoe. Many rivers one can, of course, wade on horseback; but on one occasion when I was riding Sultan we tried to cross a river that had been in spate the day before. It had sunk considerably, but a fierce current was still swirling down. We got as far as mid-stream, keeping our head slightly up stream, when either the current was too strong for him, or he put his foot in a hole, for the next moment I was at the bottom of the river and he was struggling on top of me. He managed to recover himself, and my head had just emerged when he was swept again on to me, and down I went once more. Luckily the river was not deep, and when I found my feet I was able with difficulty to wade out, the water just reaching my arm pits. When I got on shore I found that the legs of my breeches were filled up with sand like two bags, so no wonder I found progress slow.

While this was happening one of my messengers who rode a smaller pony found it being washed down stream, so he parted company and swam for it, while his mount came ashore lower down. To one who cannot swim such experiences are full of thrills.

Another time we came to a wider and deeper river. Having visions of John Mytton and the illustration where Mytton takes a short cut to Halston across the lake, saying "Let him who calls himself a sportsman, follow me," I asked my interpreter if horses could swim with a man on their backs. He replied

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" Yes," and proceeded to show me by putting his horse into the water. No sooner had it sunk in the deep water with only its head above, than the interpreter became frightened and threw himself off, swimming back to shore, while the horse circled back to the bank. As I could not swim, and there seemed no other means of crossing, I borrowed the Chief's horse, which stood half a hand taller than Sultan, hoping that it might just be able to wade the deepest part. All went well at first, then suddenly the water rushed up to my shoulder blades and at the same time the horse seemed to sink from under me. His head, however, remained above water and with a few powerful strokes he gained the shallower water and we could wade the rest. It was a peculiar sensation all the same to feel him struggling beneath one, and it was necessary to keep one's head. The others then used the same horse, but not without some individual duckings.

At last my eight months' trek came to an end and I handed Sultan back to the Emir, a much subdued horse. We must have travelled many hundred of miles together, and though he was a villain, he was a very handsome villain; but I doubt now if he was worth the risk and trouble.

Now I come to my last horse, and perhaps the best; at any rate the one I loved more than them all. I was transferred to the arid North, to a fairly populous station where polo was played. I could not play myself as my leg was giving me constant trouble, but the first day I was taken up to the ground I saw a pony that I liked the look of and as he was reputed to dislike polo I bought him for £10 as a hack and trek pony. I kept him for three years and he became very well known to the various local chiefs and their followers in the province, so much so that sometimes people came to see him rather than to see me. The reason for this interest was chiefly because he had a good turn of speed and I found my predecessor, who was on the look out for fast bush ponies for racing purposes, had used " Gallant," as he was named, as a test pony. On the other hand, there is nothing that a native of Northern Nigeria admires more than a showy horse and Gallant was all this. Built more like an

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English polo pony than a country-bred he had the manners of an English gentleman; but, when accompanied by a District Chief with his band and armed retainers, as one approached a village, he would curvet and prance with all the show of an oriental monarch.

I confess that I did not discourage this as it made a good impression, and he never introduced it into private life, except on the race course, where sheer excitement made it impossible for him to contain himself. This was a disadvantage certainly, but he looked and was so keen that one could forgive him. In the stable and for ordinary hacking I never knew a kinder pony. His horse boy loved him, and if through some roguish trick he got loose and careered about, it was always the horse-boy's wife who caught him when he was tired of playing with us.

During one of my periods on leave I left him with a keen polo player who reintroduced him to the game and he became one of the best ponies in the station, being fast, handy, and up to weight. On my return, as I was to be permanently in the station, I took him out of polo and handed him over to a gunner officer who had a string of ponies, to train. His wife was head stable-lad and each morning she would take them out for exercise. I confess I did not take much trouble myself in the matter, as I was totally ignorant of the ethics of training for racing, and did not like to show my ignorance, and also I had not really the time to give to it. I was too heavy to ride him myself, but jockeys were always forthcoming among the soldiers and other political officers, as he was such a good and popular pony. Altogether he won, in two seasons at different meetings, five hurdle races, a maiden mile, three other flat races, while the winner of the Governor's Cup at Lagos only beat him by a short head in the similar event for the Northern Provinces. He was placed in nearly every race in which he was entered, and but for a kick on the previous night, as a result of which he had to be scratched, would probably have won the Prince of Wales' Cup for the Nigerian Grand National. So no wonder I was proud of him.

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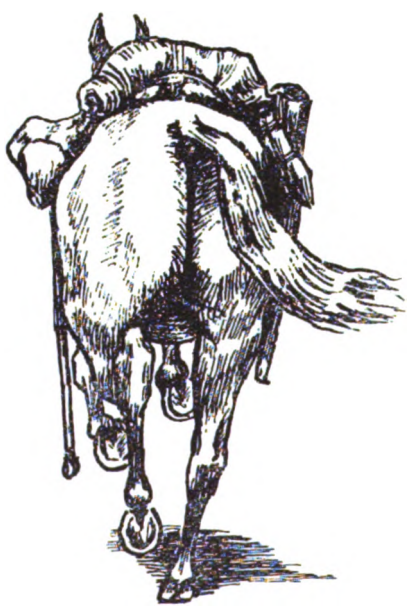
On one occasion after a successful meeting I gave a dinner to his trainer, head-lad, jockey, and others interested in the pony. Gallant himself was brought in, like Mr. Kipling's "Maltese Cat," and drank his own health in champagne, much to his own delight.

I was offered eight times his value by his former owner, and the wealthy Syrians, whose chief interest, outside money making, is racing, would have readily given me three figures for him. I would not sell as I loved him so well, and I determined that if I ever had to part with him he should go to a European and a horse lover.

At last the country and my old wound laid me low, and I was ordered to England. I hobbled out to say good-bye to Gallant. Had I known it was to be the last good-bye the parting would have been harder; but I did not know it then. Tears welled into my eyes as I kissed the velvet nose of that *gallant* gentleman, while my understanding staff kindly turned their backs.



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THE MYTH OF CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

One lives and learns, and wisdom comes with the years; but it is distressing to be robbed of one's youthful illusions. From my earliest years, long ago in County Clare, I had heard of "Clare's Dragoons," the regiment of cavalry which, raised to fight for James II, carried its sabres into the service of France after the fall of Limerick in 1691, and won undying renown in the European wars of the 18th century. Nothing was more real to me than that body of outlawed horsemen, with their flashing scabbards, their gay sabretaches, their leaping swords, charging to the tune of "The White Cockade," upholding the Stuart cause to the end—even after Scotland had failed—throwing a reflected glory upon our little western county. Now, alas! I know that Clare's Dragoons, as I conceived them, were a myth, and some of the glamour and romance has, for me, passed out of history with my knowledge of the truth. They —the Clare's Dragoons of European renown—never existed. They were never in the space-time continuum at all—that is to say, in that part of it which is alone important here, and which covered the wars of Marlborough and the War of the Austrian Succession.

Nor did I stand alone. I erred in good company, and company of now respectable antiquity. In the "History of Limerick," by J. Ferrar (Limerick, 1787), one finds written (page 342):—

"At the battle of Blenheim Lord Clare's dragoons alone were victorious on the side of the French, having cut to pieces a German regiment, commanded by Colonel Goore."

Clare's Dragoons took no part whatever in the battle of Blenheim, or in any other continental battle or campaign.

So, again, in James Frost's "History and Topography of the County of Clare" (Dublin, 1893), one reads, after a reference to the unsatisfactory conduct of Clare's Dragoons in Ireland (page 568):—

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"Whatever the faults of Clare's Dragoons may have been while in the condition of raw recruits, their shortcomings were afterwards on many a field, 'from Dunkirk to Belgrade,' gloriously expiated."

The regiment did not expiate its earlier shortcomings on glorious fields "from Dunkirk to Belgrade," for the simple and sufficient reason that it never fought in Europe at all.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, too, in his "Fair Hills of Ireland" (Dublin, 1906), writes (page 319):—

"The fourth Viscount [Clare], no less loyal to the Stuarts, fought at the Boyne for James, and after Limerick went with the regiment already known as 'Clare's Dragoons' into the service of King Louis. . . . In 1693, Clare's Dragoons fought under Catinat at Marsaglia."

Mr. Gwynn, for once, is in error. The regiment never passed into the service of Louis XIV, and it did not fight at Marsaglia.

What is the explanation of this common misconception? How was it that Ferrar, a Limerick man, and Frost, a Clare man, both writing with local knowledge, and, in Ferrar's case, only a few years after the French army list had ceased to include the Clare regiment—for there *was* a Clare regiment in that service—could have made such an amazing mistake? What are the facts of the case?

First, it must be made clear that Clare's Dragoons did in fact exist; but they existed only for a very brief span, and did nothing to justify the legend of the Clare's Dragoons of story and song. Their life was "nasty, brutish and short." They were raised in 1689 by Daniel O'Brien, 3rd Viscount Clare, in accordance with a proclamation issued by the Duke of Tyrconnell calling upon Irish loyalists to take up arms in defence of the rights of their King, James II. Two other regiments, both of infantry, were raised in Clare at the same time: of which more hereafter. The regiment of Dragoons had yellow facings and was usually called at that time "The Yellow Dragoons." It fought in Ireland in the years 1689-1691; the peasants of West Clare of later generations still saw visions of the Yellow Dragoons riding abroad in wild and stormy nights, and dis-

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appearing with the morning light in the surges off Carrigaholt. Its first service was as part of Lord Mountcashel's force, which was dispatched in July, 1689, to reduce Enniskillen, then held for King William. It was engaged, ingloriously, on 10th August, 1689, at Lisnaskea, near Enniskillen, against a force under Lieut.-Colonel Berry. The commander of Clare's Dragoons upon this particular occasion was the famous Count Anthony Hamilton, the author of the "Mémoires du Comte de Grammont."

The encounter between Berry's and Hamilton's horsemen resulted in the retirement of the former, who retreated to a narrow defile in boggy or fenny country about a mile from Lisnaskea. Here, having been joined by a number of foot soldiers from Enniskillen, they laid an ambuscade for the pursuing Clare men. It was completely successful. Brigadier Hamilton was wounded in the first discharge, and forced to fall behind. He directed one of his officers, Captain Lavallin, to order a "wheel to the left," for the purpose of rejoining Lord Mountcashel's forces. Lavallin seems to have misunderstood the order, and gave an order for a "wheel to the left about." The result was that the Clare Dragoons broke in rout and were almost annihilated by the pursuing Enniskilleners.

Brigadier Hamilton and Captain Lavallin, it may be added, were subsequently brought before a court-martial, presided over by General de Rosen, at Dublin, for their conduct in the affair. The brigadier was acquitted; Lavallin, though he protested that he gave the order as he received it, was condemned to death and executed.

After this disastrous experience, Clare's Dragoons seem to have been reformed. At any rate, they were engaged at the battle of the Boyne in July, 1690. Again they acted badly. In December, 1690, they were stationed in Clare, and James Frost in his "History" (page 567) quotes a contemporary letter which throws an unfavourable light upon the discipline and morale of the regiment. The letter, which is from Sir Theobald Butler, James II's Solicitor-General in Ireland, to Sir Dough O'Brien, High Sheriff of Clare, refers to the punishment of

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Clare's Dragoons for misconduct on a former occasion, when they were stationed in the county, and suggests that they should be severely dealt with if they committed any outrages against the persons upon whom they were billeted.

In 1691 Clare's Dragoons, then commanded by Colonel the Hon. Charles O'Brien, younger son of the 3rd Lord Clare and himself subsequently 5th Lord Clare, served at the siege of Limerick, but were broken up after the signing of the Treaty in October of that year. Remnants of them, with those of eight other Irish cavalry regiments, were incorporated in the two regiments of horse which were organised in France in 1692 as part of King James's army in that country. These two cavalry regiments were known as the "King's" and "Queen's Regiments of Cavalry," and their Colonels were Dominick Sheldon and Lord Galmoy, respectively. In 1698 they were amalgamated into a single regiment of cavalry under Colonel Sheldon. Neither was, or was ever known as, Clare's Dragoons. The latter disappeared from history in 1691; it was not their camp fires which were to be seen in Europe during the 80 or 90 years which followed.

That is all that seems to be known of Clare's Dragoons, and the record, it will be seen, is on the whole an inglorious one. What then becomes of the legend? How has the myth arisen of the Clare's Dragoons whom Thomas Davis immortalised in his stirring verses, who fought "from Dunkirk to Belgrade," who live in story and song to this day?

The truth is that there has been in this matter an extraordinary confusion of the identity of units to which no one I believe, has previously drawn attention. Clare's Dragoons have been confused with two entirely distinct regiments, on the one hand, with the *infantry* regiment of Clare or O'Brien, on the other, with the "Queen's Regiment of Dragoons *à pied*," or *dismounted* Dragoons, which was organised in the French service in 1692, and which was itself a quite distinct regiment from the "Queen's Regiment of Cavalry" referred to above (see further below). It was the mantle of renown of the former fine regiment—the infantry regiment of Clare or O'Brien—

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which was stolen by Clare's Dragoons. The theft was, at all events, within the family.

It has already been stated that two regiments of infantry, in addition to Clare's Dragoons, were raised by Lord Clare in 1689. One of these infantry regiments was commanded by his elder son, Colonel the Hon. Daniel O'Brien, the other (in 1689-90) by the younger son, the Hon. Charles O'Brien referred to above. The former regiment left Ireland in April, 1690. In accordance with the arrangement then made for an exchange of French and Irish troops, it sailed to France in the fleet which had brought the French troops of the Count de Lauzun to Kinsale. Louis XIV, hard pressed by the League of Augsburg, had been unwilling to agree to the dispatch of the force of 6,000 men under de Lauzun, unless a similar number of Irish troops were brought back in the ships which conveyed them to Ireland. The troops of five Irish regiments were accordingly embarked in the French vessels, and these five regiments were organised on arrival in France in the three infantry regiments of Lord Mountcashel, Colonel the Hon. Daniel O'Brien, and Colonel the Hon. Arthur Dillon. The formation was known as " the brigade of Mountcashel," and its strength was approximately 6,000 officers and men until 1698, when each of the three regiments of the brigade was reduced to a single battalion of 700 men.

The brigade, it is interesting to note, received " strangers' pay," i.e., a higher rate than that of the French service. Privates received a " sol " a day more than French soldiers; cadets received 10d. a day. Later, the pay of the rank and file must have been increased, for one reads of soldiers deserting from the English forces to the Irish regiments in the French service because the pay of the latter was better than their own. The Colonels, in accordance with the practice of the time, received a percentage upon the pay and maintenance expenses of their regiments. The uniform of the Irish troops was a scarlet one.

The exchange of troops, it will be seen, took place in the spring of 1690. Consequently, the O'Brien regiment, which was included in it, took no further part in the fighting in Ireland

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in 1690 and 1691. It seems on that account to have been lost sight of by Irish annalists. Its existence, because of its absence, was in fact forgotten. It faded out of the picture. It is not mentioned in Frost's "History"; quoting from Dalton's "King James's Army List," he records only, as Clare units, the *other* Clare infantry regiment and Clare's Dragoons. (Both of these were broken up after the Treaty of Limerick.) It is also ignored in a list which Ferrar gives of the Irish troops in the French service in 1695. Ferrar excludes from his list all three regiments of the Mountcashel brigade, possibly because they differed from the troops which he does mention in being (unlike the latter, who were in King James's service) in the service of Louis XIV.

Its exploits in Europe, indeed, and the fame of its successive commanders, the 4th, 5th, and 6th Lords Clare, could not be and were not ignored. It was well known that a certain "Clare" or "O'Brien regiment" took a distinguished part in Catinat's victory at Marsaglia in 1693, when the 4th Lord Clare was mortally wounded; at Blenheim in 1704, when it—and not Clare's Dragoons, as Ferrar states—cut to pieces Colonel Goore's German regiment; at Ramillies in 1706, where the 5th Lord Clare received the wounds from which he died a little later; at Dettingen in 1743; and in 1745 at Fontenoy, where the Irish troops, commanded by Lieut.-General the 6th Lord Clare, contributed powerfully to the victory of Marshal Saxe. At Fontenoy it formed, with the five regiments of Dillon, Bulkeley (originally the regiment of Mountcashel, later of Lee), Roth, Berwick, and Lally, the Irish Brigade which, held in reserve until late in the day, broke the right of the Allied line. On that occasion it charged with the bayonet, firing no shot until it reached the enemy's line. The only British colours captured in the battle were taken by the regiment of Bulkeley, and the Irish Brigade's captures included 15 guns (out of 20 in all taken). Colonel Dillon fell at the head of his regiment. The Lally (originally O'Mullally) who led the sixth regiment of the brigade lived to be the famous Lally Tollendal, Clive's opponent in India. It was a strange turn of the wheel of fate that his

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successful adversary at the battle of Wandewash, which decided the fate of India, should have been another Irishman, Sir Eyre Coote, of Ash Hill, County Limerick.

There is a consensus of opinion that Marshal Saxe's victory was due to the great charge of Lord Clare's Irish Brigade; but their losses were severe. In the Hon. Emily Lawless's poem, "The Wild Geese," a watcher on the coast of Clare sees strange, shadowy forms approaching on the morning waves, and, thinking that they are "gentry," or fairies, addresses them thus:—

"Jesus save you, gentry, why are ye so white,
Sailing all together in this misty light"

They reply:—

"Nothing ails us, master, joyful souls are we,
Sailing home together through the morning sea.
. . . . Home to Clare from Fontenoy through the morning light."

Miss Lawless had historical warranty for the setting of her fantasy. It was from Doolin on the Clare coast that the "Wild Geese" sailed, time and again, in the 18th century, to take service in the Irish regiments, and especially that of Clare, in the French armies. The ships in which they sailed also carried away Irish wool, then a forbidden export; they brought cargoes of French clarets and brandies, which even the loyalist southern Irish gentlemen drank the more sweetly because no duty was payable on them to King George. There was a steady flow of recruits from Clare to the O'Brien standard in France all through the century. France had the better of the exchange of bootlegged wines and men. She received in return something more precious than the goods which her vintners sold. England, on the other hand, paid dearly for her penal laws.

The achievements of the Clare or O'Brien regiment—it was known indifferently by either name—in the French service were well known, but the identity and history of the regiment which accomplished them were misunderstood. It was popularly conceived as a regiment of cavalry, whereas it was, from first to last, a regiment of infantry. From first to last, it was never Clare's Dragoons.

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The mistake, the writer suggests, may have arisen in the following way. Colonel the Hon. Daniel O'Brien's regiment had slipped away quietly and almost unnoticed from Ireland in 1690, to begin its distinguished service of eighty-five years in the French army. After the Treaty of Limerick (October, 1691), a *further* body of Irish troops, amounting to above 19,000 officers and men, embarked for France. They were there formed, in 1692, into two regiments of horse, two of Dragoons, eight of infantry, with two troops of Horse Guards and two independent companies. The two first regiments were the King's and Queen's Regiments of Horse, commanded respectively by Colonels Dominick Sheldon and Lord Galmoy, to which reference has been made above. The two regiments of Dragoons, despite their name, were not cavalry; they were Dragoons *à pied*, or *dismounted* Dragoons. (See J. C. O'Callaghan, *History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France*, Glasgow, 1889, pp. 77-89.) The colonel of one was Lord Kilmallock. The colonel of the other was, at first, Francis Carroll, who fell at Marsaglia in 1693. His successor in command was Charles O'Brien, 5th Lord Clare, who had succeeded to the title on his brother's, Daniel's, death in that year; and Lord Clare thus happened to be in command of the regiment in 1695, the year to which Ferrar's list relates. His connection with the regiment was purely fortuitous and temporary. His longer and more memorable association, like that of the other members of his illustrious family, was with the infantry *regiment of O'Brien or Clare*, of which he became Colonel in 1696, and which he commanded until his death in 1706.

The deeds of the "Wild Geese," the troops who left Ireland after the fall of Limerick to serve in James II's army in France, were followed with a passionate interest by their countrymen in Ireland. In fighting for King James they were fighting, it was believed, for Ireland. One finds an echo of that belief in Arthur Geoghegan's ballad, "After Aughrim."

"Do you remember long ago,
Kathaleen?
When your lover whispered low,
'Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen?'

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And you answered proudly 'Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green!' "

Now, it was known that King James's forces in France included this (so-called) regiment of Dragoons, and that its colonel, for a time at least, was Charles O'Brien, 5th Lord Clare; and it was known also that the same Charles O'Brien had commanded Clare's Dragoons at the siege of Limerick. It was not known, one can only assume, that the regiment was one of dismounted Dragoons, or that it was broken up (as was Lord Kilmallock's also) in 1698—so that it could not possibly have fought at Blenheim, etc. It was natural enough in the circumstances that *this* regiment should have been assumed to be Clare's Dragoons. It was hardly less natural that the legend of its subsequent achievement should have grown. A regiment known to be connected with Clare and to be serving under successive Viscounts Clare was winning renown on many fields. That that regiment should have been misidentified as Clare Dragoons was in the nature of things. That, at all events, seems to have been what actually happened. The exploits of the real Clare or O'Brien regiment were attributed, in popular fancy, to a then non-existent regiment of Clare's Dragoons.

One has heard of regiments rehabilitating themselves after some failure in action and atoning by gallant deeds for past misconduct. Is there any other instance than this of Clare's Dragoons of a regiment's rehabilitating itself by proxy, of its securing atonement, as it were, by false pretences? The real Clare's Dragoons did nothing very remarkable in their short career, and what they did was hardly a foundation for military renown. Their reputation rests on the deeds of another and totally different regiment, a foot-slogging regiment, a regiment of "P.B.I." it would have been called in the late war; the regiment of Clare or O'Brien which served in the French Army from 1690 to 1775, and whose bayonets won for Clare's Dragoons, by a strange destiny, the reputation of which that unfortunate regiment's own sabres had never won a shred. Verily history is "a fable agreed."

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"COME FOR A RIDE"

By "DUDLEY WRANGEL."

IT is a warmish April day in Arabia and I will ask you to ride with me for a short while. It will be an eighty-mile ride and we will take the road from Zerka, which is in the odd but quite romantic country of Transjordania, to Beisan in Palestine on the other side of the much maligned Jordan Valley. We will take seventy Circassian troopers to ride behind us, and as the day is hot and the tracks steep and as time matters little in the East we will spend four days over it so as to "show the flag" sometimes on our way.

Wrap up your face in a cream-coloured "kaffiyeh," for the combination of sun, wind, and dust is going to play havoc with the complexion and a kaffiyeh is a grand thing to sleep in at night, and secure it carefully on your head with a camel-hair "argal." Hang your waterbottle and haversack over one shoulder, your fieldglasses and prismatic compass over the other, strap on your belt with a map-case, revolver and ammunition, and we are almost ready to start. Outside you will find your horse waiting, a flashy chestnut Arab with flowing mane and tail, a well-bred head and a bit of an evil eye. He, too, is heavily laden with his saddlebag and wallets, sword, feeds and picketting gear, your coat and waterproof sheet strapped across the saddle and a green canvas bucket hanging from the off side neatly framed in a stable headcollar. By the way that isn't a stage brigand standing by his head, though well you may think so from his fierce moustachios and warlike appearance, but Trooper Kamel Yussuf from the Druse Mountains, with the bright blue eyes and fair hair of that haughty race.

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Outside you will find your horse waiting.

Jerash with its theatres, its temples, its forum, and its long arcaded street.

Wadi el Arab is reached at mid-day.

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It doesn't take long to get under way and by 2 p.m. we are marching out of Zerka Village. The squadron has been quartered there for nearly a year and all the inhabitants are out to see us ride away with many a handshake from the saddle as they leave the coffee and arak of the cafes to mingle in the ranks for a parting jest and a bon voyage. A little group of veiled figures in a garden watches us solemnly—perhaps tearfully—and I imagine a few heavy hearts in the ranks behind us. A line of the old Sussex song runs through my head:

"Light is the love of a soldier
—that's what the ladies say . . . ."

Another hastily veiled face at a latticed window, this time with a vague flicker of a white hand, and perhaps another Circassian romance shattered,

". . . gaily they come and conquer,
gaily they march away."

We're out of the village now on a rough track, "Form Half Sections!" and soon we plunge into the hills and Zerka returns to its coffee, its arak—and its tears.

For three hours we ride on, trotting every now and then and halting for ten minutes every hour to dismount and slack off girths, but it is getting more difficult as we penetrate further into the hills. Its single file now on a goat track and soon trotting becomes impossible; all round are steep boulder-strewn hills dull brown in colour, except in the wadi below where a bright ribbon of green marks the water with occasional orchards and apricot groves near the villages. The going is rough and rocky, you've got to ride carefully with a mountain on one side and a precipice on the other, and the pack horse with your blankets and mess box sometimes has a job to get between the narrow crevices. Still its the first day of the march and the troops are singing as they go, sometimes the old Arab songs of the camelmen, sometimes the songs which their ancestors sang in the Caucasus before the Russian conquest exiled Moslem Circassians to Arabia, while the sun sinks rose pink over the hills and an anxious Squadron Leader forces the pace a little.

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We top a rise and there below us the wadi we have been following joins another and you can hear the soft ripple of the stream. That's our halting place for the night, Tahounet el Adwan its called, though you won't find it on the map. There's only one building, an old ruined mill, and a few Bedawin tents, but what gladdens the hearts of you and me—the only Englishmen in the column—is the sight of three small green tents which denote a survey camp. With luck we shall sleep indoors after all to-night.

There is just time to water at the stream, picket out the horses, rub them down and feed them before darkness closes in. The Pack Leader comes up and salutes: "Where will the Captain have his mess box?" A hopeful glance at the green tents, and out of the shadows steps a dim figure in civilian clothes: it is the Arab foreman of the survey party coming to insist with the true hospitality of the country that you should drink tea with him while a tent is being prepared for you. Express some surprise at this generosity, protest violently that you would not dream of turning him out, and then gracefully accept because it has all been arranged long before from the moment the Squadron rounded the bend with a British officer at its head.

Over the tea we learn something of the work of this small outpost. Some day this quiet valley will echo to the roar of wagons-lits and restaurant cars tearing through the night to distant Baghdad—eight hundred miles away—and the rocky hills will support a pipe-line to carry Iraqi oil to the Mediterranean. But in the meantime we can sit in peace and watch a young moon rise, while the utter silence of the valley is broken by the hiss of a Primus stove with an occasional whinney and scuffle from the horse lines. They will get used to pickets and heel ropes before we've gone much further but the first night out its all rather strange, and if you listen to the "Gittup" of the stable guards you can almost imagine you are on Salisbury Plain again with a British regiment. Not one of those troopers can speak a sentence of English but that "Gittup" is universal —the heritage of a one-time sergeant instructor of Hussars.

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The Primus soon ceases its hissing and dinner is ready. We are going to do ourselves well to-night for a start—tinned caviare, the ubiquitous "baked beans in tomato sauce," and a steak and kidney pudding from the fertile tins of Chicago. The Arab surveyor produces a gigantic white iron bedstead decorated with pink flowers and blue birds, and joins us in a whisky and soda before we creep into the tent and leave the valley to sleep in peace.

Seven o'clock next morning sees us on the move again, climbing all the time now for we have left our wadi and are winding slowly upwards in single file towards Jerash. Even our goat track disappears every now and then and we have to halt to ask the way. There are black specks of goats high up above us, miles away it seems, and an Arab officer calls out an inquiry in the sing-song voice of the Bedawin. Back comes the herdsman's answer in the same key, wonderfully distinct in the mountain air, and the column goes on its way.

Two hours later the summit of a pass is reached and we look down on the round hollow which houses Jerash. It is a steep drop and it is better to dismount and lead the horses. The country has changed in this brief march and the bare rocks have given way to coarse grass and fields of barley with wild flowers and oleander bushes in the hills.

By ten-thirty the Squadron are watering at a ford in Jerash while a camp site is chosen near the old Roman triumphal arch which once marked the entrance to the ancient Stadium. There's a bit of a "divarsion" here, for a party of American tourists have just arrived by car from Jerusalem to "do" the ruins. A battery of Kodaks comes into action and a rather seductive Transatlantic voice asks if we would be good enough to pose for our portraits. Feeling like one of Miss E. M. Hull's heroes we dig a most unfair spur into a chestnut flank and cause an aristocratic head to toss resentfully, while the troopers snigger as they off-saddle in the background.

In company with most of the Squadron we go off after lunch to visit the ruins of Jerash.

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Imagine a prosperous Roman provincial town of 200 or 300 A.D., a centre of science and the arts, remove the whole of its population and strike it with a minor earthquake which shatters but does not destroy its buildings, and there you have modern Jerash with its theatres, its temples, its forum and its long arcaded street. The latter is perhaps the most impressive of all, a dead straight street a thousand yards long flanked by lofty porticos and the remains of its houses, with temples, fountains and public baths still intact. On the old pavements are the deep ruts worn by the chariot wheels of two thousand years ago, and down the centre are even the stone manholes of the drainage system. Excavations are in progress near the Forum under the supervision of a bearded American in a comic opera topee, and nearby a workman offers to sell you a Roman coin. There is a monument there to that moralising Emperor Marcus Aurelius, whom I used to regard once as a bit of a prig but who from now will assume almost the status of a personal friend.

Back in the camp we find a note from the British official of the Antiquities Department asking us to dinner. We are in luck again, and later one of the American excavators calls with an invitation to a concert in the old theatre.

Our host lives alone amid the ruins in a remarkable house which was once the old guard house. He is an enthusiast as well as an expert, and under his mellow influence the old Roman Jerash begins to live again before us. But we must interrupt our reverie, for the great experience of the night is still to come, and walk again down the ancient pavement—a thousand times more impressive in the moonlight—to make our way to the "Jerash South Theatre" to attend the first performance there for fifteen hundred years.

One of the Americans greets us at the gate and guides us to the stone seats, where the shadowy figures of the other members of the excavation party are already assembled. They greet us in whispers, for in that setting it would seem sacrilege to speak aloud, and almost immediately the performance begins. There is a light on the stage just sufficient to throw into relief the proscenium and the colonades, leaving the broken crests in the

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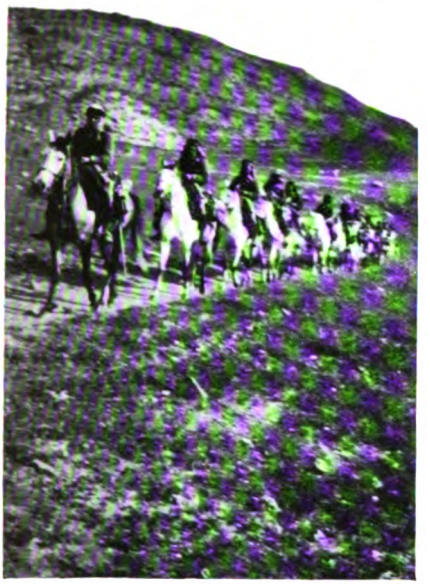
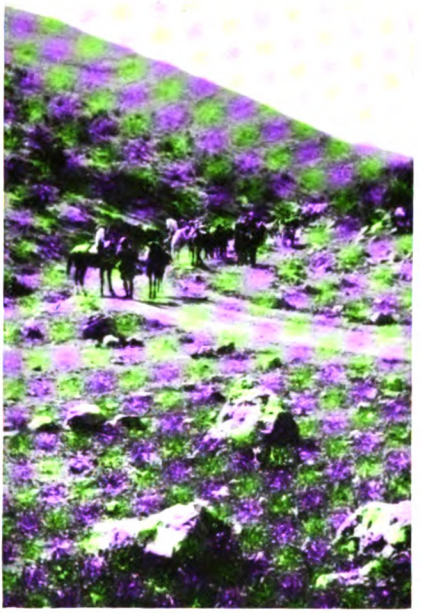


Winding slowly upwards in single file towards Jerash.



It is a pleasing country with grass and small trees, often a riot of wild flowers.

There is a pleasantly cool breeze along the crest of the hills.

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shadow, and presently from the darkened part of the old stage a gramophone plays. It is a Caruso record and it displays to the full the wonderful acoustic properties of the amphitheatre. Though we are sitting far back every note is perfect; the shadowy figures are silent, a lizard scuffles across the stone steps and a hyena howls on the ramparts, but you have only to half close your eyes and the years roll back for you to sit again with a crowded Roman audience in the days when the Legions garrisoned Arabia and Domitian was Emperor.

It has been weird and strangely impressive and the little party are silent as we trace our footsteps back across the Forum with the temple of Zeus silhouetted in the moonlight, past the arena and the stadium to our starlit bed by the triumphal arch.

From Jerash to El Hosn, our resting place next day, we follow the main road and a hot, dusty and rather tiring business it is. It is pleasing country though with grass and small trees, often a riot of wild flowers, and near Jerash itself acres of waving barley dotted with poppies and alternated with deep red plough. Travellers on the road are quite frequent and sometimes an American-made car shoots up at breakneck speed, grossly overloaded with passengers of inappropriately biblical appearance, to be checked at the last possible moment with a wild screech of brakes and creep slowly past the column. But mostly they are more leisurely folk, on foot, on donkeys, or on gaily caprisoned Arab mares often with the son and heir perched up behind his father while a leggy foal trots amiably by its mother; and as they pass each gravely raises a hand to the forehead and murmurs the same old greeting of peace as their forebears did when Christ Himself walked in these very hills.

The road winds upwards for three hours and then the Plain of Hauron spreads before us reaching in every direction as far as the eye can see, broken only by occasional villages until it merges into the blue mountains of Syria, backed themselves by the towering snow-clad peak of Hermon.

Another two hours along a red track brings us to the half Christian half Moslem town of El Hosn. A friendly population gives a warm greeting as the Squadron twists through the

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narrow streets to water at the big round pool south of the town. Small boys are eager to hold the horses' heads while the troopers loose girths and "authority" in the shape of an Arab Legion Police Sergeant bustles round importantly. They have good reason to be glad to see troops at Hosn, for the neighbouring towns house many a "bad man" of the border and the Christian population of Hosn is often a temptation in troublesome times.

A camp is chosen close to the water and the horses are scarcely picketted out when there is a distant drone and five small dots appear high up over the hills. The Air Vice Marshal from Egypt is doing a tour of inspection and has promised to have a look at us en route. White cloth strips formed in the "All's well" signal are laid out on the ground and as the flight swoops overhead I call the troops to attention and salute vaguely into the air, wondering rather what is the appropriate greeting to an Air Vice Marshal in such circumstances—perhaps an "Eyes Up!" would be a refreshing variation to the more usual "Eyes Right!" They are gone again in a few seconds leaving Hosn thoughtful and respectful and an odd sense of isolation in the only Englishmen present.

Later the "Mukhdar" of the town, a venerable personage with a humorous smile and an axe to grind, comes to call. There are respectful greetings and compliments, innumerable cups of tea are quaffed, several cigarettes smoked, and then quite casually comes the story. He deplores the tendency of the district to put their sons to work in the fields at an early age with a careless disregard for their higher education. Fortunately it has not been so in his case (poor man though he be) and his young hopeful has received long (and most expensive) training in the Government Technical School in Palestine as (shades of the desert!) a wireless operator, an occupation in which he has excelled all his fellow students, and, moreover, has crowned it with a fluency of English quite unparalleled. A suggestion then that a word from the Captain with his unique influence would undoubtedly secure this prodigy a post with the Arab Legion or the Frontier Force, and the conversation changes as

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easily as it started though to the rather significant topic of the poorness of the annual crop.

The interview closes with an invitation to dinner, tactfully refused, and a promise to write a letter about the son, and an hour later our patience is rewarded by the gift of two chickens for our dinner.

An unusual traffic block delays the start of the Squadron from Hosn next morning. A gigantic drove of camels appears soon after daylight on the way from the desert to the Syrian markets, thousand upon thousand head in groups of two or three hundred attended by shouting satellites charging up and down on their riding camels. They pour in one long stream from the hills to the town and are driven headlong through the narrow streets amid clouds of dust and deafening noise, the shouts of the men and the guttural protests of their charges mingling with execrations from the police sergeant and the inhabitants. The procession takes nearly an hour to pass and all movement along that road is out of the question until it is over; so that it is past seven o'clock before we can start on our march towards the Wadi el Arab which is to be our final halt this side of the Jordan.

There is a pleasantly cool breeze all the time as the road runs along the crest of the hills, and it is possible to make better marching time than yesterday. We are heading due West and towns and villages grow in size and numbers as we get nearer to Palestine, and by eleven o'clock Mount Tabor can be seen in the distance with the white walls of the Franciscan monastery showing up well in the sunlight.

Wadi el Arab is reached at midday, and the Squadron finds an ideal camping ground in the bottom of the wadi. It is really a dream of a camp, cool and sheltered, delightful surroundings, a magnificent view and a gentle stream rippling past. There is good spring water to drink, and a little higher up a still clear pool which makes a perfect swimming bath, inhabited by a crowd of tortoises which scuttle to the bank as we plunge in.

Representatives of each troop pay a visit to Bedawin tents nearby and return with sheep which are to provide a feast for the last night out; and after dark there are Circassian dances

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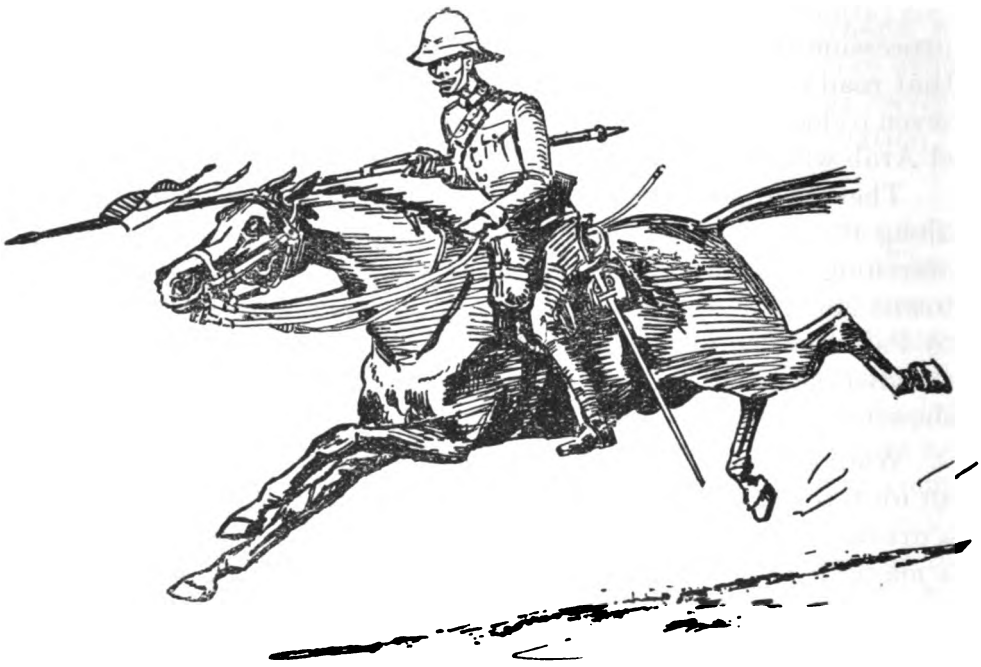
round the fires which is just the last touch needed to complete the romance of the surroundings.

The final march in next day comes as an anti-climax: the Jordan is soon reached, and then there is a hot and trying ride for three hours down the Ghor, eight hundred feet below sea level, airless and oppressive, until the column enters Beisan and climbs gently for the last three miles to the camp, where the Squadron we are relieving awaits us with critical eye. A dull march without incident, and chiefly remembered by you and me for the long cool draught of iced beer which we found waiting for us on our arrival!



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"*BY FAIR MEANS——*"

By G. W. L. Meredith.
("Bridoon.")

Mr. James Bright emerged from the narrow, congested bottle-neck that is Guildford High Street, and glanced at the clock on his instrument-board. Twelve-fifteen—just nice time, he reflected, if the car held together; he must really do something about replacing the old slave—she'd let him down once or twice lately, and it wouldn't do, in his line of business. She'd been a good car in her day, but her day was nearly done. Well, there were others, though this was not the moment he would have selected to buy another car .Things hadn't been too good lately —not exactly bad, but not too good—and the season was nearing its close. There was the summer—the idle months—to be got through. Perhaps the old car would see him through the summer, with a bit of tinkering; but even then she couldn't be relied on next season, and buying another wouldn't be any easier in the autumn than now; difficult, in fact, if not impossible, unless he did pretty well in the next three weeks. Not much good to-day, for instance. . . .

Ripley. "What a lot of traffic," reflected James, as a closely-strung stream of vehicles flashed past him, going westwards. The week-end exodus, he supposed. Swiftly but carefully he took the left-hand bend that succeeds Ripley; then, with an involuntary exclamation, threw out his clutch and clapped on his brakes. On the left of the road, directly in his path, stood a small two-seater-. Peering uncertainly into the open bonnet was a girl. James slithered to a timely standstill with a yard to spare. "Just the sort of place a girl would stop," reflected the rattled James. "As near a smash as makes no difference. If I

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hadn't been jolly careful, it *would* have been a smash, and a nice mess I should have been in. . . ."

"I say, I'm awfully sorry," said the girl.

That which immediately followed has happened before, and will happen again. Circumstances may vary, but the direct cause, as Napoleon said of the principles of war, is constant. If we merely say that James' feelings underwent a change as sudden as it was complete, it will be the bare truth, and must suffice.

"Not a bit," said James. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. She just stopped, only a minute ago. It's not petrol—I've looked. I'm afraid I'm not much good when anything goes wrong with the works."

"Let me have a look."

A short inspection was enough.

"Magneto, I'm afraid," said James. "This is a garage job."

"Oh!" The girl's eyes were wide. "But I simply *can't* wait. I *must* get on. I ——"

"Where are you bound for?"

"Sandown."

James grinned. "So'm I. The answer seems easy, doesn't it?"

"Oh, thank you so much. But what about the car?"

"I'll see about the car," said James, who, truth to tell, felt capable of dealing with a battleship, had occasion offered. He slipped into the road and, with arms outspread, arrested the headlong progress of an uncouth figure on a motor-cycle.

"I say," said James apologetically, "I'm so sorry for stopping you, but would you kindly call at a garage in Ripley and tell them to get this in?" He indicated the derelict.

"Of course," replied the apparition. "Any particular garage?"

The owner of the two-seater here broke in. "No. Any decent garage. You won't forget, will you. Thanks awfully."

The motor-cyclist looked at her, and was understood to say that he would not forget. A second later he was on his way.

"And now," said James, "we must push along."

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"Why? Do you particularly want to see the first race?"

"No. But I've got to change in time for the second."

"Really? What are you riding?"

"Pancake."

"Oh! Then you must be . . . ."

"Sorry," said James. "I ought to have introduced myself." He did so. "Now it's your turn."

"Willoughby—Sheila Willoughby. Ted's sister, you know. Ted—we—train up at Clandon."

James knew. "You're running The Pirate, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He should about win. Who rides him?"

"Mulcahy. He's sort of head lad and stable jockey. Ted swears by him. He can ride, of course."

"Yes, he can ride all right."

"I can't bear him," stated Sheila Willoughby, simply.

"Will your brother be at the meeting?"

"No. He's a crock, you know. Gas. He's not getting any better, I'm afraid. I do most of the outside work, see to the schooling and so on, and this Mulcahy is head lad. We haven't had a winner since November, and he's always talking of leaving and going where the horses are properly trained, and so on—you know the sort of thing—and I don't trust him. Ted gave him fifty pounds to put on The Pirate, in the ring, at the last moment. I wish he'd done it some other way."

James was silent for a full five minutes.

"That's the fourth race, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"Only wondered," said James.

Ten minutes later they parted within the trainers' and jockey's turnstile at Sandown Park.

"Good luck," said Sheila Willoughby.

"See you later," said James Bright.

"Well done, sir," said the astute trainer of Pancake after the second race. "Third was just right. You couldn't have won,

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and you didn't expose him. I'm very grateful. He'll win next time out, and at a good price, too. Will you ride him again?"

"I will," said James, "with pleasure. Now, Beale, will you do something for me?"

"Sure."

"Good. Will you go to the clerk, and find out if the declaration to run for The Pirate in the fourth race is O.K., and let me know? I don't want to ask myself—never mind why."

"Easy. I'll go now."

"Thanks."

Beale was absent barely two minutes.

"Well?"

The horse is declared to run all right, but I should have thought they would have got somebody better than young Simmonds for him."

"Young Simmonds? Who the deuce is young Simmonds?"

"Oh, he's a casual. He's a fair jockey, but he never seems to do much good. Had a bit of trouble some time back ——"

"But isn't Mulcahy riding him?"

"Mulcahy? No. He rides York Rose."

"York Rose? Are you sure, Beale?"

"Quite. It's down in black-and-white."

James looked at the clock above the entrance to the weighing room. "Well, much obliged, Beale. I shall have to do something about this. The race is in an hour. So long."

He found her, as he expected, at the stables. She was superintending the labours of a cherubic-faced stable lad who was putting the finishing touches to The Pirate's toilet. One look at James' face told her that all was not well.

"What is it?"

James repeated Beale's information, while the girl's eyes grew wide with consternation.

"You see," James concluded, "if Mulcahy has taken the ride on York Rose, which is the only real danger to your horse, it looks to me as if the excellent Simmonds' instructions do not include winning. See what I mean?"

"Of course. Oh, what *are* we to do?"

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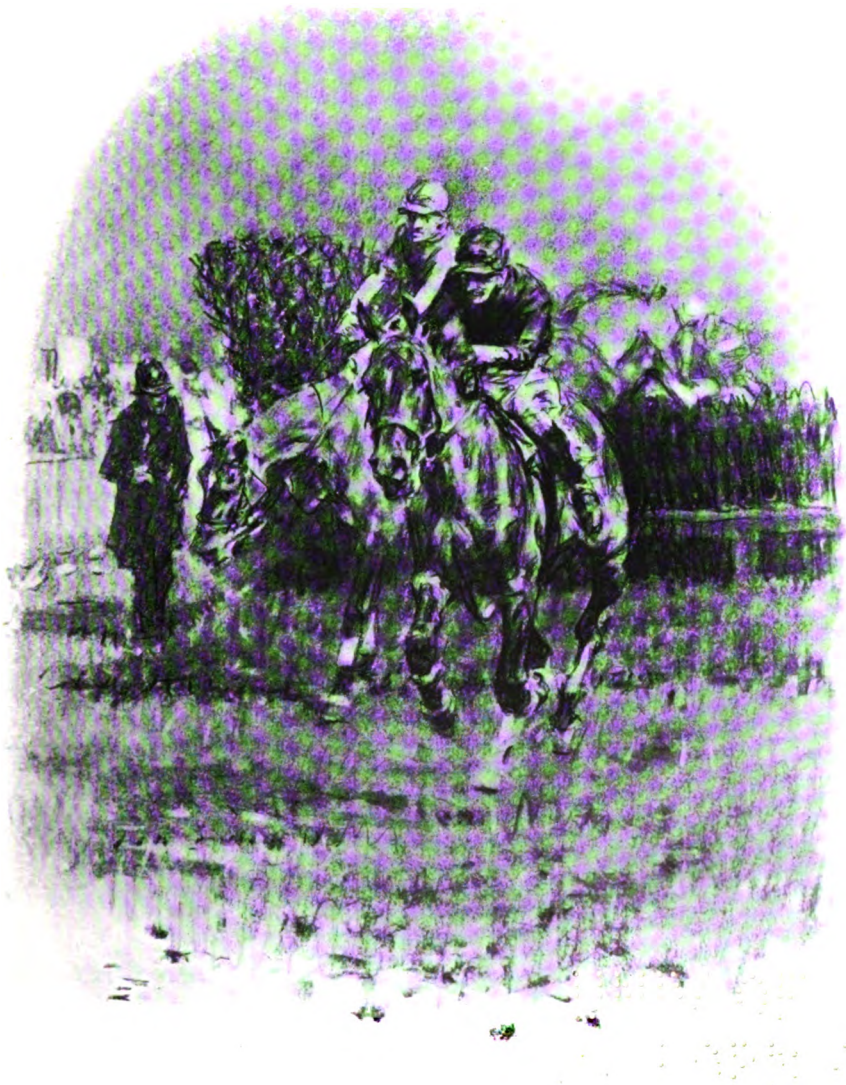

"IT IS AN OLD TRICK . . . ."

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"I'll tell you," said James. "First of all, may I ride The Pirate?"

"Why, yes. I'd love you to, but, you see, Mulcahy, not I, has Ted's authority to act. I don't see how ——"

"Yes, we can. Telephone. Come on." So saying, James seized her by the hand.

"Don't leave him for a single minute, Horace," she cried, as they left the box. The cherub, who had heard the conversation and who had in the course of his short career received much kindness at Sheila's hands, touched his cap.

"Only just in time," said the clerk of the course, as he replaced the telephone-receiver. Then, in red ink, he erased the name of P. Simmonds from the list of runners and riders before him, and substituted that of Mr. J. Bright.

"And now," said James, "tell me about the horse."

As he had expected, James found Beale in the weighing-room. Taking him by the arm, James led him out of earshot, and spoke earnestly for several minutes. "Frankly," he finished up, "I don't think I can beat York Rose. But I can be second, and it ought to be easy enough. If I'm right, he won't have a leg to stand on. Will you do it?"

A smile of admiration, not unmixed with awe, spread over the homely countenance of Henry Beale. "I'll do it," said that man of experience and understanding.

"Good man!" said James. "And now I must go and get ready. So long."

Beale, still chuckling inwardly, followed unostentatiously the stocky, booted figure of Mr. Mulcahy, as the latter elbowed his way through the press of race-goers towards the rails in Tattersall's enclosure. As his quarry halted before the portly presence of one Sam Simmonds, sheltering coyly under a large yellow umbrella, Beale also halted, directly behind him, and was thus in a position to hear what passed.

"York Rose?" enquired Mr. Mulcahy.

"Fives," replied the stout one.

"Fifty quid."

"'Oo for?"

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"Owner," said Mulcahy, and turned away.

Beale tapped him on the shoulder. The look of benignity had left his face.

"Don't forget to put Mr. Willoughby's fifty on The Pirate, Mulcahy," he said quietly.

In the course of an eventful career, it may be said of Mr. Mulcahy that he was not frequently at a loss. This occasion, however, he recognized as being one of the rare exceptions. His plan had been to stick to the fifty pounds, which in the very likely event of The Pirate's defeat (a likelihood which he had taken steps to convert into a certainty) would be regarded by his employer as lost. He was, however, no fool, and he met the inevitable with a good grace.

"That's right, sir. I was just going to get it on now."

"I'll do it for you, if you like," said Beale. "I've just seen Miss Willoughby (he hadn't) and I daresay you're in a hurry."

With an expressionless face Mulcahy fished a wad of notes out of his jacket pocket. In silence Beale counted them. In silence the two men parted.

Having entrusted the fifty pounds, plus a further fifty for James, to another and more outwardly unassuming member of the fraternity, Beale returned to the weighing-room in time to catch his old friend, the owner-trainer of York Rose, before the latter left for the paddock.

"Dick," said Beale, "are you backing yours? It doesn't matter to me, but I do want to know."

"No," said the other at once. "I hardly ever bet, and I haven't a bob on. Why?"

"I just wanted to know. Thanks, old man."

With a sense of satisfaction that is the outcome of good work well done, Beale walked slowly past the band-stand towards the course.

As the cherubic Horace led The Pirate out of the paddock, James looked anxiously upon the sea of faces round him. "Good luck," said a voice—*the* voice, as James admitted to himself—at his knee. He smiled and nodded.

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Close to the gateway on to the course Beale was waiting. James raised his eyebrows in mute inquiry. To his intense relief Beale nodded, several times, emphatically. "So that's all right," thought James, and settled himself for his canter.

"All right, sir?"

"Let go, sonny."

An instant later, striding down to the post, James and The Pirate were improving their brief acquaintance.

Rounding the bend into the straight, James realised that, as he had thought, he could not beat York Rose. The rest were accounted for, as a brief glance to right and left told him, but York Rose was going easily, on the rails, a length-and-a-half away, while The Pirate had ceased to pull—an ominous sign.

"At all costs," thought James, "I must stick to him till the last fence."

This was, indeed, essential to the success of his plan. The rights and wrongs of the business might be left to the moralists, thought James. "It's the stewards I've got to worry about," he added to himself firmly. Making the last fence the winning-post, he sat down to ride.

Mulcahy, the race "in his pocket," as he put it, glanced at The Pirate as the latter drew alongside. "Beat," he reflected with satisfaction. He made no effort to draw away, and the horses jumped the next two fences together. Then, coming into the last fence, Mulcahy did what James had counted on his doing. He left the now weary Pirate, and took the fence a length-and-a-half to the good.

James' moment had come. Mulcahy was in front of him, slightly to his right. James steadied The Pirate, pulled directly behind York Rose, and jumped the fence obliquely to the right.

It is an old trick. The impression from the stands is that the leader has crossed the second. James felt rather than heard the exclamation from ten thousand voices, as, with a real effort, he kept his horse on his legs. He cantered in, five lengths behind York Rose.

"Hard luck, sir," said the infant Horace, as he led him to the off-saddling enclosure.

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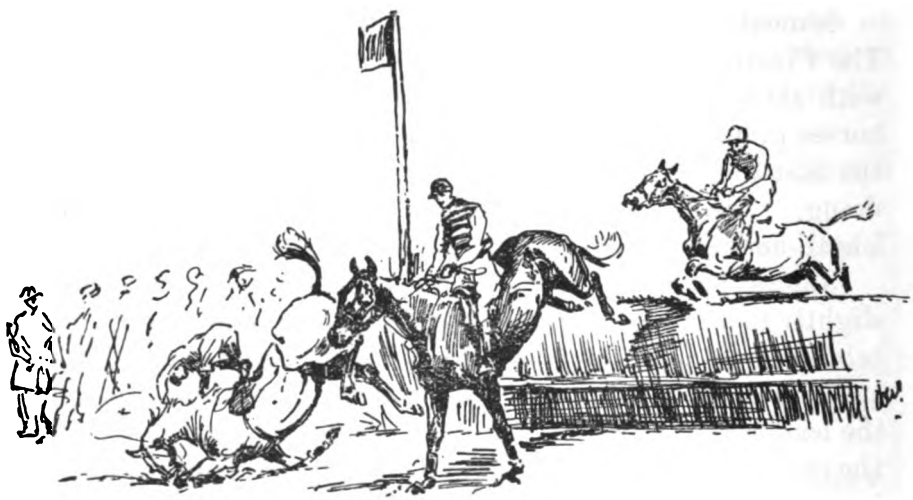
James off-saddled and walked to the scales. "Objection—crossing," he said bluntly.

"In the four-o'clock race," stated the announcer's impersonal voice in Ted Willoughby's study that evening, "an objection to the winner by the rider of the second, on the grounds of crossing, was sustained, and the race awarded to The Pirate. Mulcahy, the rider of York Rose, was cautioned as to his future riding."

"I suppose, Bright," said Willoughby, later, "you wouldn't care to come here for a bit and look after the outside work, and help me personally, would you? You could have all the rides in public, of course, and I really could do with somebody to ride, schooling and keep the lads in order."

James glanced at Sheila. That lady was, however, taking great interest in the glowing log fire and failed to meet his gaze.

"It's very good of you. I should like nothing better," said James Bright.



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TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF THOSE TWENTY-EIGHT REGIMENTS AND THE CAVALRY CORPS WHICH HAD COMPRISED THE BRITISH CAVALRY OF THE LINE UNTIL RE-ORGANIZATION

OLD GLORY.

No grudging the Gunners in ribbed gold lace,
The right o' the line their pride o' place,
Nor envied His Majesty's Household Brigade,
Precedence to the line in radiance arrayed,
Massed vigour and grace astride spiritous steeds,
Their guidons symbolic of valorous deeds.

II.

Dragoons of the Guard bore letters of praise,
Proud First o' Kings and Second Queen's Bays,
Third Prince o' Wales' abreast Fourth Royal Irish,
Fifth Princess Charlotte's equally stylish,
Sixth Carabineers uniquely attired,
And Seventh by Princess Royal inspired.

III.

When Union Dragoons oft' withstood the test,
The Royals *nom de plume* remained First and best,
Given honour where due, after all said and done
The Royal Scots Greys proved Second to None,
Whilst traditions of yore were borne without failing,
By *esprit de corps* of the Sixth Inniskilling.

IV.

Midst lance and pennant in radiant view,
Plastron and raiment of variant hue,
Embellished culture of chivalrous toil,
Irish, Queen's and Prince o' Wales' Royal,
And blue-fronted scarlet, or white or grey bust,
Of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and young Twenty-first.

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V.

With rapture one reads from reliant memoirs,
Some chapter of deeds by valiant Hussars,
Whose annals proclaim light-horsemen were chosen,
To exalt in name each twelfth of their dozen,
A resplendent array of flourishing bloom,
In trimmings so gay with busby and plume.

VI.

One veritable gain to that martial spine,
The vertebral chain totalled Twenty-nine,
To the columns extremity from apex of pate,
Symmetrical units of movement and weight,
A body conjunct direct with the brain,
Absorbing concussion and enduring strain.

VII.

In substance, splendour and worth on par,
Bold Dragoon, lithe Lancer and agile Hussar,
Alert to perception and acute of vision,
Adept to perfection and astute in mission,
Whose epics of fame abundant in story,
Resounds to the theme of Old British Glory.

WILLIAM MCCABE.

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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS.

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

Part II.

The War of the Spanish Succession.

Marlborough's Campaign.*

"*Blenheim.*"

The political situation which led up to the War of the Spanish Succession was briefly this: Charles II of Spain was an imbecile, and in 1700 he ruled over Spain, Belgium, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Spanish Colonies in Mexico, the West Indies, South America and the Malay Archipelago. His sister, Maria Theresa, married Louis XIV of France and on her marriage had executed a deed of renunciation of her rights of succession, by which act her son, the Dauphin, was excluded

Works Consulted:

"The Dispatches of the Duke of Marlborough."

"The Conduct of the Duke of Marlborough during the Present War," by Rev. F. Hare, D.D., Marlborough's Chaplain.

"Memoirs of Captain Robert Parker."

"General Kane's Campaigns."

"The History of the British Army," by Fortescue.

"The History of the British Army," by Colonel Clifford Walton.

"A History of England," by Sir Charles Oman.

"A History of Cavalry," by Colonel Denison.

"Marlborough and the Rise of the British Army," by Captain C. T. Atkinson.

"Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," by Sir Edward Creasy.

"Field Service Regulations." Vol. II (Operations), 1929.

"Historical Illustrations to Field Service Regulations," by Major H. G. Eady.

"A Short Life of Marlborough," by H. J. Edwards and E. A. Edwards.

"The Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough," by Archibald Alison, F.R.S.

"Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough," by William Coxe, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.

"History of the Reign of Queen Anne," by Boyer.

The authors of these were eye-witnesses and it is from their works that the narrative account of other works is taken.

Thackeray's novel, "The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., A Colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne," deals with Marlborough's campaigns.

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from the throne of Spain. Another, and younger, sister, Margaret, had married the Emperor Leopold I of Austria, and she also had, on her marriage, executed a similar deed of renunciation.

Unknown to Charles, the French and Austrian monarchs made a secret agreement to divide the Spanish Empire between themselves as soon as he was dead. The matter, however leaked out, and just before his death (1700) Charles solemnly declared Philip of Anjou, Maria Theresa's grandson, as heir to the whole of the Spanish possessions.

All Europe viewed with dismay a possible union of France and Spain, but the French King allowed his grandson to accept the Spanish Crown under the title of Philip V. This did not please Leopold of Austria to whom was to fall Milan under the secret agreement, neither could Holland and the minor German States tolerate the idea of the Spanish Netherlands falling into the hands of a French prince. In the latter case Louis at once took measures to settle the question and invaded the Netherlands, capturing several towns and 15,000 of the best troops in the Dutch Army. He then proceeded to dictate his terms to them. The States appealed to England and Marlborough was dispatched with a force to their assistance.*

"BLENHEIM."

13th August, 1704.

When the campaign opened in 1704 Marlborough's army was on the Meuse and Lower Rhine holding back the French from Holland, but he rapidly transferred his force to the Danube and eventually, in August came face to face with the French across the Nebel, a rivulet which enters the Danube from the North at Blenheim.

The Franco-Bavarians under Tallard and the Elector of Bavaria numbered 56,000, whilst the British* and their Allies under Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy totalled 52,000, about 32,000 Infantry and 20,000 Cavalry. Each army occupied ridges which rose gently from either bank of the Nebel, the Franco-Bavarians faced east whilst the British and

* Boyer and Coxe give much detail and good maps of the campaign.

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Allies faced west. From their respective positions each could observe the movements of the other. The Nebel was twelve feet wide and in most places very difficult to pass, the ground near the banks being very marshy at several points.

* Mr. Dalton's *Blenheim Roll* gives the actual strengths of the British units engaged.*

King's Dragoon Guards ..	(Lumley's) ..	25	Officers	457 Men.
3rd ,, ,, ..	(Wood's) ..	25	,,	288 ,,
5th ,, ,, ..	(Cadogan's) ..	14	,,	135 ,,
6th ,, ,, ..	(Wyndham's) ..	25	,,	286 ,,
7th ,, ,, ..	(Schomberg's) ..	24	,,	246 ,,
2nd Dragoons	(Lord J. Hay's) ..	25	,,	315 ,,
5th ,, ...	(Ross's)	26	,,	298 ,,
1st Bn. 1st Guards	.. .. ..	36	,,	553 ,,
1st ,, Royal Scots	(Orkney's) ..	38	,,	601 ,,
2nd ,, ,, ,, ...	(Orkney's) ..	37	,,	540 ,,
3rd Foot	(Churchill's) ..	31	,,	559 ,,
8th ,, ...	(Webb's) ..	35	,,	704 ,,
10th ,, ...	(North & Grey's)	40	,,	540 ,,
15th ,, ...	(Howe's) ..	39	,,	545 ,,
16th ,, ...	(Derby's) ..	31	,,	632 ,,
18th ,, ...	(Hamilton's) ..	36	,,	542 ,,
21st ,, ...	(Row's)	36	,,	593 ,,
23rd ,, ...	(Ingoldsby's) ..	33	,,	487 ,,
24th ,, ...	(Marlborough's)	35	,,	489 ,,
26th ,, ...	(Ferguson's) ..	40	,,	613 ,,
37th ,, ...	(Meredith's) ..	32	,,	543 ,,

The enemy's right rested on the Danube at Blenheim and their left on the village of Lutzingen on a front of about four miles. Tallard was on the right with the French, the Elector on the left with the Bavarians and Marshal Marsin in the centre. Marlborough was opposite Tallard and Eugene opposite the Elector and Marsin.†

* Reproduced on p. 246 of C. T. Atkinson's "Marlborough and the Rise of the British Army," who has some comments on the figures. See also Coxe, Vol. I.

† The majority of these details are taken from the Journal of Marlborough's Chaplain, Dr. Hare, a much-quoted authority on his master's campaigns, as the official dispatches are very brief. Hare gives the following as regards Marlborough's force :—"In the left wing, under the Duke of Marlborough, there were 48 battalions, viz., 14 English, 14 Dutch, 7 Hessian, and 13 of Hanover, Lunenburg, Zell and Swiss; and there were 86 squadrons, viz., 14 English, 22 Danes, 18 Dutch, 7 Hessian and 25 of Lunenburg, Hanover and Zell."

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Fortescue* gives the following as the Order of Battle :—

Left.	Left Wing Only.		Right.
1st Line.	Hamilton's Brigade.	Row's Brigade.	
5th Royal Irish Dragoons.	1 Batt. Royal Scots.	10th Foot.	Foreign Battalions.
Scots Greys, 1 squadron.	1 „ 1st Guards.	23rd Royal Welsh.	
	16th „	24th Foot	
4 Foreign Squadrons.	20th „	21st Royal Scots Fusiliers.	
1st „ 3 „	8th Foot.	3rd Buffs.	
5th „ 1 „	32 Foreign Squadrons in 3 Brigades.		
7th „ 2 „			
6th „ 2 „			
3rd Dragoon Guards, 2 squadrons.			
2nd Line.	Ferguson's Brigade.		
Foreign Squadrons.	15th Foot.		Foreign Battalions.
	37th „		
	26th Cameronians.		
	2nd Batt. Royal Scots.		

A point of interest in the above is the order of precedence observed in the regiments within brigades, i.e., senior on left flank, next senior on right flank, and so on, the junior being in the centre.†

Colonel Denison‡ commenting on the battle of Blenheim states :—" The Duke of Marlborough and his friend and ally Prince Eugene of Savoy were two of the most celebrated generals in the history of war, and both made a very effective use of

* " History of the British Army." Vol. I p. 445. He quotes from Dumont's " Histoire Militaire."

† The Post of Honour has been variously placed : in 1668 it was the right flank, the next senior the left flank (i.e., the reverse to the above) vide Elton, " The Compleat Body of the Art Military," page 8. The Earl of Orrery in his " Treatise of the Art of Warr " (p. 162), published 1677, gives it to " the Wings," probably agreeing with Elton. In 1678 the Commander-in-Chief gave it to the centre, vide Colonel Clifford Walton's " History of the British Army," p. 525. It is now the right flank in succession to the left except for the Foot Guards who still maintain Elton's system. (K.R. 876.)

‡ " A History of Cavalry," p. 238.

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cavalry. The most important and decisive battle of the time was won by their combined efforts at Blenheim. . . . The battle was decided almost altogether by the judicious use of the cavalry of the allied army, which was very numerous and of a very fair quality." Another authority, Sir Edward Creasy, in "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," writing on Blenheim states: "Like Hannibal, Marlborough relied principally on his cavalry for achieving his decisive successes, and it was by his cavalry that Blenheim, the greatest of his victories, was won."

At 2 a.m. on 13th August, 1704, amid dense white mist, the Allies broke camp and passed the R. Kessel in eight columns, the two outermost on each flank consisting of cavalry, the four innermost of infantry.* For this day the stereotyped formation was to be reversed; the cavalry was to form the centre and the infantry the wings. At 7 a.m. the mist cleared and the French were surprised to see an army marching towards them, a splendid array of columns in red, white and blue. The alarm was given and immediately all was hurry and confusion in their camp. Drums beat furiously, signal-guns fired and staff officers galloped about everywhere. Though Tallard had been caught napping he soon had his force in order. Noticing the British red coats opposite his right flank he rightly construed that the heaviest fighting would be there and he at once occupied Blenheim and filled up the gap between the village and the Danube with four regiments of Dragoons. On the left of the village he placed eight squadrons of scarlet-coated Gendarmerie and more cavalry linked up with Marsin in the centre, being a total of 80 squadrons, in two lines, between Blenheim and Oberglau. Ninety pieces of artillery covered the front. "The troops in Blenheim and in the mills, were to march out as soon as they saw the Duke pass the morass, and fall on his rear, by which means Tallard was sure of having him in a trap between two fires."†

* Where not otherwise stated the description of the battle is mainly adapted from Fortescue's account. A good "eye-witness" account will be found in Captain Robert Parker's "Memoirs." Boyer, in the appendices to his history, gives much information on which he bases his account.

† "Memoirs of 1683 to 1718." by Captain Robert Parker. p. 104

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Marlborough was also busy. Officers were sent down to the Nebel to sound the stream, the stone bridge was repaired and pontoons were made. At 8 a.m. the French batteries opened fire while the Duke sited his own guns. The British Chaplains came forward to the heads of the regiments and read prayers, after which Marlborough rode down the whole length of his line. "As he passed a round shot struck the ground under his horse and covered him with dust. For a moment every man held his breath, but in a few seconds the calm figure with the red coat and the blue ribbon of the Garter reappeared, the horse moving slowly and quietly as before, and the handsome face unchangeably serene."* He intended attacking Blenheim as soon as Eugene reported that he was ready but he had to wait, with growing impatience, until 12.30 p.m. before the report came. Lord Cutts, the "Salamander," launched the infantry attack against Blenheim while Marlborough went down to the Nebel to note the progress with the bridges. The infantry attack failed disastrously and the troops were harrassed by French cavalry until Lieut.-General Lumley sent five† squadrons to their rescue. These, however, followed the French too far and were galled by fire from Blenheim and were in turn thrown back by fresh French squadrons. While further attacks were being made on Blenheim Marlborough was getting his cavalry across to Nebel. "He at once perceived that the long lines of cavalry in the centre, defending a position behind a stream, made a weak point where a vigorous attack of his superior cavalry would break the hostile line, separate the wings from each other, and enable him to coop up the troops in Blenheim, and strike the whole left wing of the Elector's army in flank and drive it from the field."‡

Much resistance was experienced from the enemy about Oberglau where the Irish Brigade in the French service caused

* Fortescue. Vol. 1., p. 436.

† i.e., Colonel Palmes with three squadrons of Wyndham's (later 6th Dragoon Guards) and Colonel Seybourg with two squadrons of Schomberg's (later 7th Dragoon Guards).

‡ Denison, p. 238.

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great havoc to our troops. Marlborough hastened up, and throwing in fresh infantry and artillery, drove the enemy back. About 3 p.m. all the cavalry had crossed the Nebel and were formed in two lines for the final attack. But Marlborough had again to wait for Eugene.

"About 5 o'clock the general forward movement was made which determined the issue of this great battle, which till then had seemed to remain doubtful. The Duke of Marlborough, having ridden along the front, gave orders to sound the charge, when all at once our two lines of horse moved on, sword in hand, to the attack. Those of the enemy presented their fusils at some small distance and fired, but they had no sooner done so than they immediately wheeled about, broke one another, and betook themselves to flight. The gen d'armes fled towards Hochstet* (which was about two miles in the rear), and the other squadrons towards the village of Sondersheim, which was nearer, and upon the bank of the Danube. The Duke of Marlborough ordered Lieut.-General Hompesch, with thirty squadrons, to pursue those which had taken the direction of Hochstet, whilst he himself, with the Prince of Hesse and the rest of the cavalry, drove thirty of the enemy's squadrons down the banks of the Danube, which being very steep, occasioned the destruction of great numbers. But the greatest loss in this quarter was of those who were drowned in attempting to swim the river. Those who did not attempt the river endeavoured to escape by filing off to the right under its banks towards Hochstet, near which place they made an attempt to rally, but had scarcely done so before several of our squadrons arrived and prepared to attack them, perceiving which they faced about and fled again in the greatest confusion towards Morselingen, and did not again attempt to engage, but a body of our dragoons fell upon several of the enemy's battalions which had nearly reached Hochstet and cut them to pieces."† Tallard and a great number of "officers of note" were taken.

* Or Hochstadt.

† Dr. Hare's Journal. Marlborough's dispatch, referring to the cavalry, simply states—"The Horse and dragoons having been obliged to charge four or five several times."

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"Regiment Navarre in shame and indignation burnt its colours . . . . and 24 battalions of infantry together with four regiments of dragoons laid down their arms, many of them not having fired a shot. The officers were stupefied by their misfortune, and could only ejaculate, 'Oh, que dira le Roi, que dira le Roi.' Seldom has harder fate overtaken brave men."

"The day was closing when Marlborough borrowed a leaf from a Commissary's pocket-book and wrote a note* in pencil to his wife, the message and the hand-writing both those of a man who is quite tired out."

"Thus ended the famous campaign of Blenheim, a name which is rightly grouped with Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt and Waterloo." (Fortescue.)†

Commenting on the action Denison writes:‡ "Although the successes gained by the cavalry in this action were so great, although the part played by it was so decisive and so important, yet the whole particulars prove that the service was not properly understood, and that it was only because the system was equally faulty on both sides that Marlborough's successes were so great. We still see in this action the pernicious habit of mingling infantry with the horsemen, even in a general attack, and we

* Here is the note, the original of which is still preserved in the House of Blenheim:—

13th August, 1704.

"I have not time to say more, but to beg you will give my duty to the queen, and let her know her army has had a glorious victory, Monsr. Tallard and two other generals are in my coach and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Parke, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall doe it in a day or two by another more at large. "MARLBOROUGH."

† "Such," says Voltaire, "was the celebrated battle, which the French call the battle of Hochstet, the Germans Plentheim and the English Blenheim. The conquerors had about 5,000 killed and 8,000 wounded, the greater part being on the side of Prince Eugene. The French army was almost entirely destroyed; of 60,000 men, so long victorious, there never reassembled more than 20,000 effective. About 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all the cannon, a prodigious number of colours and standards, all the tents and equipages, the general of the army, and 1,200 officers of mark, in the power of the conqueror, signalised that day."

‡ "History of Cavalry," pp. 240-241.

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see the cavalry still using firearms to a great extent. Marlborough's first charge (so-called) must have been delivered at a very slow pace, for the infantry and artillery evidently kept up with the cavalry. Tallard's system of tactics was equally bad, for he evidently expected to defend a position in an open plain with cavalry at the halt. . . . Marlborough was equally faulty in not relying more on speed. He appreciated the effect of the weight in massing such large bodies of horse, but he left out an important item when he neglected the speed. Again, the moral effect in war is the most powerful element in attaining success, and the imposing effect of a bold advance at full speed would have had quite as serious an influence upon the motionless lines of horsemen as all the bullets that could be sent about their ears.

"We see in this battle the idea of using cavalry in heavy masses, of pouring them, so to speak, over a whole section of a field of battle, in order to produce important results by the sweep of enormous lines of charging horsemen. The battles of Marlborough laid the foundation of the system of Frederick the Great, who, of all generals of modern times, most clearly appreciated the effect of the shock of a whole wing of cavalry at full gallop in close order and with regular alignment. Frederick's system added the speed to Marlborough's system."*

Honours for the Campaign.

A feature of the Battle Honours for this campaign is that they were (together with campaigns in America) the subject of investigation by the first Committee on battle honours. Previous to this honours had been granted when applied for by individual regiments or by the Horse Guards to all regiments concerned immediately after a campaign. The Committee was under the Chairmanship of Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bt., K.C.B., and reported on 13th March, 1882.

The authority for bearing all of the honours for this campaign is Horse Guards letter dated 29th April, 1882.

* The cavalry action at Blenheim is quoted as an example of "penetration" in Major H. G. Eady's "Historical Illustrations to Field Service Regulations, Volume II" (see p. 166 thereof).

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REGIMENTS BEARING THE HONOUR "BLENHEIM."

Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.**	*Title when honour was granted.*
1st King's Dragoon Guards	Lumley's Horse ..	1st Dragoon Guards.
3rd Carabiniers	Wood's Horse ..	3rd Dragoon Guards.†
	Windham's Carabiniers	6th Dragoon Guards.†
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards	Cadogan's Horse ..	5th Dragoon Guards.‡
4th/7th Dragoon Guards..	Schomberg's Horse ..	7th Dragoon Guards.‡
The Royal Scots Greys ..	Hay's Dragoons¶ ..	2nd Dragoons.
16th/5th Lancers‖ ..	Ross's Dragoons ..	5th Lancers.‡
Grenadier Guards ..	First Guards	Grenadier Guards.
The Royal Scots	Orkney's Regt. ..	The Lothian Regt.
The Buffs	Churchill's Regt. ..	The East Kent Regt.
The King's Regt. ..	Webb's Regt. ..	The Liverpool Regt.
The Lincolnshire Regt. ..	North & Gray's Regt.	The Lincolnshire Regt.
The East Yorkshire Regt.	How's Regt.	The East Yorkshire Regt.
The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regt.	Derby's Regt. ..	The Bedfordshire Regt.
The Royal Irish Regt.§ ..	Hamilton's Regt. ..	The Royal Irish Regt.
The Royal Scots Fusiliers	Row's Regt.	The Royal Scots Fusiliers.
The Royal Welch Fusiliers	Ingoldsby's Regt. ..	Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
The South Wales Borderers	Marlborough's Regt...	South Wales Borderers.
The Cameronians ..	Ferguson's Regt. ..	Scottish Rifles. (1st Bn.)
The Hampshire Regt. ..	Meredith's Regt. ..	The Hampshire Regt. (1st. Bn.)

* *Titles of Regiments.* Before the middle of the 18th century a regiment was usually known by the name of its Colonel, who "owned" it. The French called him "Colonel Proprietaire" a term which conveyed more than the simple "Colonel." It was usually a general officer's ambition to become Colonel of a senior regiment in order to avoid being out of employment during peace, the practice being always to disband the junior regiments. Thus it happened that an officer would change regiments when a vacancy in the Colonelcy of a senior regiment was offered to him. This makes it sometimes very difficult to identify regiments in these early campaigns. A case in point, where confusion might arise, is "Lalo's regiment." In the "Ramillies" table (see part 3 later) Lalo is Colonel of the regiment which was later numbered the "28th" and is now the 1st Bn. The Gloucestershire Regt. In the "Oudenarde" table however, Lalo's is shown as the "21st" or The Royal Scots Fusiliers. The reason being that Lalo left the 28th and went to the 21st in June, 1706.

† Amalgamated under Army Order 133/1922.

‡ Granted to this regiment only of the amalgamated regiments.

§ Disbanded 1922.

‖ The "History of 5th (Royal Irish) Regiment of Dragoons afterwards 5th Royal Irish Lancers," by Colonels Harvey and Cape, states:—"In

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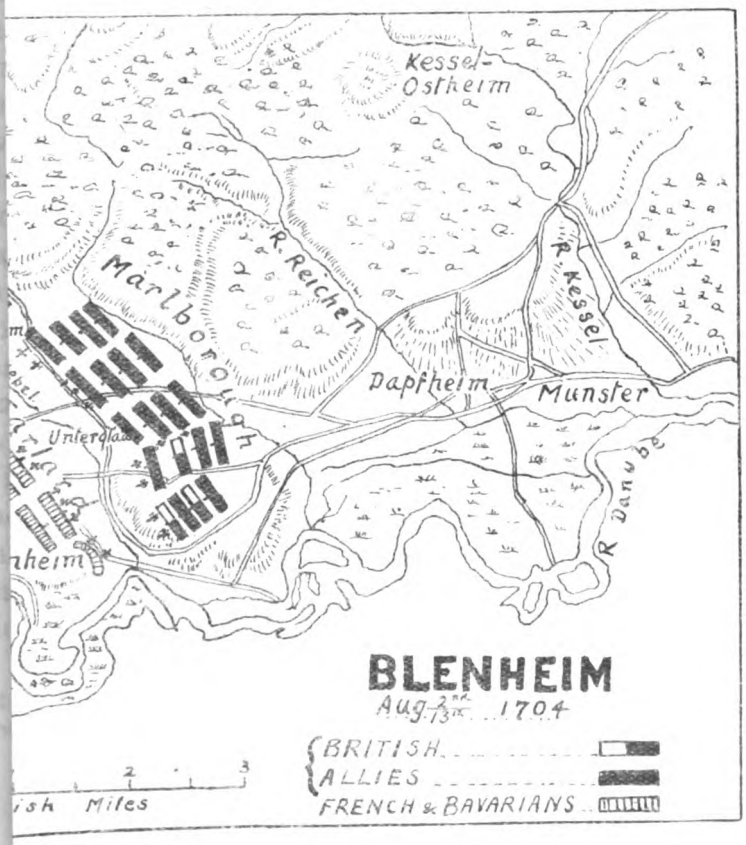

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As regards the personal honours showered on Marlborough it will be remembered that the Royal Manor of Woodstock was transferred to him by Act of Parliament, and here Blenheim Palace was built at public expense and a monumental pillar erected to his achievements.

He was also created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire with the principality of Mindelsheim, Germany.

Another memorial which will probably outlive any others is Joseph Addison's poem, "The Campaign," written to commemorate the battle of Blenheim, an extract of which is as follows:—

"'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved.
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war,
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land—
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past—
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Part 1 dealt with "Tangier, 1662-80" to which the following amendment should be made.—p. 627, line 21, for "1880" read "1680."

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consequence of the marked good behaviour of the Royal Dragoons of Ireland at the Battle of Blenheim, three additional troops were placed upon the establishment, making its strength up to nine troops." This regiment appears to have retained its nine troops up to date of disbandment in 1799. The disbandment was cancelled by General Order No. 698, dated 9th February, 1858.

¶ "Mother Ross" or Mrs. Christian Davies, the "pretty dragoon," served in this campaign until she was wounded at Ramillies.

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THE BAVARIAN "PRINCE PHILIP REGIMENT" OF CARABINIERS, 1704-1710

By Major H. FitzM. Stacke, M.C., *p.s.c.*

In a recent number of the Cavalry Journal an account was given of the cavalry action at Elixem, July, 1705. One of the regiments engaged in that fight was the Bavarian Prince Philip Regiment of Carabiniers. In view of the curious coincidence by which in that action those Bavarian Carabiniers were engaged with our own Carabiniers, then known as Windham's Horse, the following short account of the Bavarian Carabinier regiment may be of interest.

The three illustrations to this article are reproduced by kind permission from Anton Hoffman's admirable work "Das Heer des Blauen Königs," and are of interest, apart from their artistic merit, as showing in detail the dress and equipment of cavalry at the period of Marlborough's Wars. At that period the armies of all Western European countries dressed in very similar style, closely following the civilian fashion of the day; and, apart from certain minor details, these careful reconstruction drawings might equally represent British cavalry of the same period. It is much to be regretted that no equivalent authoritative work on the early uniforms of our own army as yet exists.

* * * * *

Before the Battle of Blenheim in 1704 the Bavarian Cavalry included three regiments of Dragoons, then considered as Light Cavalry, besides four regiments of Heavy Cavalry (Cuirassiers), the Bavarian Household Cavalry and some irregulars (Hussars); but Blenheim cost the proud Bavarian Army very dear. The Elector's regiments met and beat back all the Allied attacks on their own front, and withdrew in good order that evening, while Tallard's Army on their right was driven in rout to the banks of

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OFFICER OF BAVARIAN DRAGOONS, 1704

The officers of the subsequent regiment of Carabiniers must have worn a very similar uniform, except perhaps for certain minor details.

From "Das Heer des Blauen Königs."

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the Danube or forced to surrender in Blenheim village; but the losses of the Bavarians were very heavy. Further, as a result of the battle the Elector's troops were cut off from their own country and had to retreat north-westward in company with their French allies, first to the Rhine and then further northwards to the Low Countries. There they were re-organized. Even the loss of his whole Kingdom could not break Max Emanuel's proud spirit and, confident in the support of his powerful ally and friend, Louis XIV of France, he was resolved to fight on, albeit with forces much reduced.

The three old Dragoon regiments had suffered most severely at Blenheim, and their remnants were disbanded. This left the Bavarian forces without any Light Cavalry, and to fill that need the Elector decided to form a new regiment. French influence was naturally predominant in the Bavarian Army and Court, for "The Blue King," as the Elector was termed from his sky-blue uniform, followed in every detail the pattern of "Le Roi Soleil"; and the new regiment was equipped not as Dragoons but as "Carabiniers" in imitation of one of the most famous regiments of the French Army.

The French regiment had taken its name from its distinctive weapon—a firearm short and light enough to be handled conveniently while in the saddle, in contradistinction to the big, heavy musket carried by Foot regiments and also by Dragoons; for Dragoons were then intended and trained to fight on foot as well as on horse. Troops of Cavalry armed with carbines had been included in the French Army since the days of Henri IV at the beginning of the 17th century, and the light handy firearm had proved so useful that in 1693 Louis XIV had created a special regiment with the title of "Royal Carabiniers." That regiment of Carabiniers had been very distinguished, notably at the battle of Neerwinden, and had been especially favoured by the "Grand Monarque."* Max Emanuel of Bavaria had

*Those Carabiniers of the old French Army remained as one of the French cavalry regiments down to the Revolution, when they were divided into two regiments, taking precedence of the other cavalry. Amalgamated in 1816 to form the "Carabiniers de Monsieur," the two regiments were separated again in 1825, but were re-amalgamated into one regiment, forming part of Napoleon III's Imperial Guard, in 1866. Finally in 1871 the Carabiniers of the French Army were converted into the 11th Regiment of Cuirassiers.

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been quick to copy his illustrious ally and in 1696 had formed a squadron of Carabinier-Guards as part of his own Household Cavalry. The term "Carabiniers" was therefore familiar to the Bavarian forces, and doubtless one reason which inspired him to bestow that title on the new regiment was the moral value of the superiority which the term implied.

He gave the new regiment another honour by naming it after his little son, Prince Philip, then only six years old,* and directed that the "Prince Philip Regiment of Carabiniers" should rank after his own Household Cavalry and before the old regiments of Cuirassiers. The new Carabiniers were given a gay uniform very similar to that of the Carabinier-Guards,† although not quite so much ornamented—skyblue, the traditional colour of Bavaria, with scarlet facings, gilt buttons and a shoulder knot of gold braid.

The regiment was organized in six troops each of four officers and about 60 other ranks, the total establishment being about 400 of all ranks, including the Colonel and two other Field Officers.‡ The Colonel of the new regiment was Claude Pousset de Montauban, a French officer of old family who had served in the Bavarian Army since 1696. The other two Field Officers were Germans, named respectively von Eisendorf and Baron von Oberntraut. A similar proportion was observed throughout the

*The second son of Max Emanuel by his second marriage to Princess Theresia Kunigunde Karoline, daughter of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony (who was also the father of Maurice de Saxe and of three-hundred-and-fifty-one other boys and girls). Prince Philip was born on 5th August, 1698.

†The Carabinier-Guards Squadron continued to form part of the Bavarian Household Cavalry until 1723, when it was disbanded, the personnel being turned over to a new regiment of Dragoons. In 1726, however, Augustus the Strong of Poland and Saxony followed the example of his son-in-law Max Emanuel and formed in Saxony a regiment of Carabinier-Guards. That regiment, after a distinguished career, was disbanded in 1810; but their memory was revived in 1876 when the 2nd Regiment of Saxon Heavy Cavalry was given the title of Carabiniers. Those Saxon Carabiniers fought with distinction in the Great War, being disbanded finally in 1918.

Apart from the regular regiments of Carabiniers in the French, Bavarian and Saxon armies, the title has been used in other countries for picked corps of gendarmerie, notably the "Carabinieri" of Italy and the "Carabineros" of Spain.

‡"Obrist," "Obrist-Leutnant" and "Obrist-Wachtmeister." The last named rank has no direct equivalent in English—"Wachtmeister" being the equivalent of Sergeant-Major in the German Cavalry.

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TROOPER OF BAVARIAN DRAGOONS, 1704

Illustrating the method of carrying the heavy infantry musket, with which Dragoons were then equipped for dismounted action.

From "Das Heer des Blauen Königs."

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regiment, roughly two-thirds being Bavarians, the remainder being French or from the Low Countries. The new regiment was formed in the last months of 1704 at Courtrai in Flanders, and paraded on the 12th January, 1705, with an effective strength of 344 all told.

The first campaign of the new regiment brought a severe baptism of fire. The Prince Philip Regiment marched in the spring of 1705 to Brussels, joining the French army under Marshal Villeroi, and from Brussels went forward to the neighbourhood of the fortified lines along the Geete. Marlborough being away on the Moselle, Villeroi and the Elector advanced against Huy, besieged and took that fortress and then moved to attack Liege. But Marlborough returned to the Low Country by rapid marches, and Villeroi drew back within his fortified lines. Then followed the brilliant manœuvre by which Marlborough pierced the lines near Landen, resulting in the Cavalry fight at Elixem already described in this journal. In that first hand-to-hand fight of Bavarian horsemen against the British Cavalry the Prince Philip Carabiniers were so unfortunate as to meet the full force of the British charge. Apparently the attacking British regiments who engaged the Bavarian Carabiniers were Schomberg's Horse (now the 7th D.G.) and Windham's Horse (the British "Carabiniers").

Gallantly though they fought, the whole of the Bavarian Cavalry were beaten back and routed by the veteran British troopers, and the Prince Philip Carabiniers suffered severe loss. No total figures appear to be recorded, but six officers were killed or captured.* One at least of the six Troop Standards of the Regiment was lost, another being first captured by the victorious British and then re-captured by a trooper of the Arco Regiment of Cuirassiers.†

Fortunately for the stricken regiment Marlborough was prevented by his Dutch allies from following up his success, and

*Including the "Obrist-Leutnant" and the "Obrist-Wachtmeister."
†Who was rewarded with a "Louis d'or."

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the Franco-Bavarian army withdrew in safety to a strong position behind the River Dyle around Louvain. The remainder of that year was spent in manœuvres without any definite action. When winter put an end to field operations the Bavarian Carabiniers were quartered in Ghent, and in December, 1705, the establishment of the Regiment was increased by three additional troops, making nine troops in all.*

The next year, 1706, the Regiment again knew the bitterness of defeat, witnessing the rout of Villeroi's army at Ramillies. Apparently the Prince Philip Carabiniers were at first stationed behind the centre of the Franco-Bavarian line, and were not engaged in the fierce fighting around the Tomb of Ottomond on the French right flank which was the decisive episode of the battle. When the French right wing was finally shattered and their whole line gave way, the Elector of Bavaria did his best to cover the headlong retreat with his own cavalry, and the Prince Philip Carabiniers seem to have carried out that difficult duty with credit and without very great loss, two officers only being recorded as casualties.

After the rout at Ramillies the beaten French Army retreated with the utmost speed, hotly pursued by Marlborough's whole force—horse, foot and dragoons—and, after rapid marches across the countryside of Flanders, the Bavarian Cavalry reached the frontier of France. On the last day of May the Carabiniers formed part of the dispirited column which retreated across the Lys at Courtrai, the birthplace of their regiment, and thence onwards to the neighbourhood of Menin and Mons. After much intricate manœuvring around the fortresses of the French frontier, the opposing armies went into winter quarters, those of the Bavarian Carabiniers being in Lille; where it is recorded that on New Year's Day, 1707, the Prince Philip Carabinier Regiment was conspicuous "*in seiner prunkvollen Uniform*" at a great religious service.

*At that period the troop was the permanent unit of organisation in most European cavalry, troops being grouped into squadrons as required for manœuvre and tactics—usually three troops to a squadron, though sometimes a squadron was formed of only two troops.

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TROOPER OF THE PRINCE PHILIP REGIMENT OF CARABINIERS 1704-1710

Illustrating the method of carrying the Carbine. Uniform Sky-blue, Facings Scarlet, Buttons Gilt, Shoulder-knot Gold or Yellow Cord.

From "Das Heer des Blauen Königs."

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The campaign of 1707 brought no event of importance to the Carabiniers, and in 1708 the Bavarian cavalry were moved down to the southern line of operations on the Moselle, manœuvring through Luxemburg and Lorraine, and so escaped the disastrous battle of Oudenarde in Flanders; but after that campaign reinforcements were sorely needed by the French Armies in the Low Countries, and the Bavarian cavalry marched north again in June, 1709, from Metz to Mons, where they joined the army under Marshal Villars in time for the great battle of Malplaquet. In that stubbornly contested battle—"*der blutigsten des ganzen Jahrhunderts*" the Prince Philip Carabiniers fought with great gallantry and when the French Army finally drew back from their positions at the end of the day the Bavarian cavalry regarded themselves as unbeaten. Unfortunately no detailed record of their action or of their casualties seems to have been preserved.

That was to prove the last battle of the Regiment. They passed that winter quartered in Verdun and next spring in manœuvres round Cambrai and Bapaume. By that time lack of recruits had brought the Bavarian regiments to very low strength. For five years they had been in the field, receiving only intermittent recruits who had arrived by stealth from their homeland, which was, of course, in enemy occupation. By the spring of 1710 the Carabinier Regiment had sunk to six weak troops and by May the five Bavarian cavalry regiments together could form only twelve squadrons. The opposing armies wheeled, marched and skirmished around Arras—at one period the Carabiniers are recorded as being at Monchy-le-Preux—but no new recruits came in to strengthen the dwindling ranks. At last the campaign ended, and after a short rest at Sus-St. Leger the Bavarian troops moved back to winter quarters round Toul and Metz. Then the Elector decided to reduce his five Cavalry Regiments to four by breaking up the youngest of them to strengthen the others; and between October, 1710, and February, 1711, the Prince Philip Carabinier Regiment was finally disbanded.

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That Bavarian Carabinier Regiment had therefore the curious fate of never seeing its own home country, being raised and disbanded in exile, but its memory has been preserved in the Bavarian Army, and this short record may be of interest to the Regiment of our own Army which for the last two centuries has borne the same title.

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THE SOLDIERS OF NAPOLEON

By Captain E. W. Sheppard.

The popularity of military memoirs and biographies of the Napoleonic period is to-day as great as ever it was, and shows little signs of diminishing. There can be few people with any pretensions to historical knowledge, or with any claim to be well-read, who have not at some time dipped into this treasure house of adventure and romance, of heroism and achievement. Yet though it is easy to gather from these numerous works a clear and complete idea of the military life of the time, and a definite and detailed picture of the Napoleonic soldier, it is not everyone who has read widely enough to do this. The elaboration of such a picture is the purpose of the present article, which will, it is hoped, reflect something at least of the interest of the vivid and picturesque sources on which it is based.*

We propose to follow out the life of the soldier of the First Empire from the day on which he was called up under the conscription laws to the termination of his military service, either by death or wounds, or with the fall of the Emperor to whom he had taken oath, and the dissolution of the army in which he had served. We shall see how he was clothed, armed, equipped, and fed; how he lived in bivouac and billet, on the march and in garrison; how he fought on the battlefield, and fared in hospital; and try and illumine the spirit which animated him through all these changes and chances of his soldier's life.

*Besides the memoirs and biographies referred to, M. Jean Morvan's "Le Soldat Imperial" gives a wealth of interesting details on this subject, not easily discoverable elsewhere.

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The bulk of the men who served in the Napoleonic armies were secured under the conscription law of 1798, which rendered all men between twenty and twenty-five years of age liable to service. One of Napoleon's earliest acts was to supplement this law by an extended system of voluntary enlistment, while at the same time reducing the contingents to be called up compulsorily from each department; and in the years of peace following the treaties of Amiens and Luneville he set to work to regularise the recruiting system and fashion the formidable instrument of war known to history as the Grand Army.

The quota of conscripts to be drawn from each department was settled on a basis of population, the actual individuals being selected by lot under local arrangements and concentrated at depots to be equipped. Generally the system was so adapted as to place the main burden of service on the artisan and peasant class, and to relieve the rich and influential as far as possible. In these early days Napoleon's demands were moderate enough; and the annual intake of recruits did not exceed 50,000, the balance of the army's requirements being made up by voluntary re-enlistment or re-engagement of old N.C.Os. and soldiers, and the raising of a number of foreign contingents.

In later years the Imperial policy was such that an ever-increasing and finally excessive influx of recruits became necessary in order to keep the ranks of the army filled; and as the voluntary sources quickly dried up, recourse had to be had to more stringent and more burdensome enforcement of the conscription law, and to compulsory prolongation of service with the colours. Thus by 1808 the annual contingent had more than tripled, rising to a figure of 160,000, and the scale of exemptions was drastically revised. All this increased the rising discontent throughout the country, and necessitated the adoption of even sterner and more far-reaching measures to enforce the law. By 1810 it became the practice to sweep with mobile columns the areas where the " refractaires " were known to be hiding in large numbers, and to collect and keep the recruits under the strictest guard to prevent them escaping before they reached

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their units. And still the human tax levied by the ceaselessly warring master of France rose to greater and greater heights. Close on 300,000 men were required for the campaign of 1812, and in 1813 the disappearance of practically the whole of the Grand Army in the snows of Russia made necessary the calling-up of nearly 1,000,000 more. In neither case were anything approaching these figures actually secured; and at the same time the sources of foreign recruitment also began to dry up and to deteriorate in quality. The last years of the Empire saw a real crisis in man power—and no wonder; for it has been reckoned that the total of recruits secured by Napoleon from France alone throughout the period of his rule amounted to more than 1,600,000 men, and at the end literally nothing was left to serve as cannon-fodder. Yet practically all these recruits, compulsorily secured, and often actually driven into the army at the point of the bayonet, made excellent soldiers and rendered good service, once they had been absorbed into their regiments, and had had infused into them the high military spirit of the Grand Army.

Our soldier, having thus been enrolled and drafted to his depot, had now to be fitted out for service. It was not till 1803 that the brilliant uniforms of the Napoleonic armies, familiar to us from the pictures of Gros and Vernet, Meissonier and Detaille, were devised. Prior to that date, even the field armies of the Republic were wretchedly clothed and worse shod, and no attempt could be made to meet the requirements of the recruits in the depots. This state of affairs was to some extent remedied under the vigorous impulse of the First Consul, once Marengo and Hohenlinden had secured for him an interlude from wars. The resources available proved more or less adequate to meet the needs of the peace-time army; but soon after war broke out again in 1805, the troops were once more reduced to their former state of raggedness and shoelessness. During the campaign of Jena in 1806 some relief was secured by a ruthless exploitation of the material found in the Prussian magazines; but the defects of the administration prevented full advantage being taken of these, and by Tilsit the last state of

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the armies had in this respect become worse than the first. From now on it became the rule that the soldier fought either in rags and shoeless, or clad in a motley and various array conforming to nothing save his own ideas of comfort, and regulated only by what he or his officers could procure by private venture. Where, owing to the poverty of the theatre of war, as in Spain or Russia, little or nothing could be thus procured, the regiments soon lost all resemblance to regular military bodies, and became hordes of ragged scare-crows, offensive alike to eye and nose. Before the Russian campaign a real attempt was made by Napoleon to fit out his vast host in every way that forethought and energy could devise, and with some measure of success; while in 1813 the new armies were to some extent clothed and shod from the ample resources of Saxony. Next year, however, France, thrown back upon herself, abandoned all pretence of providing for her young soldiers, who fought for the most part in sabots and blouses, just as they had come from the fields.

As has been stated above, the Grand Army was at no time in its history uniformly clad according to modern standards. This was caused to a great extent by deliberate departures from the authorised patterns of uniform at the whim of commanding officers and generals. Some of these departures were indeed weird and fantastic; plumes, gold lace, and feathers were tacked on in profusion, and so extravagant and expensive were many of these alterations that the whole yearly pay of an officer would have been insufficient to cover the cost. Whereas many officers, especially of the crack corps, thus vied with each other in the gorgeousness and unpracticality of their turn-out, others for reasons of economy took the field in what was hardly to be distinguished from the mufti of the day. At a later date both these bad habits were forbidden, but to the end of its history the uniforms of the Grand Army remained heterogeneous and variegated.

The French infantryman was armed with a musket (model 1777), effective up to 200 yards, and with an extreme range of about 500; he also carried fifty cartridges, three flints, a short, ill-made bayonet, and a small curved sabre, known as a "briquet."

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His equipment comprised a pack (containing shoes, underwear, biscuits and flour), a belt, and two bandoliers, crossed over his chest in the form of an "X," for the bayonet and haversack. Attempts were made on more than one occasion to make him carry camp equipment, but without success, as it was always thrown away at the first opportunity. The cavalryman had his sabre, two very ineffective pistols in his holsters, and a carbine carried in a bucket attached to his saddle. The artillery weapon was the pre-Revolution gun of Gribeauval, firing a round shot weighing 4, 8, or 12 pounds. It was effective up to 600 yards, extreme range being 1,200 or even more under favourable conditions.

Generally speaking the supply and condition of equipment and harness were satisfactory up to 1813; the armament problem, however, was always one of considerable difficulty. Up to 1805 production fairly kept pace with the army's needs; but from that date on the deficiency of small arms became more and more noticeable. From 1808 the reserve of artillery materiel also gave rise to anxiety; and after 1812 the crippling losses of the Russian campaign brought about a crisis, which was never really overcome during the succeeding years, and placed the Imperial armies in continuous peril of finding themselves disarmed before their enemies—a peril which was only averted by calling in all the available private arms in the country, however antiquated or unsuited to military purposes.

A word must now be said about the administrative services of the Grand Army. Transport was up to 1807 provided by a private company, the Breidt Company, the resources of which were supplemented from 1805 onwards by vehicles locally requisitioned in the areas passed through or occupied by the troops. In 1807 Napoleon, dissatisfied with the working of this Company, took in hand the organization of an army train to take its place. This new service functioned little better than the old, and in the 1809 campaign gave rise to frequent complaints. The preparations for 1812 were therefore on a more grandiose and complete scale; but the conditions of the campaign were such as must probably have defeated any attempt, however, com-

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prehensive, to organize a satisfactory transport service for so vast a host as then took the field. The army lost the bulk of its transport in the first few weeks of hostilities, and from then on right through the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, was forced to rely on what it could get by local requisition—a source which of course proved hopelessly inadequate to take the place of an organized train.

For supply the Napoleonic armies, as is well known, relied also on local requisitioning, a supply service, as we understand the term, being non-existent. The result of this system, or lack of system, was, as we shall see, that, while a very heavy burden was placed on the enemy or allied countries through which the army passed or on which it was quartered, there was no certainty or regularity of distribution, and parts of the army were always, and the whole of it very often, seriously short of supplies. This was so even in territories where considerable local resources were at all times available for drawing on; where this was not the case, as in sparsely-populated areas such as Spain, Poland, and Russia, the bulk of the troops were as often as not on the verge of starvation, and the few magazines of supplies available were quite inadequate to cope with the general shortage of food.

The state of the medical services also left much to be desired. The hospitals and ambulances were primitive and ill-organized to a degree; there was a constant shortage of doctors, and the professional knowledge of those serving, who were as a rule recruited from the ranks of medical students just completing their training, was below even the average of the day and extended to little beyond emetics and amputations. Here again the system was to blame more than the men; the medical officers had few or no prospects of advancement; low moral and a low sense of duty were the rule throughout the service, and few of them rose superior to their *milieu*.

To this gloomy picture it must be added that the Imperial armies were always badly paid. Their pay was usually six months in arrears, often more, and this irregularity was not compensated for by the giving of occasional bonuses and an

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unlimited licence to pillage. Many soldiers died or were killed while the army still owed them considerable sums of money, which were thus saved to the Treasury, for their relatives and dependents seldom if ever received them.

In a word, the administrative services of the Grand Army were never properly organized, enjoyed no prestige, and were consequently and inevitably corrupt, inefficient and wasteful. Throughout the period there went on a continual and serious wastage of all sorts of supplies, equipment, stores, and remounts, which were requisitioned for the purposes of the army but never reached it. Officers of high rank openly filched and stole from army stocks for their own private purposes; the Emperor connived at the practice and indeed often himself set an evil example. The avarice and corruption thus engendered in high places spread like a foul disease to all ranks of the administrative services, and the army, though it cost France and the Emperor untold millions, went consistently short in its essential needs.

As regards training in the army, there was little or none, as we understand it. Certainly the frequent campaigns in which the troops were engaged were in themselves a fine school of war and to some extent took its place; a certain amount was also carried out, though on no definite system and apparently on the initiative of corps commanders, at the Boulogne camps between 1803 and 1805, where a strong cadre of N.C.Os. and old soldiers was formed, and later served to absorb and teach the new recruits as they joined the colours. From 1806 onwards the raw conscripts received only a smattering of instruction, often while actually marching to their units. Moreover the growing shortage of officers from 1806 onwards led to the giving of commissions to young fellows just out of the military schools, who knew little more than their men. The strain on the cadres thus grew steadily more severe throughout the later years of the Empire; by 1814 the armies had become incapable of putting forth any serious and prolonged effort, and were held together only by the ever-shrinking band of war-hardened veterans, day by day less and less able to leaven the mass of raw conscripts, and

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further diminished by being constantly skimmed to fill the ranks of the Guard and other crack corps. In fact, Napoleon's army had, by the end of his career, sunk to so low a level of efficiency that it was no longer capable of executing his still brilliant conceptions.

This army, then, conscripted, ill-clothed, armed, and mounted, badly trained, irregularly paid, fed from hand to mouth, led by unscrupulous men, and robbed by those whose duty it was to supply and maintain it, we must now follow into the field and into battle.

The state of morale and discipline in the armies of the First Empire in the field would have been both surprising and shocking to our present-day conceptions. French discipline is, of course, always, to outward appearance at least, much more lax than our own; and it must be remembered that, in all the armies of the time, though extreme strictness, enforced by ferocious punishments, was the rule in battle and on parade, it was to some extent compensated for by considerable licence on the march, and in quarters or barracks. Even so, the indiscipline of the Napoleonic armies was amazingly, even scandalously, great and widespread. The virus soon infected the usually orderly German contingents incorporated in them, and reduced them to the same bad state, rendered even worse in their case by the absence of that *esprit de corps*, national pride, and enthusiasm for the cause for which they were fighting, which to some extent redeemed the vices of the French soldiery.

The Napoleonic soldier, in truth, was so ill-provided for by his chiefs that he depended for his very existence in wartime on his own exertions and those of his immediate comrades, and could secure the bare necessities of life—food, clothing, shelter, warmth—only by taking at once whatever chance offered him. Pillage thus became a fine art. The corps, sweeping over the country at full speed, were allotted each night an area to exploit, which indiscriminate requisitioning quickly stripped bare of everything that could be of use to them. There resulted from this system irregularity and injustice in the distribution of the resources available; serious and incessant strife between indi-

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viduals and bands of soldiers; frequent brawls between troops and inhabitants, accompanied too often by theft, arson, rape and murder; an immense waste of the resources of the country; and an increasing decline of discipline, already indifferent enough, in the army.

Instances of such indiscipline abound in the memoirs of the time, and to all appearances the higher officers were no better than their subordinates. The unauthorised diversity of uniforms already mentioned; the vast numbers of superfluous private carriages which accompanied the units on the march; the possession of horses by officers and men not entitled to them, were only minor instances. Cases occurred of officers—zealous and efficient men, many of them—leaving the army in the field, without permission, remaining away as long as it pleased them, and returning unquestioned and unpunished. The men of course followed this bad example, and straggling and desertion assumed incredible proportions, as much as one third of the army at a time being often absent from the colours.

Life in quarters, both at home and abroad, was diversified by incessant brawls and duels; officers and men showed themselves overbearing, swaggering, and violent towards the civilian population; and drunkenness was too common to be considered a military crime. Whatever the army wanted it at once requisitioned; whatever the soldier wanted he unblushingly stole. The Emperor's efforts to amend this disgraceful state of affairs remained entirely without avail.

The consequence of the Imperial method of making war was, in a word, to impoverish the country for the benefit of the army. The high rate of mobility demanded was necessary not only to ensure the defeat of the enemy but to secure the existence of the army by the occupation of ever new areas for exploitation. The consequent wastage in sick and exhausted men was enormous; and as the corps following in second line always found the country laid waste by those who had preceded them, there resulted constant jealousy and ill-feeling between corps and their commanders, which was only paralleled by the hatred universally felt for the favoured Guard.

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This rough and ready method of maintaining the Grand Army, which worked moderately well in Central Europe, was but ill-suited for warfare in sparsely populated or desolate countries, as was abundantly shown in the Polish campaign of 1806-7. The army had to be scattered more and more widely in order to scour the area for the necessaries of life, and often these were not to be had at all, even by the most extensive and painstaking requisitioning. The soldiers were therefore reduced to buying from the Jew pedlars, who always demanded cash payment; and the result was that the country was before long swept bare of money, as well as of food and all other necessities. Money, being easily carried and as easily concealed, was diligently sought after, and several cases occurred of bands of soldiers levying private and unofficial contributions on some unsuspecting town and giving quittance for them in a paper signed by some such name as "General Moustache." The soldier in fact was rapidly degenerating into a mere thief; little attempt was made to check his depredations, and even when the death penalty was decreed for some unusually flagrant offence, it was rarely carried out.

In the Spanish campaigns the inhabitants were not merely indifferent but fiercely hostile to the invaders, and were in consequence treated by them with unexampled severity, which in its turn led to still more bitter reprisals. Fire and sword were borne everywhere, and the French armies behaved with a desperate brutality quite foreign to their real nature, and motived largely by fear. This was particularly the case with the armies of 1808 and 1809, which were composed mainly of raw half-trained regiments, with a large mixture of undesirable foreign corps, the dregs of Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Another factor tending to render French rule even more abhorrent to the Spaniards was the unbridled greed of marshals and generals. High taxes were exacted; churches and religious establishments were ruthlessly pillaged; the inhabitants were everywhere oppressed, and hostages taken from them made to suffer for the activities of the guerillas. The French armies felt themselves abandoned in an inhospitable land, arid, barren, and

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thinly peopled, without any of the amenities of civilisation to which they had hitherto been accustomed; they believed themselves forgotten and cut off from home, letters from which rarely reached them, and when they did so, were six months overdue. The soldiers loathed the country, the people, and the war, and grew weary, disgusted, homesick, and demoralized, seeing no hope of glory or gain, and no visible end to their labours but sickness, torture, or death.

The later Napoleonic wars saw all these evils accentuated. There is no need to dwell here on the well-known horrors of 1812, which however only reproduced in an exaggerated form the miseries attendant in more or less degree on all the Emperor's previous campaigns. The disproportionate increase in the foreign element diluted to a dangerous degree the quality of the army, already none too high; the enormous exertions of the early days of the invasion completely disorganized the administrative services; the resulting dearth of supplies and the immensity of the area of operations led to unbridled pillage, and to straggling and desertion on a colossal scale; and hunger, cold, and long nights in the snow without shelter completed the destruction of the Grand Army. In 1813 and 1814 the strain of great exertions, long marches, and incessant bad weather took a fearful toll of the raw recruits, too young and ill-trained to endure such privations; sickness increased by leaps and bounds; the armies literally melted away, and with the last of its armies the Empire itself fell to pieces and was destroyed.

The basis of Napoleon's earlier armies had been the warrior stock of Frenchmen—vigorous, intelligent, lively, frivolous-natured; quick-tempered, yet easily mollified; greedy for anything they fancied, and ready to abandon it as quickly; susceptible to the appeal of women and children; at first friendly and charming to their allies, then odious by reason of their insolent and openly expressed disdain for them. Auxiliary to them in later years were these same allies, half-hearted or hostile, fighting for a cause not their own, lowering the high moral of the Grand Army, rendering it less mobile, less reliable, and more fragile. Napoleon's methods of making war, demand-

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ing secrecy of concentration and swiftness in attack, necessitated the preliminary assembly of great masses of men in small areas, and forbade any previous preparations for their reception. Hence the troops were from the first fed little or not at all, and compelled to rely entirely on themselves. The units moved off early in the day at short notice, halted at equally short notice, bivouacked where they stood, and seized all they could lay hands on. Even after victory had crowned the campaign, they still remained quartered for long years on foreign soil, aliens among aliens. The Imperial soldier all his life led a wasteful, destructive, and semi-independent existence; as the sources of good recruits dried up, his military spirit declined; and as the wars in which he was engaged became less and less national, it finally altogether disappeared, thus rendering inevitable the destruction alike of the army to which he belonged and of the Emperor whom he served.

So much for the Grand Army on campaign. What of this same army on the field of battle? Here was the supreme test of its quality—and a test from which, as its history shows, it almost invariably emerged triumphant.

The main features of the Imperial battles, however various they may appear in history, were from the point of view of the soldier very much alike. The voltigeurs or skirmishers opened the ball, and maintained a brisk and bickering duel in between the armies, until their muskets became too hot or foul to use, or a rain-storm wetted their powder and put them out of action. The infantry battalions, formed in line or column, then advanced, often shooting down their own skirmishers; the grenadiers in the rear rank pushed on their less eager comrades or else led them in the front rank and were decimated in doing so. The cavalry, who usually drew their sabres at the opening of the battle and kept them drawn all day long, supported the infantry by charges, executed as often as not at a slow trot; the artillery assisted by independent fire by companies, or in the later battles by more concentrated fire by massed batteries at short ranges. Distributions of brandy and rum, energetic Imperial proclamations, and lavish promises of pillage had inflamed the ardour of

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the soldiers before the battle; and the plunder of the dead and wounded, and even of prisoners, engaged the energies of many of them after it had been won.

The effects of small-arm and artillery fire, though often terrible at short range, were as a rule much inferior to the noise produced. After a few discharges the target became veiled in clouds of smoke; the markmanship was usually poor, and the wear and tear of the weapons, inevitable after a series of battles, further militated against accuracy of shooting. Very heavy losses however were in some instances recorded, up to as much as 90 per cent. of effectives. The wounded usually suffered terribly, being left where they lay, and receiving no succour even from the troops actually bivouacking among them. The courage of all ranks on the battlefield, from the Emperor and the marshals down to the youngest conscript and the smallest drummer-boy, was on an extraordinarily high level, and no mercy was shown to those few who fell below it. Efficiency, tactical ability, and initiative were less conspicuous; errors and shortcomings of this nature were frequently glossed over or concealed by false reports, but when discovered were severely and sometimes brutally punished by the Emperor, who nevertheless himself gave in his bulletins many a striking example of concealment or distortion of unpleasant truths.

Let us now try to sum up in a few sentences our impressions of the Imperial soldier. In the early days of the Consulate, when Bonaparte was a popular hero, and France's only desire was to be strongly and successfully governed, his moral was at a high pitch, and he rejoiced to be led to victory, plunder, and glory by his beloved chief. With each campaign, however, his enthusiasm steadily declined; by the time of the treaty of Tilsit he had grown weary and sated with triumph, and longed only for rest and peace. The Spanish wars inspired in him nothing but loathing and disgust; and by 1809, the decline in the moral of the army was patent to every observer, and became intensified with every succeeding year and every new campaign. The patriotism and high military spirit which had formerly animated the soldier had been replaced by a blind hero-worship

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of the Emperor, whom he considered as his master and whom he looked upon as infallible. When failure at last began to dim the lustre of Napoleon's star, the faith of the soldier also faded and died, just at the time when the awakening national spirit of Europe was raising up for France fiercer and more formidable foes than ever before. Under these circumstances the decline and fall of the Napoleonic Empire followed as inevitably as the snows of winter follow the fall of the autumn leaves.

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE OLD WAR HORSE IN EGYPT

To the Editor of the Cavalry Journal.

Sir,—I feel sure that the enclosed will interest readers of the Cavalry Journal, many of whom have already sent a contribution in aid of the Cause. It is most unfortunate that this campaign to alleviate the distress of these poor old veterans should coincide with the financial crisis hanging over this country. But on behalf of the Committee and the poor old horses themselves, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking those soldiers, past and present, who have answered so generously to the appeal.

There will be a great many bad cases to be dealt with when the Committee recommences buying in October and it is hoped to extend the work to Palestine as well as Egypt. As the entire scheme is carried out by voluntary workers, every penny subscribed is expended directly on relieving the suffering of old Army horses who "did their bit" during the Palestine campaign. I have personally, on many occasions, come across a decrepid old animal, a mere skeleton, but still showing quality, one that in his early days would have carried some sportsman in the first flight across country with hounds. Amongst these emaciated cripples, a discerning eye will spot a one-time polo pony, a now woebegone but once compact R.H.A. horse or an honest heavy draught horse. The specimens in the pamphlet were merely picked at random amongst many similar cases, but a good judge of a horse can reconstruct the original type from the shambling skeleton that exists to-day. I am enclosing some additional photographs for reproduction.

Yours, etc.,

Geoffrey Brooke,

Brigadier.

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In April this year (1931) an appeal was published in the "Morning Post" asking kind-hearted people to subscribe to a fund that is at present being raised in Egypt to buy our old horses that had served us in the war from their very poor owners, and save them from unspeakable misery and pain. This appeal met with a very generous response, but to enable us to carry on the work more help is urgently required.

Of the many thousand sold in 1918, when our troops came home, a great number have died, but those that still survive, and they are all over 25 years of age, are indescribably wretched. They have gradually fallen lower and lower in value and capacity for work and the prices paid for them by individual owners decreases as the years pass, but the labour they are called upon to perform becomes harder and more prolonged. Food is scarce and the country is unsuitable to our English horses.

They are feeble now and suffer from the manifold troubles of old age, with, in addition, many terribly exaggerated forms of unsoundness that are almost impossible to imagine here in England. Their suffering in many cases is so acute that the buying Committee constantly have to have an animal destroyed within half an hour of purchase; it is only added cruelty to keep it alive for needless minutes.

Such is the sad fate of those faithful old servants of ours, comrades and friends of our soldiers, left behind to toil through grim years of misery when the masters they knew and loved came home to the green fields of England, that they would never see again.

The majority of these old horses in Cairo are employed at night or in stone quarries, to escape the vigilance of the police, who arrest animals in work who are lame or in any obvious pain. These are taken to the S.P.C.A. hospital for treatment, and in the case of incurable lameness or other hopeless disability are humanely destroyed there, but owing to the great poverty of their owners and to the fact that the hospital funds do not permit of compensation being given when an animal is marked for destruction, a very large number of old horses have of neces-

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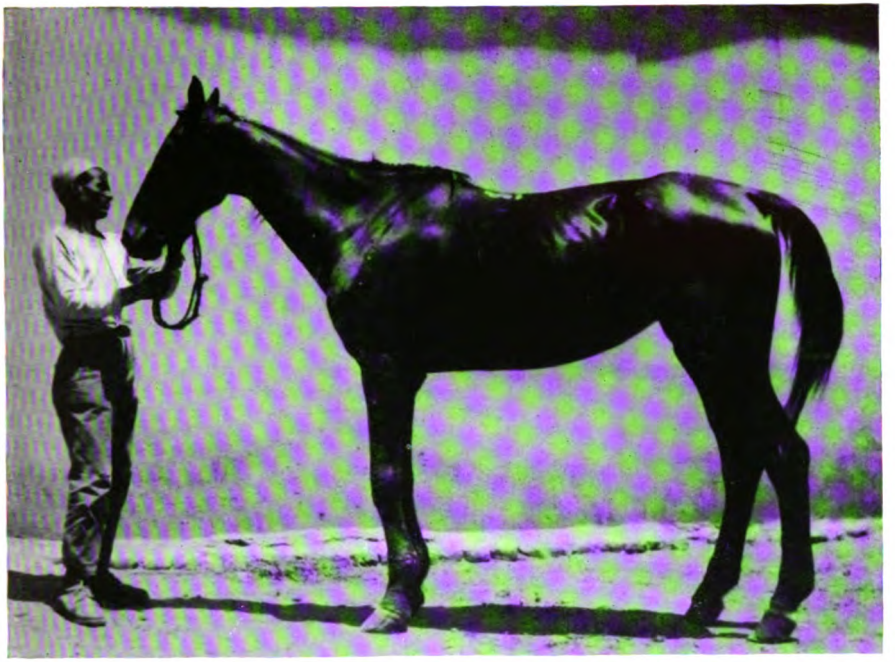

A Typical Specimen.

Ringbone Bursalte both Fetlocks.
Animal at work.

Overshot Fetlock and Ringbone.
Animal at work.

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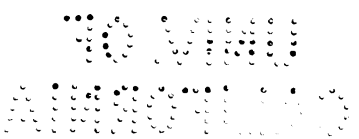

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sity to be returned to work after two or three weeks' rest. There is no police supervision in the country districts.

Some few of our old horses are happily still in decent hands. These have mostly been exceptional animals and have been retained for light cab work and properly fed. For these we give up to £15 a horse and are glad to do so. It saves them from the purgatory that otherwise lies before them, for all are destined for the stone carts once their age precludes the activity necessary for trotting in a cab. But these are our high-priced animals.

The horses are brought before the buying Committee (which includes a veterinary surgeon) on stated days, and the number produced gradually increases as the news circulates in the underworld of Cairo and the immediate villages that we are purchasing the animals that served us in the war.

The valuation varies according to the condition of the horse. A very poor man whose animal is moderately well fed, whatever his age may be, is given a better price than a man whose horse is obviously starved and ill-treated. The assessment of the value of each animal is most carefully considered. Mr. Branch, the chairman of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals, Cairo, has had many years of experience with horses in Egypt. He speaks the language fluently and well, and understands the mentality of the people with whom we deal. To assist him and to satisfy all concerned that absolute justice is done to each owner, we have a number of natives, members of the cabmen and carters' syndicate in Cairo, who, in each case, give their opinion as to the value of the horse. The price is then decided upon, and almost invariably to the owner's satisfaction. If he is not satisfied he is at perfect liberty to take his horse away—very few do—and in most cases should he decide to do so he returns the animal to our yard at some future date. There can be no compulsion, the whole transaction is maintained on a friendly footing.

The great majority of these horses—by reason of their age and consequent worthlessness to more affluent owners—have become the property of very poor men indeed, who could not afford to part with even these miserable creatures if they were

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not to receive adequate compensation. Tragic beyond description though most of the cases are, the owners can not be wholly blamed for the condition of their animals. These men are extremely poverty stricken themselves, and have their livelihood to make. The animals they own share their adversities; who can blame the man if his family comes first? His animal is a "means to an end," and the work however, hard, has to be accomplished somehow.

Immediately after purchase the horses are taken to the S.P.C.A. hospital, where they are well fed and cared for, for as long a time as it is possible to keep them, and are then painlessly destroyed by a skilled veterinary surgeon with a humane killer.

In addition to our old army horses the Committee have unanimously decided to purchase a number of very old mules that also served us in the war. In the majority of cases they are in such a wretched condition that it would be impossible for any humane person to turn them from the haven of rest that they at last approach when they are brought before us to be sold. Many of these mules are blind; many suffer terribly from, amongst other things, greatly advanced forms of ringbone, making each step an agony, and one we purchased had been worked for some time with a broken hind leg and was blind in both eyes. In common with all the others he bore our brand on his quarters. No one can deny them the release they crave.

Conspicuous amongst the mob of wretched old war horses that come to us for purchase we have bought several gallant old hunters whose gaunt frames bear witness, not only to their present suffering, but also to their breeding and quality. Do they remember the good days of long ago? Their hopeless eyes shame us to the bottom of our hearts. What have they done that they should come to this? Only served us in our hour of need.

Up to date the Committee have bought 200 animals. The sum expended has been £1,500. A certain percentage have been purchased for £3 or £4. The average prices run from £6 to £15—many more of the former than the latter. At first it was estimated that £3,000 would enable us to purchase all the old

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war horses left in Egypt, but we have found that to be much too optimistic a forecast. More funds are urgently needed to carry on the work. We want to save them all. Up to the present horses have only been brought to us from Cairo and the neighbouring villages and many still await us there, but we hope to cover all Egypt, and we dread the thought that the day may come when they may be brought to us only to be turned away for lack of money. We shall require at least double the amount originally estimated—very possibly more. It is only by degrees that the number of horses can be estimated. At present we know that there are several hundreds left.

Will any one who ever loved a horse and who can spare something, however small, help us to save them from their cruel servitude?

An English branch of the Fund has been opened at Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants., "Old War Horse Fund," at which contributions will be gratefully received, and any correspondence concerning the work, addressed to the Hon. Secretary at this address, will be attended to immediately.

Some Cavalry Regiments have already opened a subscription list for this very good cause. Any of them that have done so are invited to forward the result to the Editor of the Journal; the amount collected will be published in a future number.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Water Problem at Gaza I.

To the Editor of The Cavalry Journal.

Sir,—In Colonel Kearsey's book,* briefly reviewed in the October Cavalry Journal, appears the following statement (p. 75, First Battle of Gaza, March 26, 1917):—"Many of the horses of the Mounted Divisions had been without water for thirty-six hours, and this water had to be obtained either in Gaza or back in the Wadi Ghazze."

This myth about the general lack of water for the mounted troops appears to have become an historical fact; and yet, out of the eighteen regiments in action on March 26, 1917, few failed to water on that day.

The story no doubt originated from Sir Archibald Murray's despatch, which stated that the majority of the mounted troops had been unable to water their horses, and also referred to the waterless nature of the country round Gaza.

Even a well know text book† on the Great War, used in the public schools to-day, describing the First Battle of Gaza, states:—"More important still, the Cavalry had had no water for their horses or themselves all day, and there was none to be had north of the Wadi Ghazze."

The mounted troops which took part in the first battle of Gaza comprised the A. and N.Z. Mounted Division (less 1st A.L.H. Brigade) and the Imperial Mounted Division (less 4th A.L.H. Brigade).

A. and N.Z. Mounted Division.—2nd A.L.H. Brigade.
N.Z. M. R. Brigade.
22nd Mounted Brigade.

Imperial Mounted Division.—3rd A.L.H. Brigade.
5th Mounted Brigade.
6th Mounted Brigade.

* A summary of the strategy and tactics of the Egypt and Palestine Campaign with details of 1917-18 operations, etc. By A. Kearsey, D.S.O., O.B.E., *p.s.c.*, late Lt.-Col. General Staff.

† An outline history of the Great War. By Major G. V. Carey and Capt. H. S. Scott. Camb. Univ. Press, 1928.

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Both Divisions watered in the lake at Deir El Belah before midnight on March 25th.

We must turn to THE CAVALRY JOURNAL of July, 1921,* to see how the A. and N.Z. Mounted Division fared as regards water on the day of the battle :—

" At 09.30 Anzac Division H.Q. reached Beit Durdis : some pools of water was found, due to the late rains, in the wadys near Beit Durdis, and here many horses were watered." (P. 227.)

" It has been stated that the Cavalry was short of water. This may have been the case with the Imperial Mounted Division, though there were pools in the wadys near Beit Durdis, where Anzac Division H.Q. and some other troops had already watered. As regards the Anzac Mounted Division, however, apart from the pools already mentioned, the large pond on the northern outskirts of Gaza was in their hands, and the horses of both the 2nd A.L.H. Brigade and the N.Z. M. R. Brigade were already watering there."

In dealing with the watering facilities enjoyed by the Imperial Mounted Division during the First Battle of Gaza, we may refer to Colonel Viscount Cobham's description† of this so-called waterless country :—" 9 a.m. . . the Imperial Mounted Division headed off N.E. towards Huj over country resembling the Sussex Downs, wide and open, covered with close cropped turf and intersected here and there by water-courses still holding pools of clear water from the late winter rains. The horses got more and better water than had been available for them for many months. . . Water was plentiful everywhere, and the casualties suffered by the Brigade (5th Mounted) were trifling."

According to the Official History of the War, the 6th Mounted Brigade watered their horses in the afternoon near Beit Durdis.

The 3rd A.L.H. Brigade, which during the day had been loaned to the Anzac Mounted Division, returned at sunset to its own Division near Beit Durdis where water was available.

*Operations of the Mounted Troops of the E.E.F. Phase II, by Lt.-Col. J. G. Browne, C.M.G., D.S.O., 14th King's Hussars and Lt.-Col. W. J. Foster, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., G.S.O. 2, Anzac Mtd. Div.

† The Yeomanry Cavalry of Worcestershire. 1914-22, by C. 1926. Pages 88 & 90.

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The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars had been detached from the 5th Mounted Brigade in order to co-operate with the 53rd Division (actually Moneys Detachment) on its sea flank south of Gaza. According to their Regimental History, they watered in the Wadi Ghuzze in the afternoon.

In view of these facts it is difficult to believe Colonel Kearsey's dictum that:—"Many of the horses of the Mounted Divisions had been without water for 36 hours, and this water had to be obtained either in Gaza or back in the Wadi Ghazze."

My own very vivid recollection of the country between Sihan (on the Gaza-Beersheba Road) and Beit Durdis was that of fresh green grass and little water-courses fringed with English-looking king-cups. I remember the whole regiment watering in one of these refreshing streams at midday. It was the month of March, and we had had rain as late as mid-February.

OSKAR TEICHMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Sir,—Recently, while collecting references to the work of Volunteer Cavalry Units during the Sepoy Revolt, my attention was drawn to the association of the 1st Bengal Native Infantry with Cawnpore. This regiment was known, after a Commanding Officer, as the "Gillis-ka-paltan" and, even to-day, a portion of the Cawnpore Bazaar close to the site of the old Infantry lines is known as "Gillis Bazaar."

The 1st Bengal Native Infantry was one of the regiments which mutined at Cawnpore and took part in the siege of Wheeler's entrenchments. Later, on the 21st September, 1857, at the battle of Mangalwar, the regimental colour of the 1st Bengal Native Infantry was captured by Sir Henry Havelock's Volunteer Cavalry in a decisive charge led by Sir James Outram and Captain Barrow.

Can any reader of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL say what became of the colour of the 1st Bengal Native Infantry captured on this occasion? Enquiries here, have, so far, failed to trace it.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. WATT,
Captain.
O./C. Cawnpore Squadron, United Provinces Horse.

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NOTES

"Cavalry Journal" Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the "Cavalry Journal" Committee was held in the Council Room of the Royal United Service Institution on 10th November, 1931.

Present: Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., LL.D. (in the Chair); General Sir G. de S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Lieut.-General The Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.; Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.; Major-General A. E. W. Harman, C.B., D.S.O.; Colonel W. Jelf, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Wing-Commander W. R. Read, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C.; Major T. Preston, M.C., T.D.; Major C. W. Norman.

The following extracts are taken from the proceedings:—

1. The Statement of Accounts for the year was examined and passed. The surplus of assets over liabilities on 31st October, was £829 18s. 8d, a decrease over the previous year of £49 17s. 1d., due, partly, to a slight falling off in the number of subscribers and partly to additions in the cost of publishing.
2. The printing contract for the ensuing three years was settled.
3. It was proposed by Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, and seconded by Major-General Harman, and carried unanimously, that a vote of thanks be accorded to Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Bowie, Royal Canadian Dragoons, for his services as Sub-Editor for Canada.
4. A vote of thanks to the following voluntary contributors to the journal was proposed by Major Norman, seconded by Major-General Pitman and carried unanimously.

Lieutenant-General the Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.
Major-General Sir Nevil Smyth, V.C., K.C.B.
Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.

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Major-General Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., A.V.S.
Major-General H. D. Giles, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major-General Cavalry, India.
Brigadier G. F. H. Brooke, D.S.O., M.C., Cavalry Brigade, Egypt.
Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.
Lieutenant-Colonel F. K. Hardy, D.S.O., Army Vocational Training Centre, Hounslow.
Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Leslie, R.A., Editor, Journal of Society for Army Historical Research.
Major W. R. E. Harrison, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Artillery.
Major T. Preston, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry.
Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., T.D., M.C., R.A.M.C., T.A.
Major O. J. F. Fooks, 14th/20th Hussars. —
Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons.
Major B. H. D. Hurst, D.C.M., Army Vocational Training Centre, Aldershot.
Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.
Captain M. S. Bendle, Hodson's Horse, I.A.
The Editor, " Punch."
C. P. Beaven, " Bedford Gallery."
Geoffrey Brennan, Esq.
James Boyd, Esq.
Miss Mary C. Fair.
Messrs. Piloty and Loehle, Kunst-Und Verlagsanstalt, Munchen.

5. It was proposed by Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, seconded by General Sir George Barrow and carried unanimously, that a vote of thanks be accorded to Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby, for having kindly undertaken to preside at this meeting.

We regret to have to record the death, on 7th October, 1931, of Captain W. H. Muir, M.C., King's Dragoon Guards. This officer was born on the 21st September, 1895, and joined the King's Dragoon Guards in February, 1914. He took part in the Great War and in operations on the Indian Frontier in Afghanistan with his regiment in 1919. He was one of our most brilliant exponents of show jumping, and the following is a brief record of his show jumping achievements :—

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Won the "Inter-Allied Championship" jumping competition at Cologne, Germany, in 1924.

Member of the British team that won the "Inter-Allied" team jumping competition at Cologne, Germany, in 1924.

Won the "Inter-Allied Jumping Competition" at Cologne, Germany, in 1925.

Member of the team from the King's Dragoon Guards representing Great Britain that won the "International Team Jumping" at the Strasburg Horse Show in 1926.

Won the "Inter-Allied Championship" jumping competition at Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1926.

Won various Inter-Allied jumping competitions at Mainz and Cleve during 1924-1926.

Member of the British team at Olympia in the "Prince of Wales'" Cup in 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, and 1931. The team won this competition in 1928, 1929.

Member of the British team in the "Aga Khan" Cup in 1928 when they were second at the Dublin Horse Show, and won the prize for the best round that year.

Member of the British team that won the "Aga Khan" Cup in 1931, competing against eight nations at the Dublin Horse Show.

Won the "King's Cup" at the Royal Tournament, Olympia, in 1927.

Won the "Athlone Cup" at Ranelagh in 1927.

Won the "Duke of York" Cup at Richmond in 1928, 1929, 1930, and 1931, and the "Champion Cup" at Richmond in 1928.

Won the "Brooks Bryce Cup" at Olympia in 1928.

Won the "Coronation Cup" at Richmond in 1928.

His horse "Sea Count" which he rode this year is now aged 21 years, and derived its name in 1924 as under:—('Phone conversation): "Hullo. Please accept the following entries in the jumping competition: Fiddler, Black. Maria, C-123." "Please repeat the last name; I did not catch it." "C." "Yes." "Count one, two, three." "Right, I have got it." When the card was printed C-123 was shown as Sea Count.

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Yeomanry Officers in Parliament.

We give below a list showing the serving yeomanry officers in the present House of Commons. All are National Conservatives; the officers marked * held the same seats in the previous Parliament, whilst the others were gains from other parties.

Regiment.	Member.	Constituency.
Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry	2nd Lieut. Viscount Weymouth	Wilts, Frome
Yorkshire Hussars	*Major T. L. Dugdale	Yorks, North Riding, Richmond
Yorkshire Hussars	Capt. E. T. T. North	Warwickshire, Nuneaton
Nottinghamshire Yeomanry (Sherwood Rangers)	*Major O. Peake	Leeds, Central
Nottinghamshire Yeomanry (Sherwood Rangers)	*Major the Marquess of Titchfield	Notts, Newark
Staffordshire Yeomanry	Major Viscount Ednam, M.C.	Wednesbury
Shropshire Yeomanry	Lieut. A. C. Crossley	Oldham
Ayrshire Yeomanry	Major C. D. MacAndrew, T.D.	Glasgow, Partick
Ayrshire Yeomanry	Capt. J. O. MacAndrew	Ayrshire, South
Yorkshire Dragoons	Capt. L. R. Lumley	York
Leicestershire Yeomanry	2nd Lieut. Viscount Borodale	Peckham
Leicestershire Yeomanry	2nd Lieut. L. Kimball	Loughborough
Lanarkshire Yeomanry	Capt. Lord A. F. Dunglass	Lanark

Note.

Owing to doubt having been expressed as to the extent to which serving officers or soldiers may contribute articles to the Cavalry Journal, it is notified for general information that the Cavalry Journal is issued with the sanction of the Army Council. Officers and soldiers are, consequently, encouraged to submit papers for publication, especially those dealing with modern thought on cavalry subjects, on the understanding that the Editor will obtain from the War Office the necessary permission for publication. A statement should be enclosed from the

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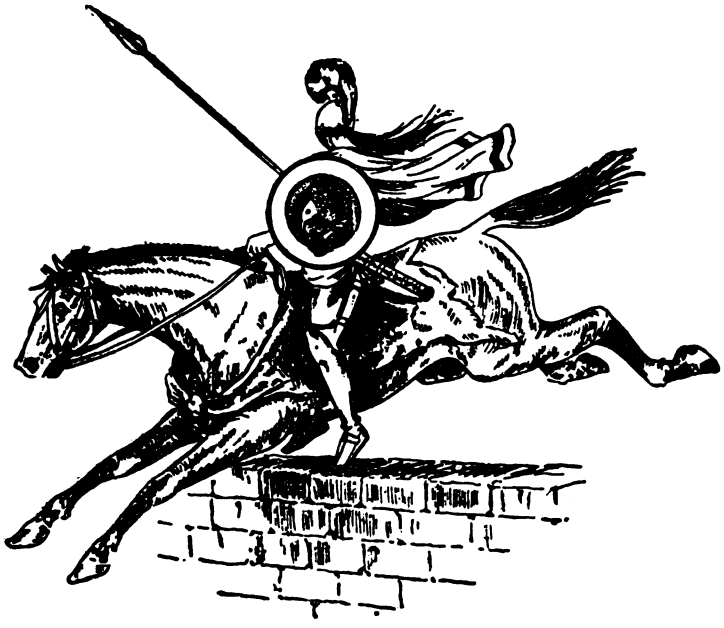
authority (if any) under whom the applicant is immediately serving that such authority has no objection to permission being applied for.

IMPORTANT.

The Staff of the JOURNAL is limited, and it is therefore necessary for all officers who obtain the JOURNAL direct from the Managing Editor to report any alteration of rank or address immediately, as it is quite impossible to follow up the stations of individual officers; every effort will, however, be made to trace the movements of regiments.



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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

"The Army Quarterly" for October includes, in addition to a number of historical articles ranging in date from the War of the Spanish Succession, through the Crimea and the American Civil War to the Great War, a flattering paper by an anonymous infantry officer pleading for a greater infusion of the "cavalry spirit" into the leadership and training of his own arm. "This, a very necessary correction to the slow thinking too often engendered by slow movement and resulting in slow action or complete inaction," he believes can be acquired only by possession of a horse, and doing the things one can do with a horse; and nothing, he avers, in this connection, "takes the place of the horse." Another lively anonymous article (whose writer, if we mistake not, is no less a person than General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston) deals on general lines with "Success and How to Achieve It," and manages to say something new, as well as true, on this most vital yet most trite of subjects. Other interesting papers deal with this year's air exercises, disarmament, and overseas settlement from the point of view of an officer in the New Zealand Territorial Force.

"The Fighting Forces" has as its chief features a lengthy article, with admirable maps, by Captain Burne on the battle of Rossignol in August, 1914; a discussion by the editor of the leadership and control of the Fifth Army in March, 1918, based on the recent publication in instalment form of General Gough's memoirs; a letter reviewing the possibilities of the Indian Army as a career; and a brief account of the Soviet army, which the writer considers to be so large and expensive as to be a hindrance to Russia's economic recovery and a menace to her neighbours unjustified by anything in the present political situation. The rest of the number comprises shorter articles and stories, and the usual regular features.

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The bulk of the "Royal Artillery Journal" is of indirect interest only for general readers, who are, however, catered for in the narrative by General de Pree of the achievements of the 38th Welsh Division in the victorious British advance in France in the autumn of 1918, and in an article "More Logic" by Major W. R. E. Harrison, giving the writer's ideas as to the organization and use of field artillery in a future mechanized war, and presented in the form of a well written and exciting imaginary narration.

"The R.E. Journal" contains besides some highly technical papers, an article by Major Kirby and Captain Kennedy on the evolution of the attack, the conclusion of which is that the secret of victory in the future will be found in the combination of tanks to drive home the assault, and smoke to enable them to close with the defenders. Colonel Allan pleads for greater emphasis on tactics in theoretical military training, and Captain Shortt gives some valuable practical hints to those desiring, or detailed, to give lectures.

The greater part of the "Journal of the Army Historical Research Society" is taken up with the continuation of Lieut. Lang's Mutiny diary, covering the evacuation of Lucknow after Sir Colin Campbell's first relief and the second battle of Cawnpore; a brief sketch of the reorganization of the infantry of the line in 1881; and a resume of the drill book of the Goodwood troop of Yeomanry Artillery, which had a brief existence from 1817 to 1825.

"The Royal Air Force Journal" contains two prize essays, one by Flight-Lieutenant Bladin on the improvement of the mobility of air units, the other by Squadron-Leader Whitham on the importance to the army of night reconnaissance by air. The bulk of the contents are however of greater interest to R.A.F. than to general readers, though there is, as usual, something for the more frivolous-minded of the latter in the lighter sections of the periodical.

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The Calcutta Light Horse must have one of the oldest of regimental publications, for the "Annual Report" which is just to hand is the forty-fourth to be issued. It contains much matter of general as well as of regimental interest—lists showing the increase and decrease in the numbers of the Corps since it was formed in 1881, details of training, musketry results of the year, account of the work carried out in the annual camp, and also of all the various competitions of a military or sporting character in which officers and men of the Calcutta Light Horse have taken part. The editor has paid THE CAVALRY JOURNAL the compliment of printing in this number an article which that periodical published in April of last year on "The British Cavalry of the Honourable East India Company."

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following:—

The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps	Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1931.
The Strathconian	
Our Empire	Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1931.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal	Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1931.
The Eagle	Oct., 1931.
The Ypres Times	Oct., 1931.
The Journal of the Royal Artillery ...	Oct., 1931.
The XI Hussars Gazette	Sept., 1931.
The Fighting Forces	Oct., 1931.
The Wasps	Oct., 1931.
The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps	Nov., 1931.
The Journal of the United Service Institution of India	Oct., 1931.
The Canadian Defence Quarterly ...	Oct., 1931.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

The July-August number of the "United States Cavalry Journal" opens with a paper by Captain Wilson of the Artillery, entitled "With the Mechanized Force on Manœuvres," but it is unfortunately rather over-condensed and is consequently not specially illuminating. This issue, and that which follows it, contain, under the title of "Chasing the Transvaal Wolf," a very interesting account, by Lieut.-Colonel Edwards, of the operations of the Cavalry Division under General French, which began after the relief of Kimberley and ended at Paardeberg, "the Transvaal Wolf" being General Cronje, whom the author elsewhere rather unkindly describes as having "the appearance of a London Vestryman!" A short article called "North of Sixty-three" gives a highly interesting record of the very varied work of a small military detachment in the Yukon country during the gold rush of 1897-1900, years of such work as seldom falls to the lot of soldiers in any but newly-opened countries.

The September-October issue of this journal has a very instructive account of cavalry manœuvres held in May, 1931, on the Texas-New Mexico border, a most mountainous country and one lacking in good roads and deficient of any really adequate water supply. The main object of the manœuvres was to teach sound military lessons rather than to prove the superiority of any one arm over another; and exceptionally good use appears to have been made of the radio-telephone installations by means of which alone was communication established and maintained between the different columns working over an exceptionally wide front. Brigadier-General Hamilton has a very sensible and a very timely article stressing the limitations of the Mechanized Force, and some of his *dicta* may perhaps here usefully be quoted: "The Mechanized Force can never replace Cavalry on any terrain. It is undoubtedly a coming arm and must be developed, not as a replacement but as an additional

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force. . . There is an idea prevailing among some officers that the Mechanized Force is to be assigned cavalry missions in what is termed ordinary country, and cavalry kept for work in difficult country. This idea is very false and dangerous. The most important part of the Cavalry missions must be performed by the Cavalry in any campaign. The Mechanized Force will be able *in suitable terrain* to take over a few of the smaller or less important missions; but in any country whatever, whether suitable for Mechanized Force or not, the more important cavalry rôles must be undertaken by Cavalry. That this Cavalry can be strengthened and assisted materially by a mechanized force in suitable terrain is undoubted." The whole article is well worth study. Another valuable paper deals with "The Tactics of Bush Warfare," by Major Peard, culled from personal experiences of such operations in the northern area of Nicaragua in the winter of 1927-28.

"The Revue de Cavalerie" for July-August of this year contains a very detailed and well-mapped account of the manœuvres in which the 3rd Division of French Cavalry took part in September, 1930. The operations are described in diary form, and the general conclusions arrived at are briefly as follows: the urgent need for increasing the number of guns with a cavalry division, the present proportion being altogether insufficient; the necessity for adding to the strength of the mechanized bodies accompanying the division; and to make the supply arrangements for the mounted troops dependent upon mechanized vehicles only. The co-ordination of the various arms in the fire action has been found to cause delay and steps must in the future be taken to reduce this to the utmost, and with this end in view the initiative of subordinate commanders of the various arms must be encouraged. It is especially urged that one of the main objects of all manœuvres is the "evolution of commanders" and not alone the higher training of the troops. Chef d'Escadrons Trémeau continues in this number his paper on Modern Cavalry when moving forward to engage an enemy. His conclusions appear to be in general agreement with those of the other writer mentioned above, but he is of opinion that the

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cavalry arm has already added to its capacity for manœuvre and its fighting value by the many efforts at re-organization which of late years have been put forward. In this number, and in that which follows, the management of the "Revue" provide interesting illustrated accounts of two more of the older cavalry regiments of the French Army—the 2nd Hussars (Chamborant) and the 3rd Hussars (Esterhazy).

The September-October number of this journal includes in its opening pages an article which should be read, though probably many who do so will not be in absolute agreement with the views expressed on Cavalry by Chef d'Escadrons Brenet; and the management is at pains to introduce it with the remark that it must be taken as containing the personal views and theories of the author alone. The writer is in favour, apparently, of the evolution of a cavalry which he ingeniously describes as "hippomobile." Perhaps the most interesting paper in this number is one on the German Cavalry of to-day, and the writer makes the rather significant opening remark that while the total strength of the German Army is by Treaty limited to 100,000 men, it contains a particularly high proportion of cavalry—there are three cavalry divisions against only seven infantry divisions. The organisation and training of the divisions and smaller units is minutely described, and, from quotations given from the works of German military writers, it may be realized how much is being done, Treaty limitations being what they are, to encourage in the younger generation the "Cavalry spirit."

"The Militär Wochenblatt," dated the 4th October, 1930, contains a truly remarkable account of the improvisation of cavalry during the Russo-Polish operations of 1920. The rank and file consisted of reservists and recruits, and the latter were expected to learn to ride during the march to meet the foe; the saddles came from France and many of them were of Mexican pattern; the swords were of a very varied assortment, some curved like an Indian *tulwar* and sharpened on both sides; some of the ammunition served out did not fit the firearms in use, and yet much of the work of the opposing cavalry is said to have been a pistol or rifle warfare, in both cases conducted from the saddle.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"The History of the Royal Artillery from the Indian Mutiny to the Great War." Volume I: 1860-1899. By Major-General Sir Charles Callwell and Major-General Sir John Headlam. (Royal Artillery Institution, Woolwich.) 15s.

The numbering of this volume is in a measure confusing to the casual reader, since it is of course a continuation of the History of the Regiment, of which Volumes I and II, recording the life of the Royal Artillery from its beginnings up to Waterloo, were written by Colonel Duncan; then followed an unnumbered volume by Colonel Hime, bringing the record up to 1853; and this again was succeeded by two separate books written by Colonel Jocelyn, which dealt respectively with the share of the Regiment in the Crimean War and in the Indian Mutiny Campaign. Since none of these post-time works has any consecutive number, the volume now under review being numbered No. 1, presumably marks an entirely fresh series.

When this further instalment of the History of the Regiment was originally designed, it was intended that each of the authors whose names appear on the title page should be responsible for the preparation of equal portions; this arrangement was almost at once revised; while the death of General Callwell caused a further alteration in the initial design of the book. The present volume, therefore, deals purely with armament, organization and training, and in the writing of the two first portions General Callwell appears to have had the larger share, while General Headlam is mainly responsible for the last. The campaigns which occurred in the period 1860 to 1899 are considered by the authors to have exercised but a minor influence on the development of the artillery arm, and their story will therefore be told in a volume which is to follow and which is expected to be

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ready shortly; Volumes III and IV of this series will embrace the period 1899-1914, and are designed on similar lines to the first two.

The years covered by this Volume I were years of the very greatest importance in the History of the Royal Artillery; when this period opened the Regiment was armed with smooth-bore guns, the instructions of those days were practically wholly concerned with drill, the ranges were altogether inadequate, and the allowance of live ammunition was ridiculously small, while that of "blank" was generous indeed. At the opening of the period covered in the volume, the Royal Artillery was greatly occupied in absorbing the artillery of the armies of the Indian Presidencies; and though it was as early as 1859 that rifled breech-loading guns were taken into use for the Horse and Field Artillery, it was the study of the work of the artillery in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 which really led to the adoption of modern methods of organization and armament..

The part of the book which deals with "Organization" provides something of a revelation—there was everlasting change, and not always for the best.

The whole volume is admirably compiled and does not contain one single unnecessary sentence. Moreover, while the matter herein is largely of a "specialized" nature and might reasonably be regarded as of comparatively little interest outside the Regiment itself, it will most certainly be found both instructive and attractive to readers of the other arms of the Service; and the Cavalry Soldier and Kipling's "Perished Linesman" will equally discover very much that will amply repay their perusal, in these really very absorbing chapters on the organization, armament and training of the sister arm.

"Rifleman and Hussar." By Colonel Sir P. Marling, Bt., V.C. (Murray.) 18s.

In these cheerful and light-hearted memoirs Colonel Marling tells of his varied life from the days of his first boyhood, seventy years ago down to the present year. His military service, first in the 60th K.R.R.C. and then in the Mounted

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Infantry, and finally in the 18th Hussars, ranges from the First Boer War of 1881 down to the Great War, where he was on the staff of the Indian Corps in France in 1914. The tale of his experiences, including his winning of the V.C. at Tamai for rescuing a wounded private from under the Dervish spears, is told with modesty and frankness, and with a zest which seems to reflect something of the writers own enjoyment of what he himself calls "a rare good life." Readers will enjoy his many humourous stories of great (and little) men of the past, and the many sidelights on a way of life now gone never to return, even if some of us are unable to repress a sigh of regret for the vanishing of those more leisurely and opulent days.

"At G.H.Q." By Brig.-Gen. J. Charteris. (Cassell.) 12s. 6d.

The author of this diary, who has already published a life of Lord Haig, was with his chief from the time of the first landing of the B.E.F. in France in August, 1914, when Haig commanded the I. Corps, to within a few weeks of the signing of the armistice; and the close friendship, as well as the official connection, between them enables the author to throw most valuable and interesting sidelights on the war in the West and on Haig's view of it. Many interesting things are brought out in these very frank pages—the growing dissatisfaction with French's leadership, culminating in the unhappy dispute about the misuse of the reserves at Loos; the general and, to judge from his own diaries, not undeserved mistrust felt by all at G.H.Q. for Sir Henry Wilson; Haig's reliance on and liking for Asquith, and his repulsion and distrust for his successor in the Premiership; and the disappointment felt at the disasters following on the appointment of Foch to supreme command. Lord Haig himself appears in this diary as the soul of honour and reliability, but reticent, inarticulate, uninspiring, almost repellant, save to those, such as the writer, who knew him well. The book, besides being eminently readable, and at times exciting, is a most valuable footnote to history, and none interested in the inner history of the Great War can afford to neglect it.

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"Lectures on F.S.R. II." By Major-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller. (Sifton Praed.) 7s. 6d.

This book consists of a series of lectures delivered by General Fuller to the officers of his brigade for the purpose of "explaining" the "extremely dull" official manual; but the author has not refrained from criticism in places, with the purpose not of belittling F.S.R., but of assisting those who will some day have to re-write it. A perusal of the book will probably leave the critical parts more vividly in the reader's mind than the explanatory ones; but the book is full of instruction as well as interest and should certainly help to encourage what the author believes to be "our chief requirement to-day—an open and flexible mind." General Fuller takes each chapter of the manual in turn and deals with it with the aid of a series of diagrams, and a considerable wealth of illustrative comment drawn from history. It seems a pity that in these days of cuts in pay and fall in the value of money one should be asked for the considerable sum of 7s. 6d. for a volume of less than 170 pages.

"Foch: The Man of Orleans." By Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) 21s.

To write the life of a great soldier within three years of his death is a venturesome undertaking; but few of Capt. Liddell Hart's readers will quarrel with him for having ventured, for this is a book which shows the author at his very good best and gives us a picture of the great Marshal which later writers may be able to supplement, but hardly to replace. Of all the authorities whom he lists in his bibliography, Capt. Liddell Hart is the first to give us a true, full and rounded portrait of his hero, whom he presents to us sympathetically and completely, as soldier and as man. He is no blind admirer, but his admiration is none the less wholehearted for being critical. In his view Foch was rather a co-ordinator than a commander of genius; his periods of command in the first few weeks of the war, in Artois in 1915, and on the Somme in 1916, were not strikingly successful or fortunate; but at directing the joint efforts of France and her allies in October, 1914, and in the last year of the war, he

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showed a genius all his own, and rendered transcendent services to the Allied cause, which without him could not have triumphed and must have suffered defeat. His powers were those of the mind and the soul; he was *par excellence* the believer in and exponent of the value of moral, of faith in a cause, and of indomitable courage and resolution. History will hardly, when she has shed the prejudices born of the Great War, see in him the equal of the immortals, of Marlborough or of Napoleon; but she will hail him as the man who did more than any other individual to win the greatest of all wars, in the greatest military post of all; and that is service enough, and fame enough. For those who wish to understand what Foch was and appreciate what he did, Capt. Liddell Hart's book—which, if we except its title, in the choice of which the journalist seems to have run away with the biographer and one or two place names present in the text but absent from the maps—is marvellously faultless, will afford them all that they need, and in addition an abundance of fascinating and delightful reading.

"The Elements of Imperial Defence." By A. G. Boycott. (Gale and Polden.) 12s. 6d.

In this up-to-date and very useful text book the author covers all the ground necessary for a clear comprehension of Imperial problems of organization and defence. The story of the growth of the Empire is briefly told; its political and defence systems are outlined; its material resources are tabulated; the various Dominions and Colonies composing it have each their section or chapter; and communications by sea, air, cable and wireless are described. There are useful bibliographical aids to further study, and a lavish equipment of maps. The promotion examination and Staff College aspirant can hardly afford to dispense with a close study of Mr. Boycott's pages; and every soldier and every citizen will find within them much that is new to him, and much of importance and value. We prophesy a considerable and consistent demand for the work which really fulfils a need.

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"Horse Studies" is the 5th of a series published by The Studio, Ltd. It has a foreword by Martin Freeman who tells us, "With Landseer came the climax of animal painting in general and horse painting in particular. Not only is the horse painted in a convincingly realistic manner but it is endowed, one might say, with a soul." After reading, it is not surprising to find that the picture on the cover is entitled "The Good Companions," and in fact one wonders whether one has not dipped into a volume intended as a Christmas gift book for children. The pictures are quite well reproduced, but a book entitled "Horse Studies" ought certainly to include some work by Lionel Edwards and A. V. Munnings.

Every year at about this time there appears a crop of "gift books"; their appearance is as regular as the daffodil in Spring, and among them there is always the volume of sporting verses appropriately illustrated. Although "Tally Ho Back," by Rancher, illustrated by Lionel Edwards (Country Life, Ltd., 21s.), is one of these, it is in a class by itself. The illustrations are in black and white and they lose nothing by this, for delightful though Mr. Edwards' colour is, its absence makes form, composition, drawing and values the more important, and we find that the artist can give us the finest shades of atmosphere with his charcoal as well as superb drawings of the horse. "The Unhurried Plough" is a perfectly beautiful picture, and suggests vividly wind, stormy sky, and shafts of sunlight through clouds. The hound puppies and the farm convey as perfectly the "heat haze shimmering." It might be said that the verses are good illustrations of the pictures, for they would hardly stand alone, whereas the pictures published alone would still be a valuable possession. However, they are good of their kind and better than most.

"Deck Cargo" is a break in the succession of purely sporting verse—and there are two other characteristics which distinguish this volume from the hardy annual sporting gift book. One is the excellent studies of the fox, the other the pervading spirit of

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the English countryside. The appeal is not solely to the sporting spirit—any lover of the English country would enjoy this book whether he were a sportsman or not, as long as, of course, he were not definitely a disciple of Stephen Coleridge. We have never seen a book which could make us so acutely but so exquisitely homesick.

"Penny Farthing," by Richard Ball, with pencil drawings by G. A. Armour (Country Life, Ltd., 10s. 6d. net), is a story of racing, but it is pleasant light reading for anyone who has a mild curiosity about the human race and other people's ways of living. The story is well written and mercifully devoid of the painful heartiness, long-winded descriptions and heavy humour of others of its kind. The illustrations are delightful and typical of the artist, the horses are seriously drawn and the figures good caricatures. We follow the fortunes of the colt Penny Farthing from foalhood to racecourse. The author is wise enough to leave him young and full of promise and allows us to complete in imagination the later stages of what will clearly be a glorious career. The love interest is of the slightest, and the stock figures of the racing novel are satisfactorily absent. From beginning to end the book is as quietly enjoyable as September sunshine. Certainly the picture is painted in glorious colours. The characters connected with the stud farm and the racing stable, the dealers and the owners, are all charming people. It begins in the dignified atmosphere of a Georgian mansion—the paddocks and spreading beech trees. Anything connected with racing that is crooked or sordid is left out of the story. It is a little difficult not to feel that Sir Hubert was not misleading the friend who asked to be told "something about racing," and who innocently inquired "whether it was safe." Sir Hubert replied that "it's a business first and foremost . . . it gives a great deal of employment . . . it gives an opportunity for a lot of fellows to exercise their brains . . . it keeps a lot of money in circulation . . . its got—even nowadays—a basic principle behind it, the improvement of the horse." Even if

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this is all true, when the question is asked "can you make a profit on it" the answer is "if the luck is on your side and you've got the brains . . . of course there's an *element of gambling* but in the main it's a business and big business at that." The italics are ours. Anyone who keeps a shelf for first-class light reading should certainly acquire this book.

"Horse Training: Out-Door and High School." By Captain E. Beudant. Published by Charles Scribner's & Son. Price 10s.

This book is very different from the many publications on horse-training which have appeared in recent years. It is not a book for the novice, but, for those who are studying the higher education of horses it is full of interest from start to finish.

Captain Beudant has studied all the best masters of the art of horse training, and quoting freely from the works of experts he gives his own views on their respective theories. For example, "The reasoned training of a horse is a mental gymnastic, a character building for the rider, that no theoretical instruction can replace. It teaches him firmness, kindness, and patience, and greatly develops his judgment and powers of observation. In training a horse a man also trains himself, and this training he will find useful in the various walks of life. I know of no more useful complement of education than training a horse." The illustrations throughout the book are excellent, especially those which exemplify the author's theories on jumping that a horse must be given complete freedom in using his head and neck to the maximum.

The chapter on jumping is summed up by the author as follows: "The main factor in man and horse is 'nerve.' Often in our dreams we fly over enormous fences, but in hunting when we come to a solid fence, no more than a meter high, our horse stops or runs out. Why? We have not the will to jump—our hearts remain on the near side."

T. T. P.

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The following have also been received, and will be reviewed in the next issue of the Journal :—

"Boxing. A Guide to Modern Methods." 50 Illustrations. By Viscount Knebworth. (Seeley Service & Co.) 12s. 6d.

"Leaves from a Bookmaker's Book." By T. H. Dey. (Hutchinson & Co.) 6s.

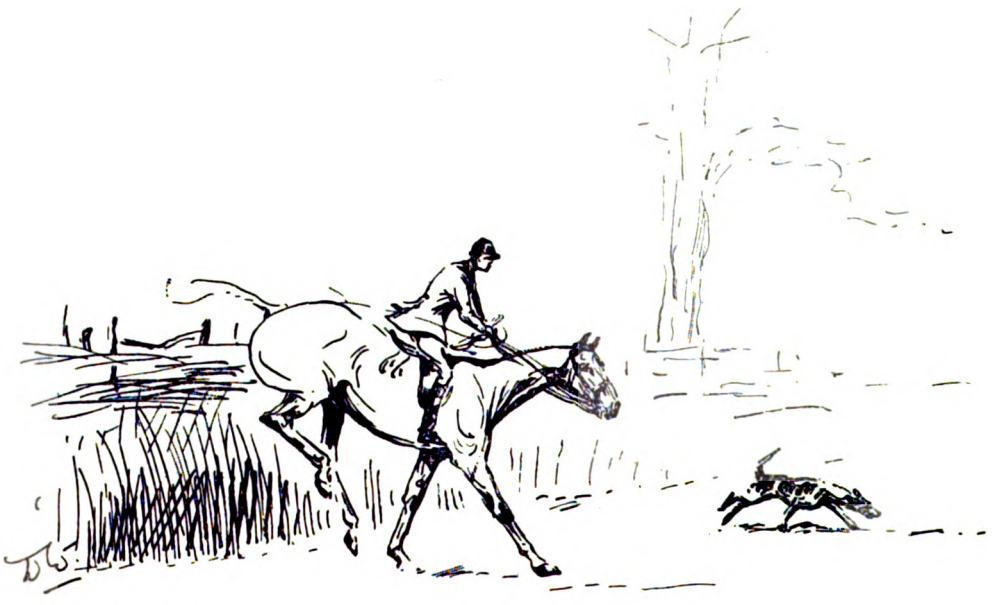
"Following the Drum." By Right Hon. Sir John Fortescue. (Blackwood & Co.) 8s. 6d.

"Six British Battles." By Hilaire Belloc. (Arrowsmith & Co.) 12s. 6d.

"Napoleon of the Snow." By Major-General Sir John Adye. (Nash & Grayson.) 21s.

"British Artists and the War." By John Rothenstein. (Peter Davies.) 10s. 6d.

"The 5th Army." By General Sir H. Gough. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 25s.



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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

REVIEW OF THE QUETTA POLO SEASON, 1931.

THE season lasts from the end of March to the beginning of September. At the commencement of the season the grounds were in exceptionally good condition, but suffered severely as the result of a complete drought. Though there were fewer players than last year, it was possible to raise about 15 chakkars, three days a week, and to fit in five tournaments. Of these tournaments, the Cadet College, limited to teams of a total handicap of 6, is the first and is played at the end of May. In order to encourage beginners and players with only one pony, teams may consist of six players, though only four are allowed on the ground at the same time. Nine teams entered and some very keen polo was witnessed. The Scinde Horse "A" team won, defeating their "B" team in a fast game in the first round; the 13th Lancers, in the second round, before the losers had found their form, the 24th Mountain Brigade in the third round and the Staff College "B" team in the final. This was the best game of the tournament as the Staff College held them till the last chakkar, when the Scinde Horse ran away to score 4 goals in the last half of the chakkar. In the subsidiary tournament the 13th Lancers won easily, having found their form.

The second tournament played was the Novices tournament for teams of a total handicap of 4 with no player of a handicap of more than 1 allowed to play. The Cup was presented by the Quetta Race Club to encourage beginners. Five teams entered and in view of the low handicap of the teams the polo was keen and of a high order, some of the hitting being very good. The Scinde Horse with a team of a total handicap of 1 played well together and won comfortably. The best game of the tournament was between the Rapscallions and the Staff College, which was won by the former after a fast game. The winners were a scratch side with a handicap of 1, but played really well, their hitting being clean and accurate. In the final they were outplayed by the Scinde Horse, who were a better mounted team. Nixon, Cahusac, Byrne, Cavendish, Crawford and Hakewell Smith were the best players in the tournament.

Owing to a lack of entries, the Six Chakkar Open Tournament was reduced to a match between the Scinde Horse and the Staff College. The match, however, was full of excitement up to the "halt." The Scinde Horse with a team of a handicap of 7 defeated the Staff College team with a handicap of 17 by one goal after the "G" had sounded at the end of the sixth chakkar.

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The game was level throughout. In the first chakkar the Staff College lost several easy opportunities of scoring. In the second the Scinde Horse more than held their own. The score at half time was level. In the 4th chakkar the Staff College scored twice quickly, but the Scinde Horse responded and again brought the scores level. Ten seconds from time the Staff College were leading by 6—5, when a foul was awarded against them, the Scinde Horse scoring as the result of a scrimmage in front of the goal. A magnificent meet by Benwell in front of the Scinde Horse goal sent Nixon away, but he was ridden off before the final shot, which was put through cleanly by Benwell, bringing a fast and thrilling game to a close. The Scinde Horse were the better mounted team, but this in no way detracts from their victory, as they played up magnificently against a team with a much higher handicap and never once lost heart even when the run of the play was against them and they are to be congratulated on an excellent win. For the losers, Harris was the only player to show his best form. The winners all played well, particularly Robinson and Benwell. The latter gave a really good display of hitting and quickness on the ball.

An extra Unlimited Tournament was held in conjunction with the Open to give players who were not playing in the latter a chance of another tournament and to maintain the interest in polo. There were five teams, so the tournament was played on the American system. The Staff College and the R.A. teams tied but the former won on the number of goals scored. The game between these two teams was fast and the hitting of the Staff College particularly good. Hakewell Smith scored some excellent goals from a long way out. This game decided the tournament as the gunners could not make up for the number of goals scored against them. A surprise was sprung by the Grasshoppers, who beat the Staff College on the third day by 2 goals. Cavendish played particularly well in this game.

The last tournament of the season was the Unlimited Handicap played at the end of August in conjunction with the Horse Show. Six teams entered. The Scinde Horse playing the same team as won the Open had a very easy passage into the final, beating the R.A. in the first round, and the I.A.S.C. in the semi-final.

On the other side of the draw, the Owls beat the 13th Lancers conceding them 5 goals by 6 goals to 5 after a close and exciting game. In the final the Scinde Horse receiving 5 goals on handicap beat the Owls by 8—4, after a somewhat sticky game. They did not show the form they had shown in the Open and had to fight hard to keep the Staff College team out. The Owls lost many opportunities of scoring, whilst the Scinde Horse scored 3 goals out of five shots.

The season was a thoroughly successful one and the improvement of the standard of polo was marked. The Scinde Horse are to be congratulated on a most successful season, having been unbeaten in the four tournaments they played. They are a very young team and with experience should give an excellent account of themselves in Northern India polo in the future.

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SPORTING NEWS—CANADA

Results of Merritt Challenge Cup Competition, 1931

Standing		*Total for Team*	*Average*
1.	4th Hussars	293	97.66
2.	17th D.Y.R.C.H., 1st Team	289½	96.50
3.	Princess Louise Dragoon Guards	287	95.66
4.	15th Canadian Light Horse, 1st Team	285¼	95.08
5.	14th Canadian Light Horse, 1st Team	279	93.00
6.	Governor General's Body Guard, 1st Team	273	91.00
7.	15th Canadian Light Horse, 2nd Team	270¾	90.25
8.	The Fort Garry Horse	266¾	88.91
9.	Governor-General's Body Guard, 2nd Team	264	88.00
10.	The Mississauga Horse	261	87.00
11.	17th D.Y.R.C.H., 2nd Team	238½	79.50
12.	1st Alberta Mounted Rifles	234	78.00
13.	1st Hussars, 2nd Team	220	73.33
14.	1st Hussars, 1st Team	219	73.00
15.	16th Canadian Light Horse	218½	72.83
16.	14th Canadian Light Horse, 2nd Team	*	*

* Disqualified for failing to complete event due to injury of one of the competitors.

Total points for each horse and rider—100, divided as follows :—

(*a*) 25 per cent. for conformation and quality ;
(*b*) 35 per cent. for manners and training ;
(*c*) 40 per cent. for performance over prescribed jumps.

	Unit	(*a*)	(*b*)	(*c*)	*Total*
1.	*4th Hussars, Prescott, Ont.*				
	Lieut. Reg. J. Brown	25	35	40	100
	2nd Lieut. S. S. Slinn	25	35	40	100
	2nd Lieut. R. E. Denison	25	28	40	93
					293
2.	*17th D.Y.R.C.H., Montreal, Que., 1st Team.*				
	Major H. W. Johnston	25	34	37½	96½
	Major S. A. Terroux	25	34	40	99
	2nd Lieut. V. N. Birks	22	32	40	94
					289½
3.	*The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Ottawa, Ont.*				
	Major J. D. Fraser	23	35	40	98
	Lieut. H. W. Allan	22	35	40	97
	2nd Lieut. T. G. Maybury	21	32	39	92
					287

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	Unit	(*a*)	(*b*)	(*c*)	*Total*
4.	*15th Canadian Light Horse, Calgary, Alta., 1st Team.*				
	Major P. P. Littlewood	25	29	39½	93½
	Major J. H. Beatty	25	33	39½	97½
	Capt. V. T. Bermejo	22	33	39½	94½
					285½
5.	*14th Canadian Light Horse, Shaunavon, Sask., 1st Team.*				
	Lieut. R. V. Greenlay..	25	35	36	96
	Lieut. J. D. Saunders	25	30	40	95
	2nd Lieut. J. H. Carson	25	25	38	88
					279
6.	*The Governor-General's Body Guard, Toronto, Ont. 1st Team.*				
	Lieut.-Colonel W. L. Rawlinson, M.C., V.D.	25	32	40	97
	Major A. J. Everett, M.C., V.D.	23	24	40	87
	2nd Lieut. W. N. Cleland	22	27	40	89
					273
7.	*15th Canadian Light Horse, Calgary, Alta., 2nd Team.*				
	Major J. F. Scott	22	32	38½	92½
	Lieut. J. Burton	22	29	40	91
	2nd Lieut. H. H. C. B. Hervey	19	29	39¼	87¼
					270¾
8.	*The Fort Garry Horse, Winnipeg, Man.*				
	Capt. J. S. McMahon	16	19	47¾	82¾
	2nd Lieut. G. E. Smith	20	22	49	91
	2nd Lieut. J. F. Bingham	22	23	48	93
					266¾
9.	*The Governor General's Body Guard, Toronto, 2nd Team.*				
	Major F. H. Wilkes	22	27	40	89
	Capt. A. G. Cameron	23	25	40	88
	Lieut. Hunter	20	27	40	87
					264
10.	*The Mississauga Horse, Toronto, Ont.*				
	Lieut. E. S. Crease, M.M.	25	35	40	100
	2nd Lieut. R. L. Hunter	21	23	40	84
	2nd Lieut. P. J. Higgins	18	19	40	77
					261

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	Unit	(*a*)	(*b*)	(*c*)	*Total*
11.	*17th D.Y.R.C.H., Montreal, Que., 2nd Team.*				
	Major H. E. R. Steele, M.C.	22	33	0	55
	Lieut. N. G. Gill	23	32	40	95
	Lieut. A. M. Fordyce	21	30	37½	88½
					238½
12.	*1st Alberta Mounted Rifles, Vegreville, Alta.*				
	Lieut. J. H. Kennedy	16	24	38¼	78¼
	2nd Lieut. R. A. Crouch	19	27	39½	85½
	2nd Lieut. R. Stanton	15	25	30¼	70¼
					234
13.	*1st Hussars, London, Ont., 2nd Team.*				
	Major W. D. Emery	16	19	38	73
	Capt. J. M. Dickinson	21	17	38	76
	Capt. N. B. Emery	13	18	40	71
					220
14.	*1st Hussars, London, Ont., 1st Team.*				
	Major T. Sanderson	14	18	40	72
	Capt. N. B. Emery	10	20	40	70
	Lieut. D. E. McEwan	19	18	40	77
					219
15.	*16th Canadian Light Horse, Yorkton, Sask.*				
	Capt. C. C. Newman		No		53
	Lieut. H. W. Sperling		details		86
	2nd Lieut. F. Harris		given.		79½
					218½
16.	*14th Canadian Light Horse, Shaunavon, Sask., 2nd Team.*				
	Capt. J. H. Sharpe		No		
	Lieut. A. B. Menelly		details		*
	Lieut. J. C. Beveridge		given.		

* Disqualified for failing to complete event due to injury to one of the competitors.

The cup was presented for Annual Competition at the Annual General Meeting held 26th February, 1913, by the late Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Hamilton Merritt, G.G.B.G.

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1913. Won by G.G.B.G., 1st Team; No further competitions held until 1924.
1924. Won by P.L.D.G.; 2nd, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.; only two entries.
1925. Won by P.L.D.G.; only one entry.
1926. Won by P.L.D.G.; 2nd, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.; only two entries.
1927. Won by P.L.D.G. 1st Team; 2nd, P.L.D.G.; only two entries. There were no entries in 1928.
1929. Won by P.L.D.G.; fifteen entries.
1930. Won by 1st Hussars; eighteen entries; many new units.
1931. Won by 4th Hussars; sixteen entries; several new units.

SPORTING NEWS—AUSTRALIA

Australian Cavalry Competitions

Each year Australian Light Horse Regiments take part in competitions designed to test the efficiency of Troops.

One series of competitions is for Sabre Troops and one for Machine Gun Troops, the conditions for both being drawn up and published by Army Headquarters. The work carried out is intended to include the important phases of Cavalry Training.

Owing to the great distances, competitions covering the whole of Australia are rather difficult to judge, so the country is divided into two parts and separate contests are held in each part.

Sabre Troops in Queensland and New South Wales compete for the Prince of Wales' Cup, those in Victoria, South Australia, West Australia and Tasmania for the Hutton Trophy. The conditions are identical for each.

The Prince of Wales' Cup was presented in 1904 by His Majesty the King (then Prince of Wales), for the best Light Horse Troop in Australia in shooting and riding. After the war 1914-18, swordsmanship was added, and since 1928, this Cup has been restricted to contests in 1st and 2nd Military Districts.

The Hutton Trophy was presented in 1904 by the late Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.M.G., C.B., who was then G.O.C. of the Australian Military Forces, for the best representative section of four men in riding and shooting from any one Squadron of Light Horse. In 1928 the Hutton Trophy was allotted for competition in 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Military Districts under conditions similar to the Prince of Wales' Cup.

Machine Gun Troops compete for two cups presented in 1925 by Lord Forster when Governor-General of Australia. One cup covers the same area as the Prince of Wales' Cup, and the other the Hutton Trophy area.

The competition was originally for the best turned out troop, but in 1929 conditions were altered to include tactical and weapon training, and it was restricted to Machine Gun Troops.

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In the Prince of Wales and Hutton Contests, Sabre Troops are timed over a course of one and a half miles, containing two jumps, and are required to occupy two fire positions from which Hotchkiss and Rifle Fire are applied to service targets. Two lines of sandbags near the end of the course provide a test of swordsmanship. Points are awarded for turn-out of men, type and turn-out of horse, drill, manœuvre, control, jumping, shooting, sword work and time for the completed performance.

In the Forster Cup Contests the course is one mile and contains one jump. Vickers Machine Gun and Rifle Fire are applied to targets but sword work is not included. Points are awarded on a similar plan to the Prince of Wales' Contest.

For both contests the courses must contain some form of defile to test the drill of the troop in decreasing and increasing its frontage.

Eliminating contests are held under Regimental arrangements, judging taking place either at the annual camp or by the permanent Adjutant when he goes round attending parades of each troop.

The Brigade Major then judges the representatives of each Regiment and decides on the winners of the Brigade Contest.

Judges for the final stages are appointed by Army Headquarters, and they visit each Brigade representative in turn and by a system of marking determine the winners. In West Australia and Tasmania, each of which have only one Regiment, their representative troops are allowed to compete in the final as if they were winners of a Brigade contest.

Results for the year 1930-31 are :—

QUEENSLAND. NEW SOUTH WALES.

Prince of Wales' Cup.

(1) No. 4 Troop, "A" Squadron, 11th/21st Light Horse, 4th Cavalry Brigade, Kangaroo Valley, N.S.W.
(2) No. 4 Troop, "A" Squadron, 12th Light Horse, 2nd Cavalry Brigade, Tenterfield, N.S.W.
(3) No. 3 Troop, "A" Squadron, 2nd/14th Light Horse, 1st Cavalry Brigade, Harrisville, Queensland.

VICTORIA. SOUTH AUSTRALIA. WEST AUSTRALIA. TASMANIA.

Hutton Trophy.

(1) No. 3 Troop, "A" Squadron, 13th Light Horse, 3rd Cavalry Brigade, Stratford, Victoria.
(2) No. 2 Troop, "A" Squadron, 3rd (T.M.I.) Light Horse, Scottsdale, Tasmania.
(3) No. 1 Troop, "A" Squadron, 10th Light Horse, Tambellup, West Australia.
(4) No. 1 Troop, "A" Squadron, 18th/23rd Light Horse, Adelaide, South Australia.
(5) No. 2 Troop, "A" Squadron, 17th/19th Light Horse, Cohuna, Victoria.

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QUEENSLAND. NEW SOUTH WALES.

Lord Forster Cup.

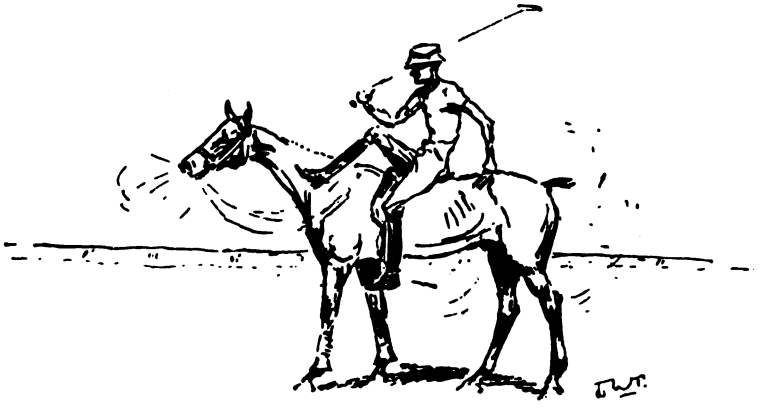
(1) No. 2 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 12th Light Horse, 2nd Cavalry Brigade, Armidale, N.S.W.
(2) No. 4 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 11th Light Horse, 1st Cavalry Brigade, Crow's Nest, Queensland.
(3) No. 1 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 7th Light Horse, 4th Cavalry Brigade, Goulburn, N.S.W.

VICTORIA. SOUTH AUSTRALIA. WEST AUSTRALIA. TASMANIA.

Lord Forster Cup.

(1) No. 2 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 17th/19th Light Horse, 5th Cavalry Brigade, Lockington, Victoria.
(2) No. 4 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 13th Light Horse, 3rd Cavalry Brigade, Moe, Victoria.
(3) No. 4 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 18th/23rd Light Horse, 6th Cavalry Brigade, Victor Harbour, South Australia.
(4) No. 3 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 10th Light Horse, Harvey, West Australia.
(5) No. 4 Troop, M.G. Squadron, 3rd (T.M.I.) Light Horse, Longford, Tasmania.

The practice of giving a trophy to the winners of Brigade eliminating contests is growing. As an instance, the Lord Lamington Shield presented by Lord Lamington in 1899, when Governor of Queensland, is awarded to the winner of the 1st Cavalry Brigade eliminating contest.



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A PICQUET, 1856

By the courtesy of Officer Commanding

8th King's Royal Irish Hussars

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

APRIL, 19[illegible]

EXPLOITS OF THE [illegible]

By J. [illegible]

"To [illegible] the regiment we [illegible] to is the first step in the great [illegible] soldier [illegible]. That such a [illegible] the VIII King's Royal [illegible] Hussars is well known to all who have the good fortune to be acquainted with its officers and men." The Rev. R. H. Murray, Litt. D.

Most of the pre-war Battle Honours of the Eighth Hussars were gained during the fifties. Miss Duberly in her "Journal kept during The Russian War," published in 1856, has given us a very realistic picture of the events in which the regiment during its stay in the Crimea took part. Henry Duberly, was Paymaster of the Eighth and the two [illegible] together throughout the war. One of the [illegible]

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A PICQUET [illegible]

[illegible]

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

APRIL, 1932

EXPLOITS OF THE EIGHTH HUSSARS

By J. Paine.

"To love the regiment we belong to is the first step in the growth of soldier-like duty. That such a love animates the VIII King's Royal Irish Hussars is well known to all who have the good fortune to be acquainted with its officers and men."—The Rev. R. H. Murray, Litt. D.

Most of the pre-war Battle Honours of the Eighth Hussars were gained during the 'fifties. Mrs. Duberly in her "Journal Kept During The Russian War," published in 1856, has given us some very realistic pen pictures of the every day life with the regiment during its stay in the Crimea. Her husband, Henry Duberly, was Paymaster of the Eighth, and the two soldiered together throughout the war. One of the illustrations

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accompanying an article by Sir John Fortescue on "The Crimean War in Photographs," published in "Country Life" five years ago, is a charming equestrian study of this "heroine of the Eighth," as a writer in "The Field" described her a dozen years ago. Being a good rider and keenly interested in everything pertaining to horses, she was not the hindrance that most women would have been to a cavalry regiment on active service. That the Paymaster was glad of her company can be taken for granted since, as will be seen later, he was not afraid to risk another campaign with her.

In the same year in which Mrs. Duberly's book appeared, an anonymous Eighth Hussar contributed to Colburn's United Service Magazine a graphic account of "The Charge of the British Cavalry at Balaclava." The article was penned "By One Who Was In It," and has since been reprinted in the History of the regiment and in the regimental journal. In so far as the Eighth Hussars was concerned, the Light Brigade charge was the most notable exploit of the Crimean campaign. The regiment, with the Fourth Light Dragoons, formed the second line, and Kinglake in a single sentence paid a great tribute to its gallantry when he remarked that "what constituted at last the main, though diminutive remnant of the first line, was extricated from the power of the enemy by Colonel Shewell of the Eighth Hussars." For many years Ireland was proud to keep green the memory of one of the officers who was killed in the charge, Lieutenant Viscount Fitzgibbon, but one may search Limerick now in vain for a sight of the once familiar statue of this officer since it was blown up and completely destroyed a few years ago. It was not an equestrian statue, but one would have liked to have seen a photograph of it in the History of the regiment.

Since the Balaclava literature has been rather overdone, particularly in regard to the Light Brigade charge, a few remarks must suffice concerning the books penned by members of the regiment who either rode with the Six Hundred or watched the affair from a point of comparative safety. Among the latter was Lieutenant the Hon. S. J. G. Calthorpe, who was relieved from duty with the Eighth on his appointment to the post of

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A.D.C. to his uncle, the much abused Lord Raglan. Possessing literary aptitude, Calthorpe decided to give the public a record of all that he had seen, plus a few things which he imagined he had seen. His book which was issued in two volumes, is almost as well known as Kinglake's work. Entitled "Letters from Headquarters: or the Realities of the War in the Crimea," by "An Officer of the Staff," it passed through several editions, the first being published in 1856, when Lord Cardigan was Inspector-General of Cavalry and Calthorpe still only a regimental officer. Certain passages in the volume gave offence to Cardigan, who, it was asserted, never entered the Russian battery. This reflection on the leadership of one who certainly led the charge, even though he may have got out of it rather hurriedly, resulted in 1863 in the famous libel case, Cardigan *v.* Calthorpe. The case was tried at Westminster Hall before the Lord Chief Justice and three judges, Lord Cardigan eventually winning the day. Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton summed up the whole proceedings in a nutshell two years ago in one of the chapters of his entertaining work, "Service Trials and Tragedies." The case is of particular interest since both Calthorpe and Cardigan had served in the Eighth Hussars.

Despite its flippant and incorrect title one must not omit "The Young Dragoon," by "One Who Has Served," published in 1866, since this is the story of the campaign as seen by one who served in the ranks. This little book was erroneously included among the books relating to the Second Dragoon Guards in one of Francis Edwards' pre-war military catalogues. The author, Frederick Trenchard, a farmer's son, tried to enlist in the Bays, but, not being tall enough, was advised to try the Hussars. He served with the Eighth for some time at Hounslow and other stations prior to embarking for the Crimea, where he rode in the celebrated Balaclava charge. The early chapters relating to his soldiering in the 'forties abound in good anecdotes. There is one for instance dealing with a scrap between the Hussars and the civilian police. In Trenchard's day this was not an uncommon event, and if the reader has been a soldier he will derive a certain amount of pleasure when reading of yarns relating to this sort of thing because the soldiers invari-

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ably got the best of it. One of the illustrations in this book depicts a very fresh member of the Eighth gracefully tipping one of these unwelcome constables into a pond. But when things went as far as this the troopers' victory was usually only of a temporary nature for the battered and sometimes bandaged constables would arrive at the barracks next morning with an official note from their chief addressed to the Commanding Officer demanding an identification parade. His lively reminiscences close with the battle of Balaclava, for the poor fellow was hacked about to such an extent in the Light Brigade charge that he had to be invalided home and was duly pronounced unfit for further service. The Balaclava blunder was brought into prominence a few years ago when Sir John Fortescue had something to say about it in the last volume of his monumental History and the matter cropped up again only last year when a new History appeared of the old friends of the Eighth, the Seventeenth Lancers. In a curious little volume now before the writer, entitled "Military Enterprise Illustrative of Heroism, Courage and Duty," there is a coloured illustration of Major De Salis of the Eighth leading a charger on which he had propped up a bandsman who had been wounded in the charge and stood a poor chance of getting back with the other survivors. It was this officer who wrote up the Crimean section of the "Regimental Records, 1693-1899," now in the possession of the regiment. The existence of these Records proved a boon when the full dress History came to be compiled, particularly the sections relating to the Crimean War, Indian Mutiny and Second Afghan War.

An outstanding exploit in the Indian Mutiny annals of the regiment is the gallant charge made by a squadron at Gwalior on the 17th June, 1858, when, with supporting artillery and infantry, it routed the enemy, charged through the rebel camp into two batteries and captured a couple of guns under heavy fire. An officer, a sergeant, a farrier and a trooper were selected by their comrades as suitable recipients for the Victoria Cross in recognition of this affair. The only other V.C. ever awarded to an Eighth Hussar was won three months later by Troop-Sergeant-Major Champion for distinguished bravery at Beeja-

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pore. In these stirring Mutiny days the regiment still had the same Paymaster that it had in the Crimea, and equally pleasant to note, he was accompanied once again by his devoted wife, the plucky Mrs. Duberly, who in a two-volume work published in 1859 recorded her "Campaigning Experiences in Rajpootana and Central India During the Suppression of the Mutiny, 1857-8."

The regiment lent a hand in the pursuit of Tantia Topee and Cornet D. M. Inge has recorded his experiences whilst engaged in that chase in "A Subaltern's Diary," published in 1894. Inge came to the Eighth in the year of the outbreak of the Mutiny after two years' service in the infantry. He was only with the regiment a short time, exchanging into another cavalry regiment in 1859, and finally retiring in the 'seventies after seventeen years' service as a subaltern. His book is extremely rare and was probably published privately. The present writer has endeavoured to obtain a copy, but without success. Neither the British Museum nor the War Office possess the book, nor will it be found in the mess of any of the regiments in which its author served. Like Trenchard's reminiscences, it is not mentioned in the History of the regiment. Another more or less forgotten volume worthy of mention is the "Standing Orders of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars," published in Dublin in 1872, a copy of which may be seen in the library of the Royal United Service Institution. There is by the way in the Museum of this institution a helmet worn by a trooper of the regiment in the early part of the last century; an old sabretache and shabraque of the Eighth; and several articles of a medical officer's uniform of 1812, the property in its day of none other than John Francis Smet, the surgeon of the Eighth mentioned in the first instalment of this article published in the last number of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

After serving in the Second Afghan War just over half a century ago, the regiment could point to quite a respectable list of Battle Honours: "Leswarree," "Hindoostan," "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Central India" and "Afghanistan, 1879-80." Though not relating to the regi-

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ment it is worthy of note that the entertaining book "Chances of Sports of Sorts" was written by Lieut.-Colonel T. A. St. Quinton, the Commanding Officer of the Eighth forty years ago. In due course the regiment came to emblazon another Honour on its Drum Banners—"South Africa, 1900-02." The part played by the regiment throughout this campaign has been told by Squadron-Sergeant-Major J. W. Morton, the Orderly Room Sergeant of the Eighth, in his "8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars, Diary of the South African War, 1900-1902," published at Aldershot in 1905. The British Museum does not possess a copy. Morton, who was mentioned in despatches, has simply given a day to day record written up something after the style of a ship's log but somewhat more interesting. That the book was compiled by one belonging to the ranks is of special interest since the Boer War Histories of all the other cavalry regiments (The Green Horse, The Royals, The Inniskillings, 9th Lancers and 18th Hussars) were written by commissioned officers. The account of the regiment's services in John Stirling's "Our Regiment in South Africa, 1899-1902," is almost too brief to be of any real interest. The names of those members of the Eighth who laid down their lives in the campaign are inscribed on a fine memorial in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, a photograph of which appears in Morton's book but not, one regrets to add, in the History of the regiment.

The publication in the "Dublin Daily Express" on the 1st of March, 1905, of an article, "Some Facts About The 8th K.R.I. Hussars," recalls several other monographs of the regiment, such as those in the well-known books by Walter Richards; Major J. H. Lawrence-Archer; and George Burges-Short and Henry Manners Chichester. The last mentioned officer also contributed the sketch of Robert Rollo Gillespie's career to the Dictionary of National Biography. In a series of splendid articles on the history of the regiment which appeared in the "Field" in 1919 information was asked as to the whereabouts of Gillespie's portrait and Sword of Honour. Unfortunately these contributions to that popular weekly came to an abrupt end in the following year when a few more instalments would have completed the last century.

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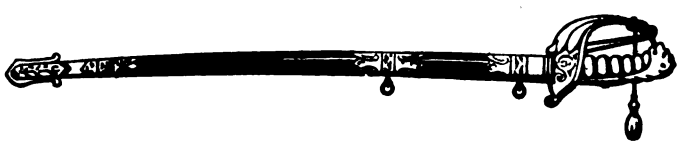
The regiment was on its fourth Indian tour when war was declared in 1914. Another little matter worth introducing perhaps is the fact that in the same year the Junior Unionist Whip in the House of Commons was an old Eighth Hussar. This was Lord Hindlip, who served in the Boer War and the Great War and who died last December. One of the chief exploits of the regiment in the late war was the action at Villers-Faucon during the German retreat to the Hindenburg Line in March, 1917. This was a mounted affair, and for that reason is remembered with pride by those who took part in it. The regiment's part throughout those long and weary years was a notable one, a fact commemorated on the Drum Banners by scrolls bearing the following Battle Honours: "Givenchy, 1914," "Somme, 1916-18," "Cambrai, 1917-18," "Bapaume, 1918," "Rosières," "Amiens," "Albert, 1918," "Beaurevoir," "Pursuit to Mons," and "France and Flanders, 1914-18." A post war venture on the part of the regiment was the publication in 1927 of the first number of the "Journal of the VIII King's Royal Irish Hussars." Like the regimental magazines of the Third and Fourth Hussars, this well got up journal only appears once a year. The rider of the Drum Horse is shown wearing three stripes in a photograph reproduced in the first number, but surely the Third Hussars is the only cavalry regiment entitled to a Sergeant Kettle Drummer? Last year's number of this regimental journal had some interesting extracts from a cavalry drill book of the eighteenth century; an account of how the V.C. was won in the Great War by an infantry subaltern who was formerly a Sergeant in the Eighth; and some attractive photographs of the regiment in the old-time dress worn at the 1930 Aldershot Tattoo.



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THE CAVALRY IN FRANCE, MARCH-APRIL, 1918

By MAJOR T. PRESTON, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars.

PART I.

"Without the assistance of mounted troops, skilfully handled and gallantly led, the enemy could scarcely have been prevented from breaking through the long and thinly held front. . . ."
—(Sir D. Haig's Despatch of 20th July, 1918, p. 202.)

"If British cavalry had seen no other service in the whole war, they would have been justified by their action in this battle."
—(Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Boraston, "Sir Douglas Haig's Command, 1915-1918," Vol. II, p. 114.)

"Throughout this time of terrible ordeal the cavalry rendered service of a value out of all proportion to their numbers . . . without them I am quite sure the retreat of March, 1918, would have been a débâcle and Germany would have won the war."
—(Major-General Seely, "Adventure," p. 298.)

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE CAVALRY CORPS.

Very shortly before the opening of the great German offensive of 21st March, 1918, the Cavalry Corps had been reduced from five divisions to three. This was due to a decision of the home authorities, some of whom had long considered that there would never be any scope for mounted troops in France and that, therefore, the supplying of so many horses with forage placed an unjustifiable strain on our shipping resources. The failure—through no fault of the cavalry—to carry out the full programme of the Cambrai offensive on 20th November, 1917, seemed to confirm this opinion.

Accordingly it was settled that the 4th and 5th Cavalry Divisions should be broken up[1] and that the Indian regiments of which they were mainly composed, should be sent to Palestine. These divisions, however, contained the Canadian Cavalry Brigade and four British regular regiments, which it was

[1] Later, two new divisions bearing these titles and comprising 13 Indian and 5 yeomanry regiments, were formed in Palestine.

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thought desirable to retain in France as cavalry. To make room for them, therefore, in the Cavalry Corps, it was decided that they should replace the Household Cavalry regiments (which would become Household Brigade machine gunners) and four yeomanry regiments (which would be converted into cyclist companies).[1] The effect of these substitutions was as under:

1st Cavalry Division (1st, 2nd, and 9th Cavalry Brigades):

Bedfordshire Yeomanry (in 9th Brigade) replaced by 8th Hussars; otherwise no change.

2nd Cavalry Division (3rd, 4th and 5th Cavalry Brigades):

No change.

3rd Cavalry Division:

6th Cavalry Brigade: North Somerset Yeomanry replaced by 10th Royal Hussars from 8th Brigade.

7th Cavalry Brigade: 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards and 7th M.G. Squadron, replaced by 7th Dragoon Guards, Inniskillings, 17th Lancers and 8th M.G. Squadron.

8th Cavalry Brigade[2] broken up and replaced by Canadian Cavalry Brigade.

This reorganization was not completed until March 10th, 1918, or only eleven days before the enemy offensive started. The new Order of Battle of the three cavalry divisions is given on page 182, but it should be understood firstly, that the Cavalry Corps never fought as a whole, but sent its divisions to other corps; and secondly, that the divisions, brigades and even regiments were very much split up, especially during the first few days of the battle.

Preliminary Dispositions.

The C. in C. having decided to allot the whole of the cavalry to the Fifth Army, the three cavalry divisions were, a few days before the 21st March, moved to the areas shown on Sketch 1, which were roughly twelve miles behind the front line as the crow flies. In detail, the locations were:—

[1] Early in March these regiments asked to be converted into machine gun battalions instead, which was agreed to; but before it could be carried out they were needed as reinforcements in the cavalry divisions.

[2] Containing the 10th Hussars, Leicester Yeomanry, Essex Yeomanry and 8th M.G. Squadron, with "G" Battery R.H.A.

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Cavalry Corps H.Q.—Villers Carbonnel.
1st Cavalry Division H.Q.—Flamicourt (Péronne).
1st Cavalry Brigade.—Mereaucourt.
2nd Cavalry Brigade.—Courcelles.
9th Cavalry Brigade.—Le Mesnil-Bruntel.
2nd Cavalry Division H.Q.—Quesmy. (In III Corps reserve.)
3rd and 4th Cavalry Brigades.—Grandru.
5th Cavalry Brigade.—Quesmy.
3rd Cavalry Division H.Q.—Athies.
6th Cavalry Brigade.—Devise.
7th Cavalry Brigade.—St. Christ.
Canadian Cavalry Brigade.—Ennemain.

Certain units were, however, detached from their brigades and were further forward when the battle opened: for example, nearly all the R.H.A. batteries had been allotted to infantry divisions and fought with them throughout; the 2nd Machine Gun Squadron (from the 2nd Cavalry Brigade) was at first with the 66th Division; whilst the 2nd Cavalry Division had a working party at Jussy.

* * * * *

The various detachments, mounted and dismounted, into which the cavalry were divided up, make a connected account of their doings very difficult. The story will be more easily understood if we first give the following summary of events of the battle:—

(1) The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions were first with the III Corps on the extreme right of the British line. Here they formed dismounted brigades—their horses being sent away to the rear—which fought entirely as infantry for four or five days.

On the morning of 23rd March, an improvised mounted force (Harman's Detachment) had to be formed from the "led horses" portion of these two divisions. This force acted in much the same area, where French reinforcements kept arriving after the evening of the 22nd. The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions were not re-united as mounted formations until 26th-27th March, having taken part, with British and French infantry, in a south-westerly retreat past Noyon.

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It is proposed to describe this stage of the battle first.

(2) At the same time, the 1st Cavalry Division was sent to the XIX Corps. It operated in country twenty miles or more north of the other two cavalry divisions, and took part in a westward retreat behind the Somme. On 24th March it went to the VII Corps, and operated for a week on both banks of the Somme, from Cappy, Carnoy and Montauban back to Warfusée-Abancourt and Hamel.

(3) On 29th-30th March the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions left the French area and marched north towards Amiens, which was now the dangerous point. They took part in heavy fighting south-east of that town on 31st March and 1st April.[1]

(4) The Germans made a final attempt to break through to Amiens near Villers-Bretonneux on 4th-6th April. Here the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades and several units of the 1st Cavalry Division were engaged, and the battle closed with all the three cavalry divisions more or less in the same neighbourhood.

21st March Sketches 1 & 2.

THE 2ND AND 3RD CAVALRY DIVISIONS WITH THE III CORPS.

Between noon and 2 p.m., the 3rd, 4th and 5th Dismounted Brigade Groups from the 2nd Cavalry Division were embussed at Grandru and Quesmy, and after a journey of nine or ten miles, arrived in the area south of Jussy to be attached to infantry divisions.

* * * * *

Before describing their doings, it may be as well to discuss the question of dismounted brigades generally, because the separation of so many cavalrymen from their horses during the first few days of the battle, undoubtedly had a considerable effect on the III Corps' operations. During the long period of trench warfare it had been the custom in the Cavalry Corps to form improvised dismounted divisions and brigades for duty in the line. A dismounted brigade usually comprised some 400 of all ranks; each of the three regiments in the brigade supplied its share, one regiment finding the lieutenant-colonel

[1] A full account of this phase was given in Major-General Pitman's "Operations of the Second Cavalry Division (with Canadian Cavalry Brigade attached) in the Defence of Amiens," CAVALRY JOURNAL, Oct., 1923 and Jan., 1924.

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to command the whole; there were also eight to twelve machine guns from the M.G. Squadron belonging to the brigade.

It is not known who gave the order to form dismounted brigades on the 21st March, but it soon turned out to be a grave mistake. The cavalrymen became involved in moving warfare and constant marching on foot for which their equipment was quite unsuitable, and the transport for their machine guns and ammunition was also inadequate, with the result that much of the latter had to be abandoned. Moreover, the course of the battle was such that mounted men were soon urgently needed both as mobile reserves to fill gaps in the line, and to collect information regarding the enemy and the location of our own units; yet it took some days to re-mount the dismounted brigades, partly because they were heavily engaged in the fighting, and partly because the horses had had to be moved several miles further back for safety.

The truth probably was that many of our higher commanders had no idea that the Germans would effect such a quick breakthrough into the open country behind our trench line. For three years our cavalry leaders had prepared and hoped for a "Gap," but they had always visualized a gap made by us in the German line. The possibility of the enemy making such a gap in *our* line occurred to few, if any of them. Consequently when the cavalry was called upon to assist the infantry in a defensive battle, it was thought to be merely a matter of helping to hold trenches, and therefore of dismounted brigades only. The situation was in fact incorrectly appreciated, with the result that the cavalry divisions were rendered practically immobile for the first few days of the battle.

* * * * *

21st March Sketches 1 & 2.

Reverting to the dismounted brigades of the 2nd Cavalry Division, the 4th Dismounted Brigade (under Lieut.-Colonel A. Dugdale, Q.O. Oxfordshire Hussars) reached Viry-Noureuil at 1.30 p.m. This was in the 58th Division's area, but at 2.45 p.m. the G.O.C. 18th Division (Major-General R. P. Lee) ordered Colonel Dugdale to place one regiment in divisional reserve and send the other two (less one squadron) with four machine guns, to the 55th Brigade. The G.O.C. the latter

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brigade then took the 3rd Hussars forward himself to occupy Fort Liez (just east of the Crozat Canal), the idea being that the infantry should then push forward to try and extricate the garrison of Fort Vendeuil which was surrounded.[1] Owing to some misunderstanding, the 3rd Hussars on their way to Fort Liez were fired on by some of our own infantry, though luckily without causing any casualties.

The 5th Dismounted Brigade, commanded by Lieut-Colonel G. T. R. Cook, 20th Hussars, had arrived at Jussy during the afternoon, and joined up with a working party which, under Major A. C. Little, 20th Hussars, had been there when the battle started and had just been ordered to help the 43rd Brigade in holding a line on the eastern outskirts of Montescourt.

This was about 3 p.m. At 5.30 p.m. Colonel Cook placed his headquarters in the railway embankment just south of Lizerolles, whilst the 20th Hussars' company and two platoons Scots Greys, with Hotchkiss rifles and five machine guns, occupied a cable trench about half-a-mile east of Montescourt, with the 12th Lancers' company in Jussy. The 54th Brigade at 6.45 p.m. dug in on a line north of Gibercourt, facing north.

In the meantime the buses of the 3rd Dismounted Brigade had arrived at Faillouel, where Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Cape (5th Lancers) who was in command, was told that the Germans had captured Essigny but that the situation was very obscure. He was also informed that the dismounted brigade would for the time being be split up, its three regimental parties being sent to different parts of the line.

The brigade accordingly went on to Le Poteau and debussed; it was now under the orders of the 14th Division (Major-General Sir V. Couper). The contingents from the three regiments were interspersed with infantry formations along the west bank of the Crozat Canal, as follows:—

4th Hussars (Lieut. Falkner), east of Mennessis.
16th Lancers (Major Cheyne), further north, opposite La Montagne.
5th Lancers (Lieut.-Colonel Cape), Jussy.

The latter regiment was responsible for the holding of seven

[1] It was found impossible to relieve Fort Vendeuil.

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bridges at and north-west of Jussy, all of which were supposed to be ready for blowing up at a moment's notice. It was not until nearly midnight that the units of the 3rd Dismounted Brigade were settled in the canal line, and it may be noted that the German bombardment, which had been exceedingly heavy all the morning, had died down in the evening.

We must now turn to the 3rd Cavalry Division, which had been waiting all the morning in the Athies-St. Christ area and listening to the thunder of the guns some 12 miles away. From its position, it seems that the original idea was for it to reinforce the XVIII Corps; but the situation on the III Corps front became so serious that the Fifth Army commander ordered it, about 3 p.m., to move down at once in support of that Corps. It was about 5 p.m. when the orders came through to the 6th, 7th and Canadian Cavalry Brigades, which at once marched off mounted; the evening was fine and frosty, but there was a thick fog. They reached the III Corps area between 9 and 10 p.m., and bivouacked in the fields near Cugny and Ugny-le-Gay, where they were roughly three to four miles in rear (that is, south-west) of the dismounted brigades of the 2nd Cavalry Division.

Towards the evening of 21st March, General Sir Hubert Gough had visited his corps commanders and gave them verbal orders to carry out a limited withdrawal during the night. All news from the front line indicated that the enemy was pressing his attacks in very superior force, and air reports showed that all roads for fifteen miles behind the German lines were crammed with advancing troops. The Fifth Army commander considered that though the front might be held for two or three days, it must then be broken unless he received more reinforcements than he could expect within that time; the only thing to do, therefore, was for the Army to fall back fighting so as to maintain a continuous front.

In the case of the III Corps on the right, the withdrawal was to be to the line of the Crozat Canal. Lieut.-General Sir R. H. K. Butler, commanding this Corps, had already foreseen this possibility and made what preparations he could. He had used as few reserves as possible in the actual battle, holding the

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remainder behind the canal, where work had been carried on to improve the defences and to complete all preparations for destroying the bridges. The withdrawal commenced at 9 p.m., and was practically completed during the night.

It should be mentioned that the German offensive did not extend south of the River Oise, where the two right brigades of the 58th Division—and for that matter of the British Army—held their original line. The village of Condren was occupied by small detachments of various units, including a squadron of the Oxfordshire Hussars and details from the 58th Divisional Signal School.

22nd March (Sketch 2.)

The three regiments of the 3rd Dismounted Brigade were, as already noted, in the line along the west bank of the canal; all they had to do, therefore, was to stand fast. The 4th Dismounted Brigade under Lieut.-Colonel Dugdale also effected its withdrawal from Liez across the canal without mishap. The 5th Dismounted Brigade was ordered by the 14th Division to cover the retirement of the 43rd Brigade, the movement commencing soon after midnight. The 12th Lancers with seven guns of the 5th Machine Gun Squadron held the railway line west and south-west of Montescourt, one platoon being sent to the point where the Remigny-Jussy road crossed the railway; the Scots Greys and 20th Hussars withdrew behind the railway at 3 a.m. By 4.15 a.m. the whole of the 5th Brigade was across the canal near Jussy except one platoon of the Greys whose orders had miscarried; this party had to fight its way back later in the morning, which it did very gallantly, bringing back its wounded and beating off two hostile attacks with its Hotchkiss rifles.

The second day of the battle dawned, like the first, in a thick fog, but its early hours were fairly quiet. The III Corps had taken up its new front line along the west bank of the Crozat Canal without interference by the enemy, and all bridges had been blown up—though some, prepared for demolition by the French two months before, were only partially destroyed.

We have seen that the 3rd Cavalry Division had arrived in the III Corps area late the night before. Unlike the 2nd Cavalry Division, it had come complete with its horses, but nevertheless

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the fateful order was given to form dismounted brigades. In the early hours of the morning, in pitch darkness, the 6th Dismounted Brigade (under Lieut.-Colonel A. Burt, 3rd Dragoon Guards) proceeded by bus from Ugny-le-Gay to Viry-Noureuil; the journey though short in distance took a long time owing to the confusion on the roads. This party came under the orders of the 173rd Brigade (58th Division) and assisted to occupy a partly-dug trench line between Viry-Noureuil and Noureuil.

The 7th and Canadian Cavalry Brigades formed similar dismounted parties about 5.30 a.m. on the 22nd, having first ridden from Ugny to Villequier-Aumont. All the horses of the 3rd Cavalry Division, with about two-thirds of the men, now marched westward to the Pontoise area;[1] and this division, like the 2nd, was thus rendered immobile for several critical days.

The dismounted parties of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions were now, about 7 a.m., located as under :—

3rd Dismounted Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Cape, 5th Lancers) :—Distributed by regiments among the infantry in the canal line (Mennessis-Jussy sector), under 14th and 18th Divisions.

4th Dismounted Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel A. Dugdale, Oxfordshire Hussars) :—Digging line of strong posts on eastern edge of Frières Wood.

5th Dismounted Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel G. T. R. Cook, 20th Hussars) :—In 14th Divisional reserve at Faillouel.

6th Dismounted Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel A. Burt, 3rd D.Gs.) :—Under 173rd Brigade (58th Division) in support trenches near Noureuil.

7th Dismounted Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel E. Paterson, Inniskillings); Canadian Dismounted Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel MacDonald) :—Both under Br.-General A. G. Seymour (commanding 3rd Dismounted Division) in III Corps reserve, in huts in Frières Wood.

It should be mentioned that Br.-General Bell Smyth was nominally in command of the 2nd Cavalry Division's dismounted brigades, but as has been seen already, these brigades or parts of them were allotted sooner or later to infantry formations.

[1] On the 23rd they were moved—with those of the 2nd Cav. Div.—to Carlepont, some 14 miles south-west of Chauny by road.

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Soon after daybreak, the 5th Lancers reported that the enemy was working close up to the canal at Jussy, and their diary records that the R.E. had insufficient explosive to blow up all the bridges. Between 8 and 10 a.m., under cover of the mist, the Germans brought up a large number of trench mortars and machine guns, and the whole of the canal line was soon subjected to a heavy bombardment which went on all day. The German infantry attacks do not appear to have been pressed until 11 a.m. or noon, by which hour they managed to gain possession of the bridge at Tergnier, in which village there was severe fighting for the rest of the day, and which finally fell about 7.30 p.m.

The enemy also managed, about 1.15 p.m., to force the passage of the canal at Quessy, but further north at La Montagne and Jussy the infantry, assisted by the 4th Hussars and 16th[1] and 5th Lancers, kept up such a deadly fire that the Germans were quite unable to reach the canal until the late evening, when they at last secured La Montagne bridge. The 5th Lancers' war diary says that the shelling became particularly intense at 7 p.m., that our artillery was all day firing short; and that each of the three squadrons of the regiment estimated 90 dead Germans lying in front of it.

During the day various small bodies of infantry, who had got lost in the withdrawal of the night before, kept coming in and seemed only too glad to take orders from the cavalry, with whom in some cases they remained and fought throughout this day and the 23rd.

As the day wore on and the situation became increasingly serious, the infantry and dismounted cavalry formations behind the front line were moved to positions of readiness. The 6th Dismounted Brigade were still in their support line in front of Noureuil, and had spent the morning improving their trench and erecting wire; they had the 3rd D.Gs. on the right, the Royals in the centre and the 10th Hussars on the left; with the 6th Machine Gun Squadron they only totalled some 400 of all ranks.

The 4th Dismounted Brigade had in the morning been ordered to put Franc Bois Farm (1,200 yards south-east of

[1] By a curious coincidence, the 16th Lancers had had a fight at this very place during the retreat from Mons nearly four years before.

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Frières-Faillouel) in a state of defence, but as this place turned out to be "nothing but a shell-trap," the brigade was later ordered to form a defensive flank, facing south-east, from the south-east corner of Frières Wood, across the end of Hallot Wood, with its left on the railway a mile north-west of Quessy. The war diary of the 4th Machine Gun Squadron (Captain E. W. Macarthur) tells us that "the squadron and carriers were by now thoroughly exhausted, having been on the move for twenty-four hours." This shows how the lack of horses was already being severely felt, and more by the machine gun squadrons than the regiments, as the former had heavier weights to carry. The "carriers" referred to in the diary were men lent by the regiments to carry M.G. ammunition boxes (which of course meant a loss of rifles to the regiments) and even so, it was found impossible to get all the ammunition along. It is only fair to the Canadian Machine Gun Squadron (Captain J. W. Boulter) to mention that they were wise enough to retain their pack-horses even when their men were dismounted.

The 5th Dismounted Brigade had been in reserve all the morning at Faillouel, but at 1.15 p.m. they were placed at the disposal of the 43rd Brigade (14th Division) and moved to a point half-way between Faillouel and Jussy, and just east of the road connecting the two villages, in readiness to counter-attack should the enemy get into Jussy. The headquarters of the 43rd Brigade and 5th Dismounted Brigade were fixed together in a sandpit near Petit Detroit. Enemy aeroplanes were very active during the afternoon, flying low and firing with their machine guns, but fortunately no casualties were sustained. At 6.15 p.m. eight guns of the 5th Machine Gun Squadron were placed astride the Faillouel-Jussy road.

This left only the 7th and Canadian Dismounted Brigades in III Corps reserve, and the progress made by the Germans on the right of the canal line, near Tergnier, showed that it would not be long before the brigades were needed.[1] During the afternoon the Corps Commander allotted them in turn to the 18th Division—the 7th Dismounted Brigade at 2.30 p.m. and the

[1] According to the 3rd Cavalry Division War Diary, 35 buses were sent at 2.30 p.m. ready to move them. Reckoning 25 men per bus, this shows that the two dismounted brigades together totalled only 875 men; they each had, however, 12 machine guns.

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Canadians at 3.45, though it was not till 10 and 11 p.m. that they were finally in position—the Canadian Brigade under the 54th Brigade near Mennessis, and the 7th Brigade in a support line along the eastern edge of Frières Wood. It may be noted that as the result of a conversation between Major-General Lee (G.O.C. 18th Division) and Br.-General Seymour, about 3 p.m., the 8th Machine Gun Squadron placed its twelve guns in three groups of four guns each, at points in advance of the eastern edge of Frières Wood. (This squadron was commanded by the writer, who noted in his diary that it took two hours to get the guns into position, whereas if the squadron had been mounted it would have taken less than half an hour, the distance being about two miles.)

Darkness fell with a heavy trench-mortar bombardment all along the canal line, and several more attempts were made by the enemy to force his way across. About midnight he did succeed in getting across west of Jussy, but was promptly chased back by men of the 5th Lancers and of the 7/K.R.R.C.[1]

The position on the III Corps front at the close of the second day's fighting was that the line along the Crozat Canal had been lost from the junction with the Oise at Tergnier to near Liez—about two miles. Our troops had been pushed back here a distance of a mile or more, and held a line running west of Vouel and south of Hallot Wood. On the rest of the front, the canal line had been successfully held.

During the afternoon and evening, the first French reinforcements, consisting of their 125th Division, began to arrive in the III Corps area south and west of Chauny.

The situation as regards the cavalry may be summarized thus:—The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions had dismounted roughly a third of their men and nearly all their automatic weapons, and those of the 2nd Cavalry Division had already been used in the battle and had sustained a certain number of casualties.

The remainder of these two divisions, with all the horses, had been moved some 12 to 15 miles back, but could not be treated as reserves in the strict sense, because they had all the

[1] It is now known that the 24th Bavarian Regt. made this attempt and lost 16 killed and 90 wounded.

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dismounted men's horses to look after. In each case the divisional commander was with the rear (mounted) portion; in this connection we may note that during the late evening of the 22nd March, Major-General W. H. Greenly was as a temporary measure placed in command of the 14th Division, handing over that of the 2nd Cavalry Division to Br.-General T. T. Pitman.

The 1st Cavalry Division had simultaneously been engaged some twenty miles further north. Its operations had no connection with those of the other two cavalry divisions (except that all were under the general direction of the Fifth Army), and will therefore be described later.

CAVALRY CORPS ORDER OF BATTLE, 21ST MARCH, 1918.

CAVALRY CORPS: Lieut.-General Sir C. T. McM. Kavanagh, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.

1ST CAVALRY DIVISION: Major-General R. L. Mullens, C.B.

1st Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General E. Makins, C.B., D.S.O.

Queen's Bays. 5th Dragoon Guards. 11th Hussars.

2nd Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General D. J. E. Beale-Browne, D.S.O.

4th Dragoon Guards. 9th Lancers. 18th Hussars.

9th Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General D'A. Legard, C.M.G., D.S.O.

8th Hussars. 15th Hussars. 19th Hussars.

2ND CAVALRY DIVISION: Major-General W. H. Greenly, C.M.G., D.S.O.[1]

3rd Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General J. A. Bell Smyth, C.M.G.

4th Hussars. 16th Lancers. 5th Lancers.

4th Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.

Carabiniers. 3rd Hussars. Oxfordshire Hussars.[2]

[1] Transferred to command 14th Division on 22nd March; succeeded by Brig.-General T. T. Pitman.

[2] This was the only yeomanry regiment left in the Cavalry Corps, and was the first yeomanry to arrive in France (22/9/14).

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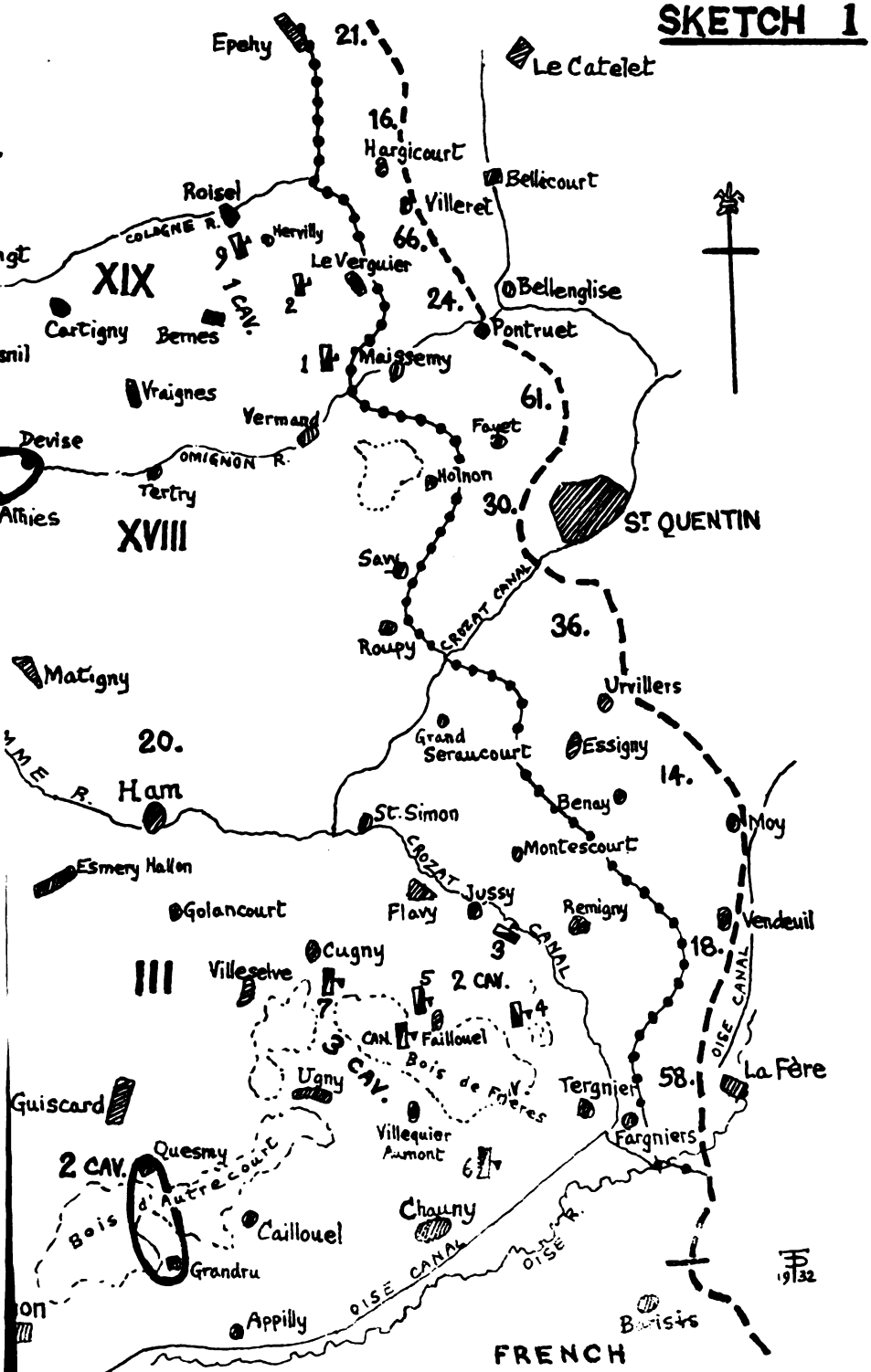
SKETCH 1



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5th Cavalry Brigade: Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Collins, D.S.O.[1]

Royal Scots Greys. 12th Lancers. 20th Hussars.

3RD CAVALRY DIVISION: Major-General A. E. W. Harman, D.S.O.

6th Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General A. G. Seymour, D.S.O.

3rd Dragoon Guards. 1st Royal Dragoons.
10th Hussars.

7th Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General B. P. Portal, C.B., D.S.O.

7th Dragoon Guards. 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.
17th Lancers.

Canadian Cavalry Brigade: Br.-General Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D.[2]

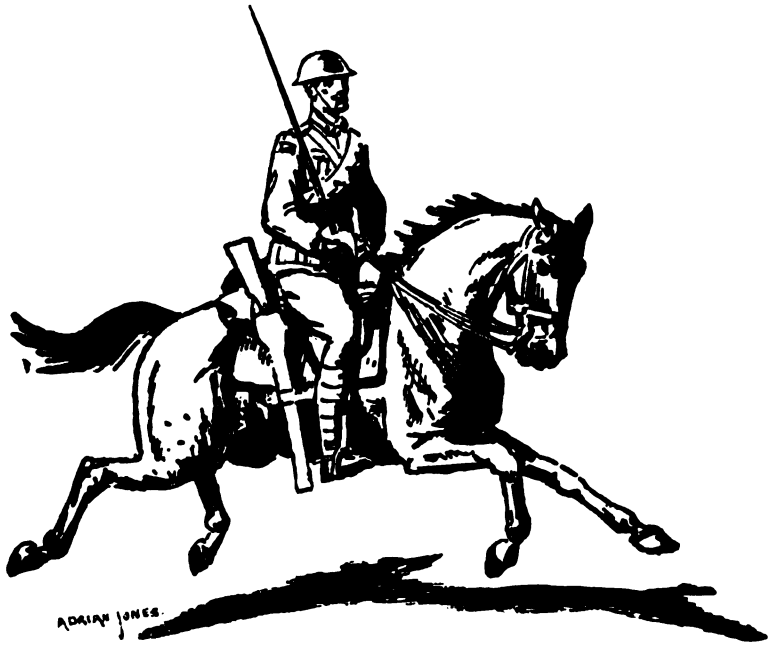
Royal Canadian Dragoons. Lord Strathcona's Horse.
Fort Garry Horse.

[1] Commanded throughout the battle; Brig.-Gen. N. W. Haig took over 8/4/18.

[2] Was on leave till 24th March, his place being taken by Lt.-Col. R. W. Paterson.

NOTE.—Each brigade also had a machine gun squadron (12 Vickers guns) and a battery R.H.A. (six 13-pdrs.), but in nearly every case the latter had been attached to an infantry division before the battle, and was unable to rejoin its cavalry brigade.

(To be continued.)



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THE BALTI GIRL

By Major G. T. Williams.

A month after Ibex and Markor down the Indus near Rondu and Haramosh. A week at Shigar with several games of polo, in a valley with orchards yellow with ripe apricots. Two days at Skardu in Baltistan with more polo, and it was time to turn again towards Kashmir. All was ready, coolies, baggage, and the promise of an early start on the following day before the sun became too powerful. A night of fever followed by a restless sleep at dawn delayed matters as far as I was concerned. All the baggage except my tent and bedding had gone when at last I rose and made a poor attempt at breakfast. That over, a few miles of rough ground brought us to the foot of the Pass that leads up from Skardu to the Deosai Plain, and thence eventually to the Gilgit Road and Kashmir. Progress up the hill was delayed by a long stream of donkeys laden with dried apricots and led by Pathans, making their way back towards the Afridi Country. The men were laughing and joking and seemed in the best of good tempers. To me they were particularly civil and offered me dried apricots and fruit. An in-bred suspicion of that jovial thief, the Pathan, made me think of his pet weakness, rifle thieving, and as I had two rifles with me I decided if possible to give this party as wide a berth as time allowed, when selecting my next camping-grounds.

The cooler air revived me, and I was enabled to reach a fairly level shelf of ground near the top of the Pass, just before dark. Unluckily the Pathans, coming later, elected to occupy other adjacent portions of the same area.

By this time it was too late to push on, so with my jaws chattering with a return of fever I told my men to unpack only

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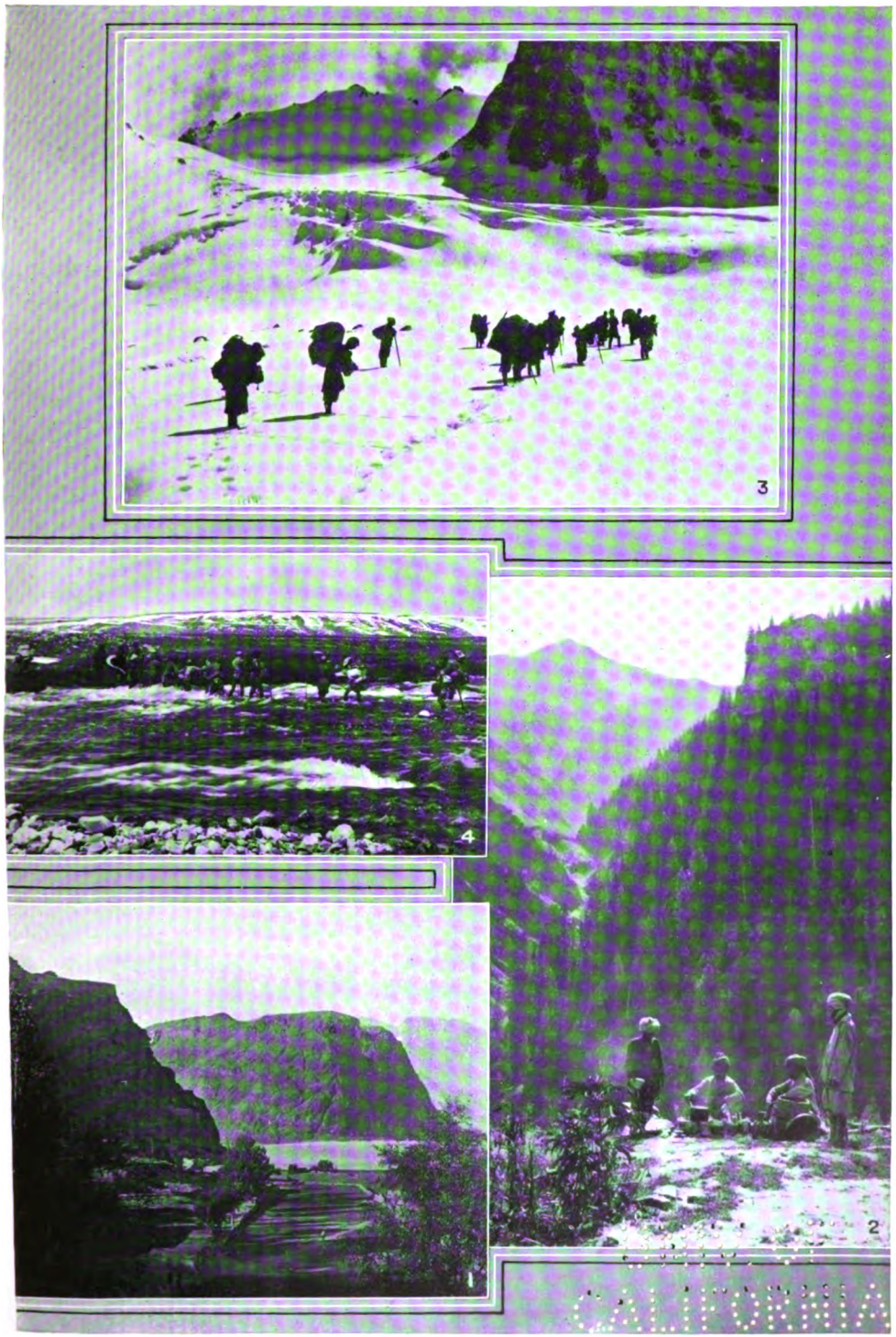

(1) The Polo Ground at Shigar. (2) The foot of the Pass.
(3) The top of the Pass. (4) Crossing Rivers on the Deosai Plain.

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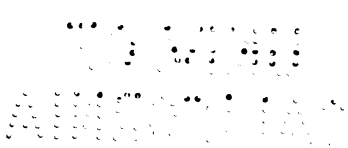
CALIFORNIA



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my bedding and smaller shikar tent and into these I crept, shivering with ague. A cup of soup and an attempt to sleep; but there was no sleep for some time. I had my rifles under my bedding for safety, but I need not have been so careful on this occasion.

There was evidently some tremendous joke enjoyed by the Pathans who, assembled round a blazing fire not far from my tent, spent the evening in uproarious mirth. Glancing from my tent I could see them and my servants surrounding the fire, while peal after peal of laughter resounded from this group. Whatever the joke was it seemed a good one, but of its origin I could not then guess. I had just passed into a fitful sleep when I was awakened by someone asking for me, and a few moments after my reply the huge Abraham-Shylock visage of a Pathan protruded through the slit in the tent door.

"Sahib," said this vision of mirthful rascality in its best Anglo-Pushtu, "I am half mad with toothache, can you help me?"

I cannot remember what I gave, probably jalap or some other "Faith cure" of a similar nature (for as long as it is strong and nasty nothing else matters much, the faith-cure works like a charm with these healthy mountaineers) and he departed. Weeks after it occurred to me, was his visit entirely of a medical nature, or did he wish to assure himself that I was where I pretended to be?

Head-achy and sore, I was off as early as I could get away in the morning. My usually excellent servants, however, needed all the slanging I could give them before I could get them up on this occasion. I fear the celebrations of the previous evening with their newly-found friends had been too much for them. Another apology for breakfast, and I was off, leaving my servants to pack up the baggage and follow as best they could.

I had not gone far when, to my astonishment, a wonderful spectacle presented itself. I was clear of the Pathan camp with its straggling donkeys and well up the hill. Suddenly on my right I saw a small tent close to the track. In front of it two people cooking breakfast took no notice of me whatever. The man was a very fine-looking Pathan of perhaps thirty years of

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age. The woman was the most wonderful specimen of female beauty I ever beheld in the East. Dressed in a blue Puttoo suit, with crimson edges, crimson puttees and turned-up shoes. A cameo face of extraordinary beauty, with a pale complexion, she might well have stepped out of a picture from the "Arabian Nights." I passed on, and soon after crossed the Burji Pass and on to the Deosai Plain, far more concerned with crossing this inhospitable region as quickly as possible, and this time outwitting my Pathan acquaintances, than in giving further thought to the errant female.

The Deosai Plain—as is well known—is a desolate uninhabited region, some 25 miles across. Dry and stony, its chief products seem to be marmots who whistle from each hillock, while, if time permitted, red bear are to be found.

The Deosai is the chief summer route from Kashmir to Skardu, but is only open for about two months, and woe betide the unfortunate coolie who attempts a late crossing and is overtaken by an early snow-fall.

The height of the plateau is about 13,000 ft. Constant rivers are crossed, at times a difficulty, while the numerous marshes supply hordes of mosquitoes which, however, quickly disappear at sundown.

Stopping for a hasty lunch at mid-day, I was amazed when looking back to see following—though some miles distant—the lady, conspicuous in her clothes of many colours, her husband, and—my khitmagar. Pushing on until almost dusk, after passing some likely camping grounds, I selected one that I considered unsuitable for a large convoy of animals.

It was dark when my baggage arrived, but this time I had my Cabul tent pitched and again gave special orders as to the disposal of my rifles, under my bed. I was congratulating myself upon having finally outwitted my friends, but judge my surprise, therefore, when, long after dark, I heard the jingle of their donkey bells. I was quickly surrounded once more by the Pathan camp.

Quite sure an attempt would now be made to get my rifles, I took extra precautions, though as it happened they were quite needless. The night was bitterly cold, everything freezable was

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solid long before morning, and all were glad of an early start and the re-appearance of the sun through a hazy pall. By mid-day I was clear of the Deosai. Crossing the Sarsangar Pass I turned southward into the Chota Deosai in search of red bear. My Pathan friends, waving friendly farewells, passed down to the Gilgit Road and no doubt in due course arrived safely back in Tirah.

Many months after, when the incident had long faded from my mind, I was surprised one day to receive a very official-looking envelope from the Kashmir Authorities. I was even more surprised at its contents. In it I was asked my reason in writing as to why on 7th September, 1898, I had abducted a girl from Skardu, after my servants had assaulted the Balti Guards at the foot of the Burji Pass, leaving them half dead. Luckily the official who wrote the letter was a personal friend both of my regiment and myself, and I often thought he wrote the letter with his tongue in his cheek. Anyhow, my indignant explanation was courteously accepted, and there the matter ended as far as they were concerned.

Not for me, however. On making further enquiries I was given the following information. It was the custom of Pathans to send annually to Skardu to purchase dried apricots, and these they bring out before the early snow-fall closes the Passes. For several years one of those Pathans had been endeavouring to elope with a certain lady in Skardu. The lady was not unwilling, but there were other unsurmountable objections.

At last, however, the golden opportunity arrived. It was known a Sahib was about to cross the Pass on the day the apricot convoy had made similar arrangements. The plans were neatly laid. Lochinvar with his bride and some other adventurous spirits led the way. At the bottom of the Pass the lady was stopped by the Balti Guard. Lochinvar and his following declared they were acting for a Sahib who would soon arrive. The Guard still objected. The objection not being upheld, there followed what Kipling would describe as "the merriest scrimmage a man may see." The Baltis were, however, no match for their more warlike opponents, and the Guards were soon deposited senseless behind a rock. There

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they must still have remained when I passed some time later. Whether any of them actually lost their lives I have at the moment forgotten.

To what extent my servants were accessories to this ramp I shall never know, but after reviewing all the facts I have my suspicions that the wily Pathan had played with some effect on the weaknesses inherent to human nature, and especially Oriental nature.

Over thirty years have gone since that incident, but it is still no uncommon thing for a brother officer to enquire from me as to the welfare of this lady. While—to crown matters—my wife has named our latest automobile, picked out as it is with blue and red, the "Balti Girl."

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A Looty-wallah Chace.

"LAKE AND VICTORY"

The Armies.

By Colonel E. B. Maunsell, *p.s.c.*
Late 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse.

Until the Mutiny the army, or rather armies, in India were subdivided in the most extraordinary manner. There were the three distinct army administrations according to Presidencies, that of Bengal, that of Madras and that of Bombay. These again were subdivided into the King's troops, and the troops of the Honourable Company, the officers of which, it should be noted, carried the King's commission. The King's troops, in 1803, included one or two foreign corps like the Swiss Regiment de Meuron, while the Honourable Company had both European and native troops, the European being infantry and artillery only, while the King's troops comprised cavalry and infantry only. In addition there were staff officers for the King's troops, and staff officers for those of the Company.

Although, in major matters, the Board of Directors exercised a general control over the armies, they were, none the less, very distinct and much inter-Presidential jealousy existed, particularly among the sepoys, who differed from each other racially much as a Portuguese would from a Prussian.

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In 1803 the armies in India were at their zenith, particularly those of Madras and Bengal, and it is but seldom realized that it was the now despised Madras sepoy who fought so brilliantly at Assaye, Wellington even going so far as to state: "The conduct of the sepoys astonished me." Native troops of no other Presidency took part in the battle.

The reasons for this high standard are not far to seek. There had been constant war in Southern India for the last forty years, and much active service of sorts all over India. Although the fighting had not been particularly severe, there had been a great amount of hard work in great heat, and the troops had been shot over sufficiently to weed out the battle shy who will be found even in the best Indian regiments after a period of peace. The hardships of the campaigning had, in addition, cleared out the older and feebler elements, both British and native. A study of the ages of the Company's senior officers in Lake's army reveals the fact that hardly any were over forty-nine, and included in this number were the redoubtable Colonel Macan, and the equally redoubtable Colonel Burn, both soldiers of the first water, the former a dashing cavalry officer, and the latter the famous defender of Delhi. This point should be noted, for the Bengal army which fought—and fought badly—against the Sikhs forty years later was a very different one. Most of the colonels were over sixty, and many of them almost senile, while the native ranks were much in the same state. Furthermore, the discipline which, in 1803, had been "very severe," as an officer writing in 1835 describes it, had been sapped by fatuous reforms like the abolition of flogging without provision of adequate substitutes. The Commanding Officers in Lake's day were petty kings in their corps, with enormous powers for reward and punishment. That these powers were sometimes abused is undoubted, but officers writing thirty years later were emphatic on the point that such abuse was rare and that the service prospered more under the system than it did when the power of the colonels was curtailed.

It must not be supposed that flogging of sepoys was a common occurrence. It was extremely rare, and, when compared to that in British corps, almost negligible. Rattanning, by order of

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company commanders, was rather more frequent but could not be described as being common. The chief factor, however, was the relationship between officers and men, and this was infinitely better with the severer discipline than when the discipline laxed. It is a well known fact that the standard of happiness in well disciplined corps is greater than in those in which it is slack —our Guards are a case in point—and no man is quicker to take advantage of a feeble commander than the native. With British troops the soldier dreads the opinion of his comrades more than that of his officer, but with natives, such opinion is almost non-existent except in caste matters. For this reason, British troops can carry on with bad officers, or officers with no great powers, while natives become useless.

The actual establishment of British officers with regiments and battalions was seventeen to the cavalry and twenty-two to the infantry. From this number, however, would be deducted officers absent on staff employ, sick or on leave. The average number of officers present in the various actions would appear to have been considerably higher than was the case in the Great War. The native officers were mere figure heads, a native commission being regarded as a form of pension. Each regiment or battalion had, in addition, a British sergeant-major and quartermaster sergeant. The cavalry also had a riding master, whose function it was to train men who could ride naturally into aping dragoons who could not. In the Madras Army, orders were given that this was not to be done provided the native troopers could sit their horses well, and it is difficult to see what use a riding master was at all. The riding master was always a "ranker."

It is of interest to note that Colonel Welsh, of the Madras Army, overheard a conversation between the sergeant-major and the quartermaster sergeant as to who should command the battalion when all the British officers had gone. The surgeon, who, in those days, combined fighting with surgery apparently, was not regarded as an officer, and on no consideration whatever would they be commanded by a native. The situation is of interest in view of the present day Indian King's Commissioned officer.

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Although it is a very popular notion that the present day officer differs materially from his forbears, on reading deeper into the matter we see how astonishingly little things have changed. The mess conversation of the days of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," for instance, hardly differs from that of over a century later. The humour revealed both in Pester's journal and in Blakiston's reminiscences is identical with that of the present day. The relationship between officers and men, moreover, seems very much the same. Men were rougher, but, making allowances for this, there is but little change.

In India, both among the King's and Company's officers, there "was very great zeal," and soldiering was a common topic of conversation—a very different state of affairs from that prevailing at home where, even in war time, they appear to have been primarily social dilettantes; and this was particularly the case in the cavalry. We get a most unflattering picture of the British cavalry in Spain, for instance, from the pen of the German Commissary, Schaumann. This officer, however, is careful to distinguish certain regiments as being above the rest. Reading between the lines, we get abundant confirmation of the accuracy of his statements from writers like Smith and Napier.

A further factor is that there seems to have been a very good feeling between the King's and Company's officers, the jealousy and bad blood which existed a few years previously having died down, though it revived later on. Jealousy between the Royal and the Company's Services, or its modern equivalent, the British Service and the Indian Army has a certain basis in *esprit de corps*. Prior to 1788, however, there was a more solid foundation. The Company's officers were, to a great extent, regarded as the servants of a mercantile firm rather than of the Empire and, extraordinary to relate, were held to be the junior of their ranks relatively to the King's officers. The farcical situation thus arose of a lad of fourteen years of age, holding the King's commission, in the presence of the enemy, being found to rank above a Company's lieutenant of fourteen years' service. In another case a captain of the Company of seventeen years' service found himself, in an isolated situation calling for great knowledge of natives, under the orders of a King's

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captain of only fourteen months' service. While only one or two King's corps were in the country the matter was not resented, but when more arrived it became serious. The long delay in rectifying the grievance led to enormous bad blood. Later on, the King's officers, by affecting a social superiority—does not Thackeray dilate on the "Campaigner," Mrs. Macpherson, crowing over Colonel Newcome for the fact that her husband was a King's but not a Company's officer?—and this, naturally was not popular. By 1803, however, continual campaigning side by side had worn down the feeling. The jealousies subsequent to 1815, when they again became noticeable, was due, partly to the vauntings of officers who had fought in Spain, but also to the gradual falling off in discipline and efficiency of the Company's troops.

The staff included what we now recognize as the staff proper, that is to say the Quartermaster General's and Adjutant-General's branches—for there was no General Staff subdivision, most of this work being done by the Quartermaster General—and what are now known as Departments, such as the Ordnance, and Commissariat. "Once on the staff, always on the staff" was the motto, and a thoroughly bad one at that, for the staff officers—like many in the Great War—grew to deem themselves a caste apart, the regimental officers being mere pawns existing in order to enable the staff officers to prosper. There is every indication to show that the Madras Army staff officers were unpopular to a degree, and inefficient into the bargain. The mutiny at Vellore in 1807 was, without a doubt, in a large measure due to foolish and pedantic orders, regarding dress of the sepoys, while, prior to 1857, there is equally little doubt that the mutiny of the Bengal Army was largely brought about by continual interference with the Commanding Officers.

From a social point of view, the officers of both King's and Company's services were drawn from precisely the same social strata, the younger sons of the country gentry and corresponding classes. They were, indeed, of the same class that has always officered British troops, including, it is to be noted, the Parliamentary Army, for seventy-five per cent. of its officers were "gentlemen" as defined in the old orders of chivalry. The

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great Oliver's " plain russet-coated captain, who knew what he fought for, and loved what he knew," was not merely a gentleman in thought and deed, but, in all likelihood, one by birth as well. In the Company's service, and in the King's regiments in India, wealthy men were exceedingly rare, though certain of the senior King's officers must have possessed means to enable them to have purchased such rapid promotion. Fraser, the major-general who won the battle of Deeg, was only thirty-nine, and Smith, the Guardsman who carried out the famous pursuit of Amir Khan, forty-one, whereas Company's officers of the same rank would have been at least sixty. The purchase system almost inevitably ruled out a certain category of officer from the King's service who was to be found in that of the Company, and, from Marryat's novels, in the Navy. Thus, a lad might obtain a cadetship as a consideration for some service done by his father for a man of influence. We find the son of a wig maker, a slop seller, a cheese merchant—William Hickey is most illuminating on a major-general whose father was one.

There was the broken London buck—usually foisted on India by the Prince of Wales—and the semi-professional duellist, both of whom found England too hot to hold them. There was the illegitimate son of some member of the nobility—and a very fine man as a rule, together with some impecunious nobleman. There were, in addition, certain German officers rewarded for gallant service with a cadetship, and these men invariably acted up to their high traditions.

The vast majority of officers, both King's and Company's, were precisely as they are now.

A curious point is this, it was possible to hold a commission by purchase in the King's service and, at the same time, receive a cadetship in the Company's. Blakiston, for instance, had a commission purchased for him at the advanced age of nine. He was then offered a cadetship, and cadetships were not purchased. The latter being regarded as by far the most preferable, for the British army in the 1790's enjoyed no great prestige, whereas in India there was much prospect of service and a fair likelihood of being able to quit the country with a respectable competence, if not a fortune. Blakiston was shipped out to India

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as an engineer, he served on Wellesley's staff in the Assaye campaign, took part in the capture of Java and Mauritius, and then, having served the Company for ten years, obtained the furlough obtainable after this period of service, and joined Wellington in Spain as an infantry officer, where, for some time he was in a Portuguese battalion.

With regard to the British troops in India, we have both Blakiston's and Wellington's opinions. The former tells us they were immeasurably the superior of those who fought in Spain. The latter, whose statement "They are scum, they think of nothing but drink" had, unfortunately, some basis of truth, none the less spoke up for them in 1805:—"An instance of the misbehaviour of British troops in India has never been known (just at this juncture occurred the refusal to advance at Bhurtpore, the men regarding the affair as a futile attempt). Those, particularly, who have been in the country for some time cannot be ordered upon any service, however dangerous and arduous, that they will not effect, not only with bravery, but with a skill not often observed in persons of their description in any other part of the world. I attribute these qualities, which are peculiar to them in the East Indies, to the distinctness of their class in that country from all others existing in it. They feel they are a distinct and superior class to the rest of the world which surrounds them; and their actions correspond to their high notions of their superiority. Their weaknesses and vices, however repugnant to the prejudices of the natives, are passed over in their contemplation of their excellent qualities as soldiers, of which no other nation has given such extraordinary instances." Although, in Wellington's day, there was an infinitely greater proportion of scum among the rank and file than there is to-day, as to whether the majority of the men were of this category may be doubted. It is essential, in this connection, to recollect the general condition of the poorer classes of the period, vast numbers of whom were chronically on the verge of starvation, and were housed under abominable conditions. Drunkenness and vice of every description were their common lot, and crimes of violence came as a natural sequence. On joining the army, the sole humanising influence was the officer,

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and his excellent relationship with the men is repeatedly revealed in such journals of the rank and file as exist. Looking deeper into the matter it seems doubtful whether the soldier of 1803 differed materially from the class from which he was drawn, from his descendant of a century later, when the conditions of life among the poor had become civilized.

The case of the Company's European troops is somewhat different. The King's regiments took the pick of the recruits, and, unless a man definitely requested to enlist for the Honourable Company, the latter got the leavings. There was, at the best of time, the greatest difficulty in getting men for the army, partly from fear of the death trap of the West Indies and its "yellow jack," but also a natural detestation of the abominable treatment of the soldier in general. The upshot was only the very dregs of the population—"the very scum of the world, swept in from the gaols and taverns" as an old writer put it were left for the Company. This state of affairs existed until Cornwallis reformed the armies in India in 1796, when a slight improvement in the Company's European troops was effected by "turn overs" from King's regiments who wanted to continue service in India, which was very popular among the rank and file. None the less, the doings of the Bengal Europeans, a Company's corps, at Deeg and Bhurtpore, showed that these scum could be welded into fighting men of the first water.

In 1803 there were a vast number of Irishmen—nearly half —in the Company's troops. These need not necessarily have been gaol birds or scum. It would seem that they had been rebels of the '98 and had taken service in India as an alternative to Newgate and transportation. About twenty per cent., in addition, were not British at all, and included Europeans of every nation.

At this period the prime function of the Company's European troops was to provide the sergeant-majors and quartermaster sergeants of sepoy battalions, and furnish gunners. The point of retaining infantry is hard to follow, and Cornwallis had recommended the Crown taking over the whole of the European troops as is now the practice. So far

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from diminishing the European element, however, it was steadily increased until the Mutiny.

The Bengal sepoy, unlike his comrades of Madras and Bombay, enlisted on the understanding that he would not be required to cross the sea, and if Bengal sepoys were wanted, the men had to be volunteers. William Hickey sailed with a Bengal detachment from Calcutta to Madras, and gives an account of the sacrifices to comfort these caste-ridden men endured on the voyage. These prejudices were pandered to by the British officers who, in truth "became more caste-ridden than the Brahmins themselves." It must not be supposed that the Bombay and Madras sepoys were devoid of caste and its prejudices, but their British officers refused to allow the men to have their military efficiency lowered thereby, and high caste men were to be found in both armies. The fact was, Bengal was a favoured Presidency. The authorities were desperately anxious to placate the sepoys, who, individually, were, without question, the best fighting material in their dominions. Three quarters of the infantry were high caste Hindus, Rajputs of Oudh and Brahmins from about Dinapore and the Upper Provinces, the remainder being what are now known as Hindustani Mussulmans. The men were tall, about five feet eight or ten inches, and, provided they had time to cook their food with all the lengthy ceremonial attendant thereon, excellent soldiers for the conditions of the day, which indicated war in their own districts, or districts largely analogous. Our great grandfathers, moreover, recognized that driving was necessary with this class of man if he was to be of much use.

Both Madras and Bombay sepoys, on the other hand, were of poor physique, and many appear to have had some difficulty in carrying their arms. In the Bombay regiments, seemingly, there were a proportion of Oudh Rajputs, though, at this period, there were but few of this category in the Madras corps. Their recruitment commenced later, and in the 1840's there were a large number. Old officers have told us how these men were granted furlough for one whole year in order to enable them to walk to their homes in Oudh and back, the distance being anything up to 1,000 miles. The Madras cavalry troopers, it is

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worthy of note, were regarded as being of better fighting value than those of Bengal. That is to say, the Deccani Mussulman was thought more highly of than the Hindustani. The fact that the former was better trained and immeasurably better disciplined appears to have been overlooked. The Bombay sepoys comprised all races indiscriminately, the Mahrattas being of the best fighting value, though, as they lived close to their own frontier, they were given to desertion. A number of other races, such as Jews, Purwaris, Soortis, Farashes, Chambars and Mehtars were also recruited. Jews, being well educated, soon rose to positions of responsibility and became native officers. The Bombay troops would go anywhere, like those of Madras. On the other hand, a number were rice eaters and, in districts where "hard grains," as Wellington described them, formed their rations, they went sick to an alarming extent.

The actual race composition of the Madras Army in the days of Wellesley is difficult to ascertain. Colonel Welch, a Madras officer, however, tells us it was one-third Mussulmans—Mussulman names continually occur in despatches for gallantry—while the rest were Rajputs, Telingas (not thought particularly highly of) and Pariahs or Dheres. An attempt was made to oust these last from most regiments in 1821, caste reasons being given, but as to whether it really was done is not known. They were, however, recruited in the Pioneers, now the famous Madras Sappers and Miners—and no better soldiers are to be found. Blakiston strikes the solution of the good fighting qualities of the Madras soldiery in 1803 and 1817. He tells us that their officers were continually driving them, working them without cessation and, in consequence, keeping them young. On the other hand, he tells us that the Bengal officers were "very sympathetic" to theirs, particularly as regards their caste matters—the ultimate reason for the downfall in the Mutiny. That driving paid is evidenced by the fact that the now despised Madras sepoy stood up to casualties of 117, 125, 175 and 221 out of battalion strengths of about 550 at Assaye—a point of which Indian Army Headquarters was, and may be still, unaware. The downfall of the Madras army may be said to

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have dated from the Burmese War of 1882, and, in many ways, had a similarity to that of the Bengal Army thirty-six years before, though discipline had not been ruined.

The unfortunate Madras regiments that proceeded to Burma then sometimes had as many as four lieutenant-colonels, old senile men, while the native officers included men of sixty and seventy. What wonder then that they failed!

The period coincided with a craze for recruiting from the Punjab—nothing was good outside the Punjab. The policy suited the narrow ring then ruling Indian military affairs, for active service was short, and if every regiment in India was to be given its chance the favoured corps in the north would be kept out of it. The result was, the Madras, together with many Bombay regiments never proceeded on service. Young officers posted to these regiments were never happy until they got clear of them—the Frontier Force, we know, was largely recruited from Madras. Hence the good name of practically the whole Madras Army was affected, and some unfortunate corps are still subject to suspicion.

The Bombay Army, for some reason, retained its efficiency far longer than either that of Madras or Bengal. It fell into somewhat bad odour after the Maiwand disaster in 1880, and Roberts, who knew nothing of it, gave his opinion that the men were of inferior fighting material. He was unaware of the fact that three of the four sepoy corps which fought at Maiwand were recruited mainly from the Punjab, the Frontier and from Hindustan—and the Frontier men were the first to bolt. In 1805, on the other hand, it should be noted that the only sepoy corps "put in" for heavy bludgeon fighting two days in succession was the Bombay Grenadier Battalion, which showed up brilliantly in the third and fourth assaults at Bhurtpore, losing over half its strength.

Looking back on the racial composition of the Indian armies of the days of Lake and Wellesley, it is curious to think that the races then recruited are now only to be found in the ranks in very limited numbers, their places having been taken by more virile peoples, or by peoples not braver, but which are less troublesome owing to caste matters. The Madrasi has largely

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disappeared, except in certain corps like Pioneers and technical experts. It has been argued that they had failed, time and again, but the point has not been brought out that their British officers, in general, had, for years, been the very refuse of the whole British army, and the troops had hardly ever had a fair chance with hard training and good officers.

The case of the Oudh Rajput was slightly different, for the men, when collected together in large numbers are exceedingly troublesome in caste matters, though, if mixed with others less holy, they give relatively little trouble. Furthermore, although the Pandy fought erratically in the Sikh wars, and badly in the Mutiny, he had, despite a scarlet coatee, white cross belts and a shako, chased the Afghans whenever he was well handled, and, under Lake, had stood up to pounding to the extent of forty per cent. before Bhurtpore, and twenty per cent. at Deeg. His failure in later years was in absence of discipline and strong driving rather than racial decadence.

A point of no inconsiderable interest is the statement made by both Wellington and Hardinge that the sepoys greatly resembled the Portuguese in the Peninsula—they had their fighting days, being enormously dependent on British leadership, for the native officers, whether Portuguese or Indian, were of relatively little worth. Blakiston, who served with a Portuguese battalion, tells us that the men should be more afraid of their officers than of the enemy to be of much value, a statement applicable to a good many Indian troops even now. Now Wellington's experience of sepoys was confined, mainly, to those of Madras, while Hardinge only knew the Bengal sepoy when he was well on the decline in the Sikh wars. The Bengal sepoy of Lake's day was a far finer man than either, and may be said to have approximated more to the modern Indian soldier as a fighting man. We know that the Portuguese, with five British officers to a battalion, turned out excellent soldiers by the end of the Peninsula War, and proved, time and again, the equal of the French. Furthermore, recent researches by Sir Charles Oman reveals the fact that most of these French were men of the Grande Armee and not mere conscripts. Hence, it is logical to deduce that Indian troops of any quality are perfectly fit for

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a great war in Europe when the standard of white troops engaged has deteriorated. The rock bottom basis rests on a sufficiency of white leaders. It is understood that the reluctance of the Portuguese in the Great War to have British officers was entirely political—the rank and file would have preferred them.

In 1803 there were two regiments of dragoons in the Madras Army, and three with that of Bengal. The most famous was, without question, the 19th, in Wellesley's army, a corps which had done brilliant work in the Mysore wars. On this regiment was modelled the whole of the Madras cavalry, all of which had been "regularized" some twenty years before. Chiefly on account of this association, the Madras cavalry was far ahead of that of Bengal in efficiency. The 19th were disbanded after Waterloo.

Although there were six regiments of Bengal regular native cavalry, only two were old regiments, and these had been "regularized" in 1796, for as irregulars they had shown themselves as worthless as all other irregulars when it came to battle. It is worthy of note that the 3rd, Lake's best native cavalry regiment, was the corps which was the first to mutiny at Meerut in 1857. Curiously enough, there was only one irregular regiment, and that in Bengal. It had some tradition, and part, under the name of the Kandahar Horse, had taken part in the famous march across to Bombay made by Goddard in 1781, in order to relieve the Bombay Government from the Mahrattas. Another portion, however, had an even more interesting origin, in that it was the body-guard of the famous adventurer, de Boigne, who sold it to the Company for three and a half lakhs of rupees when the great man was proceeding down to Calcutta on his way back to Savoy. In accordance with the traditions of irregulars, it played the traitor when Monson came to grief in 1804.

The Bombay army had no cavalry, though a troop, evidently an experimental one, accompanied the Bombay force under Jones, when it joined the Grand Army, under Lake, before Bhurtpore in 1805. It had been organized in accordance with Arthur Wellesley's recommendations at the outset of the Assaye campaign two years before, and, although the troops had not been in existence over a year, its discipline, turn out and excel-

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lent mounting, provoked astonishment among the Bengal officers, who expected to be able to patronise the "oonta gurgurs" as natives termed the Bombay soldiery. As to what became of this troop there is no evidence, but it was seemingly disbanded, for the First Bombay Light Cavalry, better known later as the First Bombay Lancers, only came into being some years later.

A novel feature with all cavalry regiments was the addition of a couple of galloper guns per corps, the forerunners of the Horse Artillery proper. They were six-pounders, usually firing grape only, and, in 1803, were manned by cavalrymen. At Laswari, for instance, two batteries of gallopers were formed, but under the command of cavalry officers. These gallopers, indeed, were analogous to the Vickers detachments of 1914. As showing how history repeats itself, the unevenness of training, and the inferiority of the teams to Horse Gunners proper resulted in their abolition in 1817 when a number of new horse batteries native and British, came into being. We do not hear so much of the doings of the gallopers in Wellesley's army, but, with Lake, they covered themselves with glory and proved the very terror of the Pindari hordes. Wellesley did not have to cope with such masses of horse as did Lake, and the terrain of the Deccan, being rougher, may not have lent itself to their employment to the same extent. The upshot, however, is interesting in that when the 23rd Light Dragoons landed in the Peninsula for the Talavera campaign, Wellington took away their gallopers and used the horse for transport wagons.

Probably the most interesting branch of the Company's army was the artillery, and the nomenclature of the rank and file has a curious origin in that it is derived, not from the land, but from the sea. The guns in India were served originally by sailors, located in quarters known as "The Gun Room Crew," and the habits of the gun room prevailed for many years. From this were derived the terms Serangs, lascars, tindals, classies and cossibs, some of which are still in existence in the Indian Ordnance Department as applicable to certain classes of natives. The term matross, as the gunner was termed up to the year 1783 in the Royal Artillery, and to 1818 in the Company's service, is a German word which takes us back to the days when gunners

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and sailors were nearly related. Later on the gunner became a bombardier and the matross a gunner.

The art of using artillery "to blast the way" may be said to have been unknown in the British Army until just before the Great War, and this was the case in 1803. Guns were distributed by ones and twos all over the army, and a concentration of more than about half a dozen in battery was almost unheard of. Laswari was the first occasion when any such attempt appears to have been made in India. In this connection, a certain Colonel Pearse, an officer well known in the Bengal Artillery, had submitted the following note to Sir Eyre Coote, a soldier, who, though he rendered good service to the State, was as offensive an individual as has ever disgraced the British Army:—"But I beg leave to give an opinion against battalion guns. Cannon in small brigades (the term alternative to battery) brought to the points necessary, will do infinitely more service than when scattered along the whole line." The mannerless and uncouth Coote, so far from thanking Pearse, at once insulted him. Shortly after, having a personal dislike for the officer, who was as great a gentleman as Coote was the reverse, Coote superseded him, to the intense indignation of the whole army. Pearse made good immediately after under another commander, and a monument to his memory is in existence at Dum Dum, the headquarters of the Bengal Artillery.

Within two years of Assaye, on the other hand, the art of using artillery in masses was to be admirably exemplified by that master of war, Napoleon, at Austerlitz.

The "battalion guns" referred to by Pearse were a couple of six-pounders attached permanently to each battalion. In contradistinction to the cavalry gallopers which were manned by cavalrymen, these had gunners proper. With sepoy corps there were a sergeant and a corporal, but the rest of the personnel were natives, the gunners being termed "golandaz" while the men on the drag ropes and ammunition numbers were "lascars," a lower caste extraordinary to relate. In this connection, the superstitious veneration with which natives of any Indian race will regard their guns, and the fact that, in native armies, the gunners were the only soldiery who received regular

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pay, has always made them the most formidable artillerymen, and there is not the slightest doubt but that the abolition of native artillery in the years following the Mutiny was largely due to apprehension of another recurrence.

Guns not attached to battalions or regiments were termed "guns of the line," and were strewn all over the army by ones and twos. The heaviest field pieces in use were twelve-pounders, and eighteen-pounders were the heaviest in the service. The whole were bullock drawn, and elephants were only kept as a reserve traction power. The number of bullocks was reckoned at "one per pound weight of the ball." In connection with draught, Arthur Wellesley, writing in 1803, deemed bullocks better than horses owing to the poor size of the latter, and, in the Pindari War of 1817, although horsed batteries had come into being, these often had to be assisted by bullocks over rough ground.

The Commanding Artillery was a Colonel Horsford, whose career, in common with that of one, Burrel, then commanding the 2/15th Native Infantry (until recently better known as the 2nd Rajput L.I.) is worth recording as it showed how men of no origin in particular, provided they were possessed of drive, sound health, some degree of brains and, above all, of a strong arm, could rise in the Company's, but not the King's service.

Both had enlisted in the gang of street sweepings and criminals who comprised the Company's European troops. Horsford had come out under a false name of John Rover in 1772, and had been at Merchant Taylors school; Burrel had been at Cambridge, with the idea of going into the church. Both had therefore, some degree of education, the term education probably amounting to but little more than being able to read and write. Both had seen a great deal of service, and, like so many of Lake's best officers, had served in the Mysore Wars of Cornwallis and Harris. Horsford accompanied Lake throughout the whole of his campaigns and subsequently saw still more service. He was one of the first officers to be awarded the K.C.B., for it was not for some years after Lake's day that the honour was given to the Company's officers. Burrel remained in India for fifty-one years, leaving it at the age of sixty-seven, and dying seven years later.

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The junior artillery officers of Lake's day had been educated at Woolwich, like the King's officers, and regarded themselves as a *corps d'elite*. Despite its faulty organization, there is no doubt but that the Company's artillery was superior in efficiency to the Royal—many independent witnesses testify to this—for it had far more practice. In the present Royal Regiment there are no fewer than twenty-five batteries who were under either Lake or Wellesley in the Company's service.

With regard to these batteries, a very common impression exists that they were principally British, in other words, much as batteries in India are now, with only a small proportion of natives. Not half the personnel were Europeans even. Drafts from England had been kept at home for some time owing to difficulty in finding men for the French war, for the politicians had adopted the inane policy of having swarms of perfectly useless volunteers, very mediocre militia and fencibles, all of which drained the regulars of recruits. Of the European personnel, moreover, some twenty per cent. were odds and ends picked up, usually from sailors of various nationalities.

While the Grand Army was before Bhurtpore in 1805 some three hundred of the artillery had been fighting against us at Delhi and Laswari a year previously; Lake, enormously impressed with the excellence of the enemy artillery, had directed a Major Nelly to recruit as many gunners as he could get from the now disbanded brigades.

Just prior to the opening of the Mahratta War, so short had been the European personnel that native golandaz, in other words, gunners and not ammunition numbers and men on drag ropes, had been mixed with British in the gun crews. The result was as may be imagined. The Europeon deemed that the native was unfit to serve the vent, and refused to stand at the muzzle, saying "he was damned if he was going to be blown to bits by any black bastard," while the golandaz retaliated by saying he was not going to risk himself to the carelessness or design of some half drunken "gora."

This, fortunately, had been remedied, and the artillery did extremely good work despite its faulty organization.

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Last, but no means least in the Grand Army was the newly-formed corps of Pioneers, a body which did magnificent service throughout, but particularly so at Bhurtpore, where, in addition to an enormous amount of hard work, it took a prominent part in every one of the four disastrous assaults on the fortress. Later on the corps became the famous Bengal Sappers and Miners.

In the Madras Army there had been Pioneers since 1780, and these became Sappers and Miners in 1831.

Turning now to the Brigades of de Boigne and Perron. Not merely was the enemy organization greatly superior in matters of transport, every unit having its fixed quota, just as corps now have their First Line Transport, but all the infantry had their knapsacks carried for them on camels, whereas, in the Company's army only the European troops had theirs. In artillery matters, again, the Brigades were superior. The proportion of guns was over double, and the gun crews nearly treble those of the Company. Their bullocks, in addition, were bigger and better. Each Brigade had, moreover, permanently belonging to it, its quota of battering guns, or heavy artillery, howitzers and mortars. Experiments made at Woolwich with the brass guns cast by Sangster and Perron at the foundries of Muttra and Ujein showed that, weight for weight, the guns were the superior of those cast in the Royal Arsenal.

De Boigne was a man very much ahead of his time and, possibly, copied the organization of his Brigades from smaller ones started by Clive, but which were soon broken up. The Brigades of de Boigne were a considerable improvement on them, though, obviously, there could be no European troops. The formations, totalling about 7,000 or so each, with a corps of irregular horse, pioneers and light troops attached were admirably suited to the needs of the moment and an admirable tribute to the genius of this great man.

The most famous native corps in the whole of the three Presidential Armies in 1803 was, without question, the 2/12th Bengal Native Infantry. On this regiment is based the whole system of present-day soldiering in the native infantry. It was raised by Clive in 1757 as an experiment. The Bengal

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sepoys of that date were wholly undisciplined and were armed and equipped in native style. Clive resolved to assimilate the new corps as nearly as possible to European troops, for, at this juncture, even the better disciplined Bombay and Madras infantry adhered to native dress and equipment. Having raised some four or five hundred carefully picked men, he furnished them not only with arms, but also with dress of British pattern, drilled and disciplined them as regular troops and appointed a British officer and British non-commissioned officers to command and instruct them. The actual clothing in red coats would, however, appear primarily to have been with the object of getting rid of a quantity of surplus red cloth which the Company had sent out to India as a form of commercial speculation—in the History of the Madras Army of this date we get the amusing entry "an uniform of European cloth would serve at once to give the sepoys a more martial appearance and take off a considerable quantity of woollen goods."

Clive's experiment was a huge success. The Mussulman invasion of Bengal had resulted in swarms of soldiers of fortune, drawn from every martial race in India, flocking to where the loot was deemed the richest. The regular pay and already great prestige of the white sahibs attracted the best type of recruit, and the regiment, in its early history, included Pathans from the Afghan border, Rohollas, Jats and Punjabis, though, in after years, its composition was the same as the rest of the Bengal infantry. Until 1764 it was the First Bengal Native Infantry, and then began the maddening series of changes in number which do so much to ruin *esprit de corps*. Sepoy units appear to have been known, in the native ranks, far more by the names of their first commandants than by numbers, and soon the name Gilliz ki Paltan was used in substitution for Lal Paltan by which it was known first of all. In 1796, by the marvellous juggling with numbers peculiar to Army Headquarters, it became the 2/12th. In 1824, however, occurred the last reorganization prior to the Mutiny, and the regiment once more became the 1st Bengal Native Infantry.

The corps, without doubt, was Lake's best sepoy regiment. It fought, in close company with the 76th, at Delhi and Laswari,

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being very severely punished, for a sepoy unit, at the latter battle. It formed part of Monson's abominably handled detachment and no greater tribute could be given to its high tone and discipline than the manner in which it conducted itself in the face of intense hardship due to starvation, the downpour of monsoon rains in heavy black cotton soil, and complete absence of tents. Its greatest day, however, was February 20th, 1805, before Bhurtpore, on the occasion of the Third Assault. The British troops, deeming that the attack was merely a waste of life, refused to quit the trenches, shouting out "We're not going out to be just slaughtered"—and the British soldier of the day in India was the first fighting man of the world. Don, commanding the assault, prevailed upon the 12th Native Infantry, backed by the 15th, to advance, and the 12th succeeded in placing their colours on the ramparts. None the less, the attempt was a failure, and both the 12th and 15th lost some forty per cent. of their strength. Thanks to the magnetism of Lake, none the less, the sepoys retained their morale.

To follow up the services of this famous regiment is not easy. Suffice it to say that we hear of it in most honourable terms for the next thirty years. It fought under its old commanding officer, Ochterlony, in the Gurkha War and also at Hattras. When it finally came to grief at Cawnpore in 1857 a Brahmin sepoy of the regiment, refusing to be swept in with the rest, came in to Lieutenant Roberts as he was then, and was the most valued spy serving under this officer. Roberts kept this brave man in mind throughout his service in India and saw that he was duly tended in his old age.

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A WEEK-END FISHING TRIP.

By WEGH.

THOUGH rather crude the Gurkha's idea of sport is not unlike the Englishman's. I have two as my servants and their dark eyes sparkled when I suggested a week-end fishing trip to the Ravi, one the Punjab's five great rivers. These two servants were recent acquisitions, and their keenness added a new zest to my intention; previous Indian servants had not shown any eager response when the "fool-sahib" suggested an expedition which could only result in fatigue, discomfort, and possibly fish, which anyway could be bought in the bazaar.

A little fatigue there was bound to be, for the Ravi winds its tortuous way through mountain gorges 5,000 feet below the peak on which Dalhousie rests; the path, too, is rough and must be followed on foot for the great part of the distance. Fish were a doubtful quantity, for information was rather meagre, and conditions of water were difficult to gauge early in September.

The last of the monsoon rains had spent themselves a week before. There was no wind and the sky was cloudless. In fact, it was English September weather at better than its best. Kit and provisions had gone on the backs of four stout coolies accompanied by my bearer at 7 a.m. I, with my other Gurkha servant, followed about 11 o'clock.

For the first two miles the descent was very steep, and the rocky mountain sides was well covered with trees and dense undergrowth, wherever they could gain a foothold. Himalayan oak and rhododendron, both rather alike in colour and growth, predominated, whilst here and there a stately group of deodars stretched up their mighty limbs above the smaller trees.

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After crossing a boulder-strewn watercourse, down the centre of which only a small stream trickled, the path ascended a bare and rather ugly ridge for about 500 feet. On reaching the top we were rewarded by the pleasing prospect of a forest of well grown Chiel pines. Their yellow green freshness, enhanced by the recent rains, showed up superbly against the deep blue sky, whilst their shadows, contrasting with the brightest of sunlight, completed a pleasing picture.

A mile further on we left the pine forest, and, passing a spring, emerged on to an open and treeless ridge which jutted out into a bend of the winding Ravi, 3,000 feet below. Walking more or less on the level we followed along the top of this ridge for four miles. The scenery was magnificent. To the North there were glimpses of the Ravi, whilst twenty miles away Chamba's snow-capped mountains of 20,000 feet stood out majestically, bathed in sunshine, forming a rugged and glorious background. To the South the whole length of the winding river was clearly visible, lit up by the reflected sun, and we could follow its course until it emerged into the sweltering plains twenty miles away. There can be few places in the world where such magnificence can be matched.

At the end of the ridge the pathway plunged down the mountain side in a zig-zag wriggle for 3,000 feet. Half-way down there was a spring surrounded by mighty Banyan and Peepal trees which spread their arms to give cooling shade and make the spot a perfect resting place for the traveller.

These trees belong to the plains of India, and beneath this point we entered a thick jungle as much unlike all previous scenery as well could be. Heavy creepers twined themselves amongst the undergrowth and about the trees, whilst at times the path itself passed through a tunnel of vegetation.

Numbers of different kinds of butterflies flitted past—small yellows and blues, large and small flittileries, three or four kinds of graceful swallow-tails, and the large and beautiful peacock blue variety of butterfly, which is perhaps the finest that even India can display.

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97 LBS. OF FISH

GURKHA ORDERLY CROSSING THE RAVI

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There was no breeze amongst this jungle and the air was very hot. Birds were not much in evidence in the early afternoon, but the varieties seen, except for the ubiquitous sparrow, were all different from those we knew at Dalhousie. Once a paradise fly-catcher flashed across the path like a silver thread; his body is black and white and about the size of the English fly-catcher's, but when flying his tail appears to be a silver band and is quite twice his body's length.

At last we came to the edge of a cliff some 50 feet directly above the Ravi, which we found still running in a heavy flood, leaden coloured, betokening glacier water. It was quite unfishable.

Strangely enough, this was just the condition expected, and hoped for. Directly opposite to where we stood a tributary joins the main river. It does not rise in the everlasting snows, and its waters are clear, and blue enough to match the sky. It was with some eagerness that I scanned the junction pool. No expert eye was needed to see the yellow coloured forms, clearly visible in the strong sunlight just below the boil of white foam water of the lesser river. In such places mahseer love to lie in the warmer water, when the main river runs cold with melted snow. Fifteen fish or so, each judged to be about five to eight pounds in weight, were lying close together in comparatively shallow water. In the heaviest rush of water in the centre a bigger form occasionally showed itself for a moment.

Just above the junction pool a rope bridge spans the Ravi. Six strands of grass-made native rope are used to cross the eighty yards of roaring flood. A seat is suspended by means of a wooden barrel which can slip along the ropes, and this is hauled across by coolies. Primitive perhaps, but effective and cheap. Such a bridge is not calculated to promote a sense of security, and I was not sorry when, as I arrived, I saw the workers of the bridge pass a new strand of rope across. Probably not more than one European in a year crosses the river there, and so this little courtesy is not often called for.

There is no more substantial bridge between Chamba City and the plains, a distance of over seventy miles. Sheep are tied

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to the seat and pulled across; buffaloes can only cross the river during the winter months when it is low. It is then a fine sight to see a large herd swimming so formidable an obstacle.

In Chamba State the most important religious rite of the year has, as its main feature, the casting of a water buffalo into the Ravi at the time of the highest flood in August. If the buffalo drowns so do the sins of the people; if it gets to the far side the sins are taken to that shore; but if it lands again on the Chamba side evil times are to be expected. There are many thousands assembled to dissuade the luckless buffalo from a return to the nearer bank.

My tent had already been pitched and tea was ready when I arrived. By 5 o'clock, clad only in a cotton shirt, shorts, and a pair of shoes, I was ready for the fray. Mahseer are the most fickle of fishes, and although every condition seemed perfect, I was far from certain that any fish would be tempted to take my 2½ inch silver spoon.

My first cast was into the edge of the shallow water where the smaller fish were lying; as the spoon touched the water there was a swirl and I was hard into one. I put on all possible strain in order to pull my capture quickly away from the other fish and prevent him alarming them. He gave to it at once and so proved that he was small. In three or four minutes a five-pound fish was on the bank.

The pool had not been unduly disturbed and so I returned to it at once. The first time I cast into the strong water in the centre of the tributary stream there was a heavy swirl, followed by a frenzied rush into the heavy water of the main river. The rod was nearly plucked from my hand and my reel screamed in unison. Down stream went the fish, there was no holding him. I pursued, but the huge boulders and rocks prevented any quick movement along the bank. Once I fell, but managed to keep the rod point up. A hundred and fifty yards of line, despite my greatest efforts, were torn from the reel in that first rush, but then the fish fortunately steadied at the tail of the pool, when only about thirty yards above impassible rapids. I exerted all

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the pressure of which rod and line were capable in an effort at all costs to prevent him going further down-stream.

This gallant mahseer then alternately sulked and made short rushes across and up-stream. The water was heavy and huge boulders jutted high out of it in many places, so that I was constantly kept in fear that the line would get caught up. After a little the heavy pressure began to tell and the rushes became less fierce and less sustained, until at last my orderly waded into the river and cleverly got his hands into the gills. The mighty mahseer is a fine fish and a fierce fighter, and I was very pleased with this twenty-four pound specimen, which had well lived up to reputation.

I waited ten minutes to rest the pool and, incidentally, myself. Then, almost at once, the same quick drama was enacted, though I played my part more steadily and consequently less painfully. This fish was two pounds the heavier. This sport was fast and furious, and in my excitement I found it difficult to wait to rest the pool again. Fifteen minutes of inactivity seemed like an hour, but having waited so long, I was soon rewarded by hooking another five-pound fish which was unceremoniously played and quickly landed.

Just before dark the spoon was taken a fifth time. The run was fiercer and stronger than any before, and the fish was steadied only just above the rapids. I never expected to land him and my arms and back ached at the end of the struggle. He was a fine male of 37 pounds, the biggest mahseer I had ever caught.

It took three coolies to carry my captures, and as we waded across the tributary stream on our way back to camp, the small party contained perhaps the happiest and almost the weariest man in Asia. The harsh notes of numerous tree-frogs, the lights of countless fire-flies, and even my expectant thoughts of the morrow, were quite unable to keep me awake after 9 p.m. that evening.

Though up at 5.30 a.m. the next morning, I found that my Gurkha servants had been astir some time before, and that the capture of several coarse fish had rewarded their enthusiasm.

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As the " pot " was more than amply catered for, their enterprise can only have been due to their love of shikar. I did not inquire into the means employed, but I fear that their main reliance must have been placed in spear or net, and that my electric torch had not remained by my bedside the whole time that I slumbered. At six I left the camp and started to walk up the tributary river armed with a trout rod. A mile upstream sheer cliffs on both sides seemed completely to prohibit further trespass, but by fording the river twice we were able to overcome the difficulty, though on more than one occasion I was obliged to take off my shoes in order to climb a difficult place. Fast runs and deep pools gave promise of wonderful sport, whilst occasionally fish, up to seven pounds in weight, showed themselves in the clear water. What a paradise for the fisherman.

For four hours I fished this river down, trying many kinds of fly spoons and several different flies. A two-pound fish was the only reward, but on the fine tackle he played brilliantly.

Five o'clock in the evening found me again in great expectation at the junction pool. Hopes that ran high were, however, doomed to disappointment. One five-pound fish followed the spoon but would not take, and once there was a big swirl and a heavy tug as my spoon flashed through the fast deep water, but the fish was never hooked. Though conditions appeared exactly similar to those of the previous evening, no more fish could be tempted, in spite of trying various sizes of spoons and minnows. Had the fish learnt a lesson, or was there some subtle change, that human sense could not appreciate, which had affected piscine appetites?

Early next morning I fished the junction pool again; not a fish moved, and so I decided to start my journey back to civilization as soon as I had breakfasted. By starting early I hoped to climb the first two thousand feet, at least, before the sun became too hot.

Inquiries had elicited that there was a path which followed the river up-stream to another rope bridge four miles away, and I decided to try this route. Actually the path did not exist for half the distance; at one time we scrambled over the rocks close

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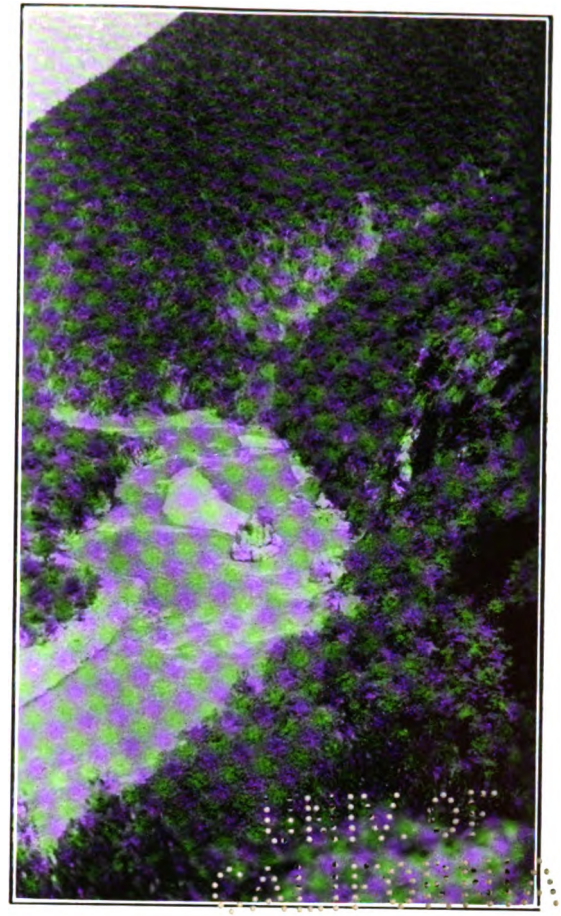
VIEW OF THE RAVI



VIEW OF THE RAVI

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to the water's edge, and at another were obliged to ascend 500 feet to get above sheer cliffs which in places overhang the river. It took nearly three hours to cover the four miles, but the effort was well worth while for the river scenery was very beautiful. After crossing the Ravi the path was good and the gradients of the 5,000 feet climb, which still remained, were nowhere unduly severe.

As I trudged homewards, rather wearily it must be admitted, I had time to think of many other fishing days on Hampshire chalk stream, Scottish river, and Irish lough, but I could think of none more keenly enjoyed than this week-end trip to the wild and rushing Ravi.

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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

PART III.

*The War of the Spanish Succession (continued).**

"RAMILLIES." *23rd May*, 1706.

AFTER Blenheim the British forces moved to Flanders while Marlborough made a tour of the courts of the Allies to maintain their interest in the cause. He returned to England in January, 1706, and rejoined the army again in the following April. He projected to join Eugene for a campaign in Lombardy but the French suddenly attacked the Dutch and captured two important magazines from them. This put the Italian campaign out of the question and Marlborough planned for one in Flanders.

The Franco-Bavarian forces under Villeroy and the Elector were safely entrenched behind the River Dyle, a position they had occupied for many months.† Marlborough therefore had to devise some method or ruse to entice Villeroy from his place of safety and he accomplished this by threatening Namur on Villeroy's extreme right. "At 1 a.m. on Whitsunday, the 23rd May, 1706, Quartermaster-General Cadogan rode forward from the headquarters at Corswarem with 600 horse and the camp colours towards the head of the Great Gheete, to mark out a camp by the village of Ramillies. The morning was wet and foggy, and it was not until 8 o'clock that, on ascending the heights of Merdorp, the party dimly descried troops in motion on the rolling ground before them. The allied army had not marched until two hours later than Cadogan, but Marlborough who had ridden on in advance of it, presently came up and pushed the cavalry forward through the mist. Then at 10 o'clock the clouds rolled away, revealing the whole of the French army in full march towards them.'' (Fortescue, Vol. I, p. 466.)

Villeroy at once drew up his army in two lines facing east, with his right resting on the Mehaigne at Taviers, thence

* The works consulted are the same as on p. 95 of the previous Number.

† Denison gives the following as the strengths of the opposing forces: French and Bavarians, 40,000 infantry and 35,000 cavalry; British and Allies, 35,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry.

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northward through Ramillies, Offuz and Autre-Eglise. The line was concave in shape and about four miles long. Atkinson* compares the position with that of Blenheim thus :—" The tactical problem which confronted Marlborough when he rode forward to reconnoitre the hostile position resembled curiously that which he had faced at Blenheim. Villeroy's right rested scarcely less securely on the swampy valley of the little Mehaigne than Tallard's had on the broad-flowing Danube. Tavieres and its advanced post at Franquinay opposed the same obstacles to a frontal attack against the right wing as the village of Blenheim had provided, while the troops holding Tavieres and Ramillies could flout with their fire any advance against the cavalry massed on the intervening ridge just as the cross-fire from Blenheim and Unterglau had impeded the attack on Tallard's horsemen. Further to the hostile left the Gheete and the marshes in which it rose constituted as serious an impediment to coming to grips with the enemy as the Nebel had presented to Eugene's wing, and any attempt to outflank the French left was as effectually put out of court as a similar move would have been in August, 1704, by the wooded hills from which the Nebel sprang. But there was one substantial difference. The Nebel had covered the whole Franco-Bavarian front; the 2,400 yards between Ramillies and Tavieres were free from any such obstacle."†

* " Marlborough and the Rise of the British Army," C. T. Atkinson, p. 285. See Parker's " Memoirs " for an " eye-witness " account.

† Coxe. Vol. 2, p. 22 : " Although this order of battle was formidable, the defects in the position were too obvious to escape the penetrating eye of the British commander. From its concave shape, it afforded great advantages to an assailant, who, performing his manœuvres on the chord, while the enemy must traverse the arc, could bring a superior force into action on any given spot, and in a given time. He also saw that the left wing would be cramped in its movements, by the nature of its situation, and prevented from attacking by the morass which protected it from aggression. He perceived likewise that the tomb of Ottomond was the key to the field, and that Tavieres was too far in advance, either to give or receive protection. He judged, therefore, that to facilitate an attack upon the hostile right, it would be requisite to induce the enemy to derange their dispositions, by making a feint against their left : a manœuvre which would compel them to strengthen the point menaced and weaken that which was the real object of attack. Finally, by carrying Tavieres, he should uncover the flank of the Horse, and by gaining the commanding point which is crowned by the tomb of Ottomond, enfilade the whole position. With these objects in view he formed his plan."

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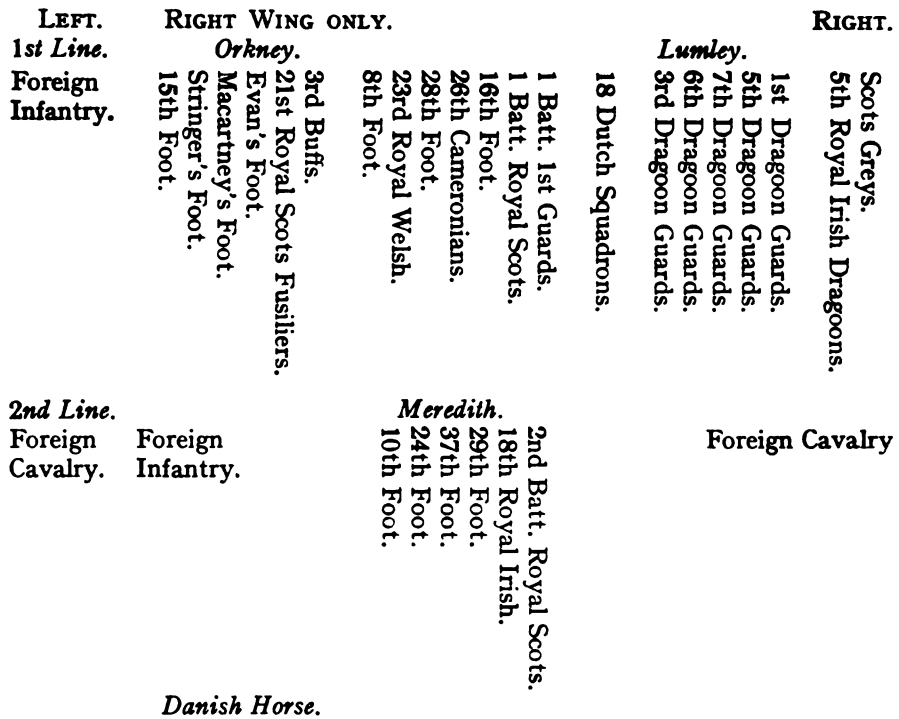
Marlborough soon made up his mind, which was to contain the French left and turn their right. He first had to weaken the right by a demonstration against the left, and this he did by reinforcing his own right with British red coats, marching them conspicuously along a crest for Villeroy to see, who reacted to the movement at once by strengthening his own left. Later the red coats withdrew and hurried under cover to Marlborough's left to oppose Villeroy's weakened right. Some British battalions*, however, remained in full view of the French left all day to mislead them, a ruse which proved effective. General Kane, an eye-witness, in his "Campaigns" gives the following Order of Battle for Ramillies, 23rd May, 1706 :—



About‡ 1.30 p.m. the guns of both armies opened fire and Marlborough ordered the infantry attack on Franquinay,

* Fortescue notes (Vol. I, p. 469) : "Apparently the whole of Meredith's brigade, viz. : 1st, 18th, 29th, 37th, 24th and 10th regiments. The place is still easily identifiable."

‡ The description of the battle is mainly adapted from Fortescue's account, which appears to be based on Parker's.

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Taviers and Ramillies. The Dutch cavalry under Overkirk (or Auverquerque) advanced slowly on the left and when Taviers was cleared they charged the French first line which they routed, but were driven back by the French second line.* Marlborough brought up every squadron, except the British, and checked the victorious French, he himself plunging into the thick of the fight. He was recognized by some French Dragoons who left their ranks to surround him, and in the general confusion he was borne to the ground and in imminent danger of capture. His A.D.C., Captain Molesworth, dismounted at once, and giving him his own horse enabled him to escape. The cavalry, however, encouraged by the Duke's example, recovered themselves, and Marlborough took the opportunity to shift from Molesworth's† horse

* The "French Gardes du Corps, the Mousquetaires and all the other famous regiments of the Maison" took part. (Atkinson).

† Both Molesworth and Bringfield were Cavalrymen. The following notes are from Charles Dalton's "English Army Lists and Commission Registers."

(*a*) Richard Molesworth; second son of first Viscount Molesworth. Was educated for the law but, preferring a more active life, went to Flanders and served as a Volunteer. The Earl of Orkney, his father's friend, procured for him an ensigncy in The Royal Scots, his commission being dated 14th April, 1702. He brilliantly distinguished himself at the battle of Ramillies as A.D.C. to Marlborough, whose life he saved at the risk of his own. He was promoted Captain and Lieut.-Colonel in the Coldstream Guards 5th May, 1705, and continued on Marlborough's staff. He was promoted Colonel of Colonel Moor's late regiment of Foot 9th July, 1710. He was Colonel of a newly-raised regiment of Dragoons in 1715. Was wounded at Preston, where he behaved with great bravery. Succeeded his brother, John, as third Viscount in 1726. Major-General 18th November, 1735; Lieut.-General 2nd July, 1739; General of Horse 28th December, 1746; Field-Marshal 19th November, 1757. Was also Master-General of the Irish Ordnance and Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland. Died 13th October, 1758. (Dalton Vol. V, Part II (Blenheim Roll) page 34). He was, successively, Colonel of The Inniskilling Fusiliers (1725–1731), 9th Lancers (1732–1737) and Inniskilling Dragoons (1737–1758). A good biographical note will be found on p. 166 of Reynard's History of the 9th Lancers. A medal was struck to commemorate Molesworth's bravery in saving the Duke's life. A photographic reproduction will be found in "History of the 5th (Royal Irish) Dragoons, later 5th Royal Irish Lancers" (p. 31) by Colonels Harvey and Cape.

(*b*) Jas. Bringfield. (See p. 220). Exempt and Captain in 1st Troop of Life Guards, 1st December, 1693. Colonel of Horse. Aged 50 when killed. (Dalton, Vol. II, p. 46).

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to his own. Colonel Bringfield, his equerry, held the stirrup while he mounted, but Marlborough was hardly in the saddle before the hand that held the stirrup relaxed its grasp, and the equerry fell to the ground, his head carried away by a round shot.

Meanwhile the attack on Ramillies had developed. Villeroy sent twenty fresh squadrons to support the infantry, but the Danish horse under the Duke of Wurtemburg, working wide round the French right, gained the plateau about the tomb of Ottomond and dashed themselves against the hostile cavalry. The famous Maison du Roi after a hard fight was cut to pieces, and the whole of the French horse, despite Villeroy's efforts to stay them, were driven in headlong flight across the rear of their line of battle, leaving the infantry helpless and alone, to be ridden over and trampled out of existence.

Villeroy made frantic efforts to bring forward the cavalry of his left to cover their retreat, but the ground was encumbered with baggage, which he had carelessly posted too close in his rear.

Just after 5 p.m. Ramillies fell and "the British cavalry with Lord John Hay and his Scots Greys well to the fore pressed on to join in the pursuit, and Schultz's battalions who had carried Ramillies turned to their right against Offuz and forced the French infantry there to go. In vain the Bavarian and Spanish Horse Guards were thrown into the fight by the Elector; Wood charged them promptly with his own regiment (3rd Dragoon Guards) and the Carabiniers and sent them flying headlong. This was the signal for the retreat to become a disorderly rout. Two battalions of the Regiment du Roi were overtaken by the Greys who 'broke in' *a la hussarde*, sword in hand and at a gallop, killing or taking nearly all." (Atkinson.)

The British cavalry took up the pursuit over the tableland. The guns and baggage fell an easy prey but these were left to others, while the red-coated troopers pressed on like hounds running for blood after the beaten enemy. The chase lay northwards to Judoigne and beyond it to the refuge of Louvain. Not until 2 a.m. next morning did the cavalry pause, having by that time reached Meldert, fifteen miles from the battlefield, nay,

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even then Lord Orkney with some few squadrons spurred on to Louvain itself, rekindled the panic and set the unhappy French once more in flight across the Dyle.

"So ended the fight and pursuit of Ramillies, which effectually disposed of the taunt levelled at Marlborough after Blenheim that he did not know how to improve a victory. The loss of the French in killed, wounded and prisoners was 13,000 men, swelled by desertion during the pursuit to full 2,000 more. The trophies of the victors were eighty standards and colours, fifty guns and a vast quantity of baggage. The loss of the Allies was from 4,000 to 5,000 killed and wounded, which fell almost entirely on the Dutch and Danes, the British, owing to their position on the extreme right being but little engaged until the close of the day. The chief service of the British, therefore, was rendered in pursuit, which they carried forward with relentless thoroughness and vigour. The Dutch were delighted that their troops should have done the heaviest work in such an action, and the British could console themselves with the performance of their cavalry, and above all, with the reflection that the whole of the success was due to their incomparable chief." (Fortescue.)*

* Marlborough's dispatch is quite short and gives no details. Here it is :—

TO THE QUEEN.

CAMP AT BAVECHIEN, *24th May*, 1706.

MADAM,

I humbly crave leave to congratulate your Majesty with all humility and respect on the glorious success wherewith it pleased God yesterday to bless Your Majesty's arms and those of your allies over the enemy, who were equally desirous to come to a battle with us, having got together all their strength in these parts. I have been on horseback the whole day and last night, in order to press the enemy in their retreat, and am but just come to my quarters to send Colonel Richards to Your Majesty with an account of this action, wherein all the troops, both officers and soldiers, have behaved themselves with the greatest bravery and courage. But I must beg Your Majesty will permit me to refer to the Colonel for the particulars. I hope the troops will be able to march again to-night, in order to see if the intrenchments behind the Dyle may be attacked. Having no greater pleasure than on all these occasions to show the sense I have of Your Majesty's great goodness to me.

I am, with the greatest devotion, Madam,

Your Majesty's &c.,

MARLBOROUGH.

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REGIMENTS BEARING THE HONOUR "RAMILLIES."*

Granted under the authority of Horse Guards' letter dated 29th April, 1882.

Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.*‖	*Title when honour was granted.*
1st King's Dragoon Guards.	Lumley's Horse.	1st Dragoon Guards.
3rd Carabiniers.	Wood's Horse.	3rd Dragoon Guards.†
	Windham's Carabiniers.	6th Dragoon Guards.†
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.	Cadogan's Horse.	5th Dragoon Guards.‡
4th/7th Dragoon Guards.	Schomberg's Horse.	7th Dragoon Guards.‡
The Royal Scots Greys.¶	Hay's Dragoons.	2nd Dragoons.
16th/5th Lancers.¶	Ross's Dragoons.	5th Lancers.‡
Grenadier Guards.	First Guards.	Grenadier Guards.
The Royal Scots.	Orkney's Regt.	The Lothian Regt.
The Buffs.	Churchill's Regt.	The East Kent Regt.
The King's Regt.	Webb's Regt.	The Liverpool Regt.
The Lincolnshire Regt.	North and Gray's Regt.	The Lincolnshire Regt.
The East Yorkshire Regt.	How's Regt.	The East Yorkshire Regt.
The Beds. & Hert. Regt.	Godfrey's Regt.	The Bedfordshire Regt.
The Royal Irish Regt.§	Ingoldsby's Regt.	The Royal Irish Regt.
The Royal Scots Fusiliers.	Mordaunt's Regt.	The Royal Scots Fusiliers
The Royal Welch Fusiliers.	Sabine's Fusiliers.	The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
The South Wales Borderers.	Tatton's Regt.	The South Wales Borderers.
The Cameronians.	Dalrymple's Regt.	The Scottish Rifles.
The Gloucestershire Regt.	Lalo's Regt.	The Gloucestershire Regt.
The Worcestershire Regt.	Farringdon's Regt.	The Worcestershire Regt.
The Hampshire Regt.	Meredith's Regt.	The Hampshire Regt.

* Notes †, ‡, and § same as below "Blenheim" table on p. 104.

¶ Grose in "Military Antiquities," Vol. II, p. 226, states: "At the battle of Ramillies the Royal Irish Dragoons gathered fresh laurels. In consequence of this regiment, assisted by the Scots Greys, making prisoners two battalions of the regiment of Picardie, and cutting a third to pieces, before it could secure a retreat behind a line of horse that were galloping to bring it off, both corps were distinguished from other cavalry regiments by being permitted to wear Grenadier caps."

‖ See Note * on p. 104.

Part I. dealt with "Tangier, 1662-80."
Part II. dealt with "Blenheim."

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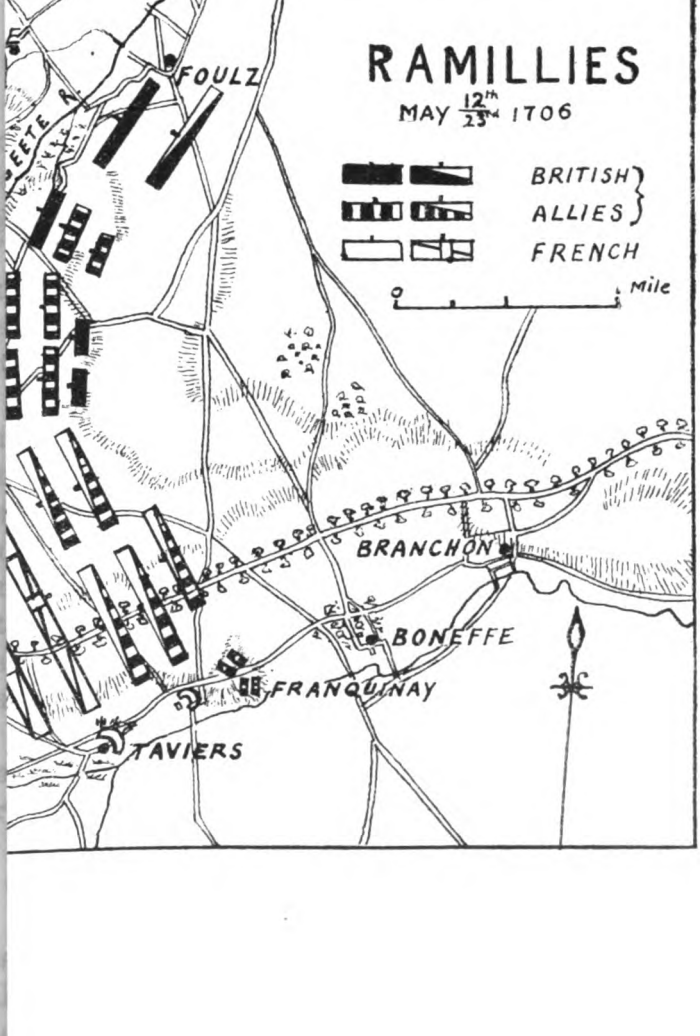

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RIDING BEFORE BREAKFAST

By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt.

I know two aphorisms about early rising. "Early risers are conceited half the day and tired the other half." If this is not subtle enough there is this one, "Early rising is the virtue of the inefficient." Both will bear thinking about. We once had a family friend, an obvious inferiority, who would ask the household at breakfast to guess how many letters he had already written that morning, and the youngsters were considered tactless if they did not mention a number well below that which he could triumphantly claim.

I do not recommend attempting work of precision before breakfast, and I do not think that a groom makes a good job of exercising until both he and the horses are fed and the chill is off the morning; before that neither will show his true form, the thoughts of man and horse are apt to dwell on their many discomforts. There is plenty of rough work to be done in the way of cleaning out the boxes and setting the stable in order generally. Both horse and groom will be more alert after breakfast, and slovenly inattentive riding is the worst possible exercise for the one and discipline for the other. The heat of the summer is of course a different consideration and it is a great advantage to get the ponies out before the flies become a torment.

The most suitable dress the amateur can wear for riding before breakfast is a high-necked sweater and Jodhpores, but as I find the exertion of removing the latter more exhausting than the ride itself I recommend an ordinary pair of corduroy

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trousers. And then so as to have no further deterrent of inconvenience, a pair of elastic-sided boots (Jemimas) can be kept specially for these occasions. Shoes will not do because you will bruise your ankles on the stirrup irons.

Early morning riding for pleasure, the most delightful way of taking the air, if not in the same category as exercising, has nevertheless a great drawback also,—it entails early rising,—It is delightful when you are once up and dressed and are breathing air that no one else has used. There is nothing quite like it even though one may have followed the doctor's advice "Avoid the night air and sleep with the window open."

Mark Twain maintained that lying in bed was positively dangerous because he found from the insurance statistics that more people die in their beds than in any occupation however hazardous. So here is perhaps another inducement.

Women, however, should think twice before they adopt the habit of early rising. I have heard it said that the reason milkmen and postmen are so often bachelors is because they see women too early in the morning.

Early rising has a psychology of its own. The most disagreeable part is the thought of it when going to bed, just as the chief joy of a "long lie" is in the contemplation of it the night before. I must say, however, that much of the pleasure of riding before breakfast was taken from me when I put a roof over my manège. Then it was no longer with a feeling of relief that I would hear the rain falling and decide that it was too wet to turn out. For the encouragement of the early riser, however, I will remind my readers that as long as they are horizontal their perspective is apt to be warped, while all their troubles, doubts and difficulties tend to disappear on resuming the perpendicular. So that if the contemplation of rising appals, there is the thought to buoy one up that one's outlook on life will be improved.

There is a pitfall against which I must warn the early morning rider. If he is breaking a horse there is the time factor to consider. A lesson must never stop while a horse is resisting, so a ride may be prolonged and breakfast will have to wait.

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"RIDING BEFORE BREAKFAST"

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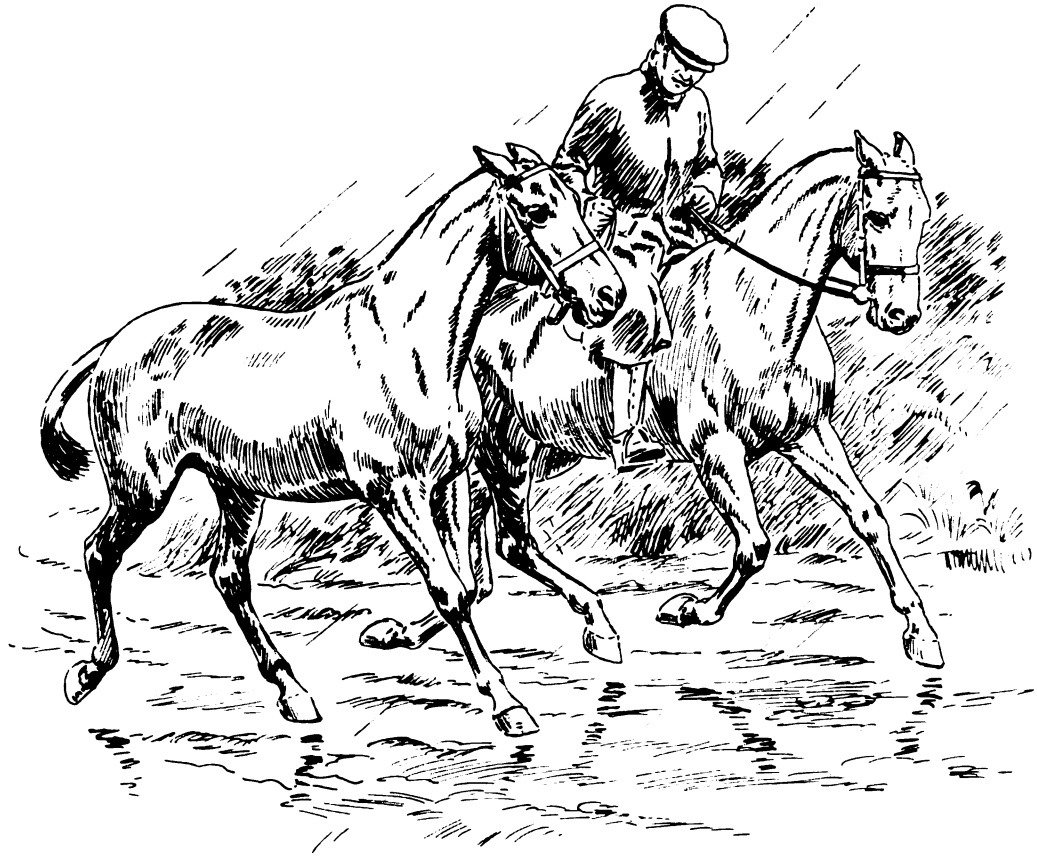

"THEIR THOUGHTS ARE APT TO DWELL ON THEIR MANY DISCOMFORTS"

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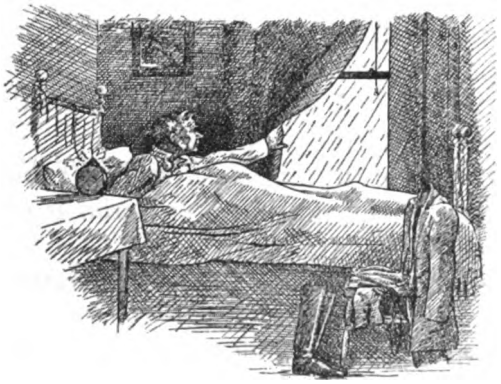
Riding before breakfast can be largely a matter of imagination. What I mean by this will be clear when I tell of a friend of mine in India, who would have his pony brought round saddled and bridled morning after morning. The *syce* would sit waiting with the consummate patience of the Oriental, until his master was forced out of bed by the heat of the day. The procedure was then to dismiss the pony to his exercise with a lump of sugar from the *chota hazri* tray flung down at the *syce* to attract his attention. This I was assured had been the procedure for five years. I can only vouch that while I stayed in Bombay I rode his pony for him.

But there is another aspect besides the contemptuous one. The busy man who is a devotee of *regular* riding in the early morning accomplishes at least four objects of immense importance. He lays in a store of health for himself. His horses will be in better condition, his groom will be a more efficient servant and the stable management will benefit also. And last but not least, there is a certain habit of mind that is induced by starting the day well exercised. Whatever emergencies his business may have in store, a man can devote himself to them without that feeling that his liver is sluggish and his blood uncirculated, and he is spared the thought that he and his horse are "short of a gallop."



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THE TRAGEDY

By "MULTANI."

It was my last day and I had been tramping the bogs all day with my host after wild grouse. After tea my hostess remarked to my host, "George, I'm sure Mr. —•— is longing to have a last try for a sea trout on the loch. Ask for the car to run him down for an hour."

"Right," replied my host. "I think I'll go also and take S. (the keeper) and walk round the head of the loch and see if I can get one or two at those old cocks on the corn stocks. Take my rod in the boat with you in case I join you at the head of the lock."

Off we started, with S. the keeper and M. the boatman. M. and I were dropped at the end of the loch at M.'s house, where we collected my rod and my host's, got into the boat and pulled up to the head of the loch, about a mile. It was very cold, with a good breeze blowing making a good wave.

On arrival at the head I started to fish. After about half-an-hour's fishing with no result, the wind dropped, as it often does in those parts at sunset.

I remarked to M. "I think I'll put on smaller flies as these are too big now the wind's dropped."

M. replied, "Aye, ye might as well. Take Mr.——'s rod, it's got a new cast with small flies on it and it will save time."

I said, "What flies are they?"

"Alexandra, butcher and claret and grouse—all good flies" says M.

I took up the rod, a 10-foot split cane, a 2 X gut cast and started to fish. I took two or three casts getting my line out and remarked, "What a nice little rod this is, nice balance."

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I was sitting in the stern of the boat with a British warm on, an oilskin over it, and an old horse rug over my knees. As I spoke I had a pull.

"Hallo," says I, as my line ran out, "this is a nice fish." And then there was a huge plunge and streak of silver amidst a shower of brown boggy water.

"By Gad, it's a salmon," I shouted, jumping to my feet. "I'll never hold him on this tackle. Pull like hell, M., after him, as he'll have all my line."

So M. pulled after him.

"Don't let him out to the middle of the loch," says M., "it's full of weeds and he'll break you. Try and keep him near the shore."

I reeled up as best I could and got him nearer the shore, then away he went again out towards the weeds.

"Lord," I thought, "can I check him before he has all my line out."

Back he came again like an obedient dog, away again, ending up with a huge plunge into the air which made me shiver with fright in case the cast snapped. After half-an-hour of this, I suddenly realized that we had only a small net in the boat.

"M.," says I, "how are we going to land him. That net's too small, and I have no gaff with me; could you tail him if I bring him alongside?"

"I don't think I could," says M. "I'll blow my whistle and see if I can get S. the keeper to bring the gaff from my house."

M. blew his whistle. No response.

After a few more runs and plunges my friend was tired out, so I suggested that we paddle slowly towards M.'s house and I would try and get the salmon to follow. Off we went. It was then so dark that I could just see very faintly my line against where the sun went down.

As we got near M.'s house we saw the head-lights of the motor waiting for us and a voice hailed us from the shore: "Come on home, Mr. —— is raging at being kept so long."

"Go to blazes," I shouted, "and get the gaff quick. I've got a salmon and I'll lose him if you don't hurry."

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I then got M. to push the stern of the boat towards land and I jumped ashore letting the fish run out towards the centre of the loch. Meanwhile S. was back with the gaff.

"Now M.," says I, "when I say the word will you gaff him?"

I then reeled in and walked backwards from the gravelly shore till I beached the fish and saw a white object close to M.

I shouted, "Now!"

Back came the line in my face and a sickening feeling that my fish had gone came over me.

I shouted, "What the H—— did you do; you hit the fish and broke my cast instead of hooking him with the gaff."

I went off to the car, before I committed murder. It was then after 8 p.m. and I hooked him at 6.30. He must have been every ounce of 20 lbs., and clean run. The last salmon that was caught in that loch was five years before and then only a 10 lbs.

Poor old M. never went to bed that night; he sat over the fire all night sucking an empty pipe.

It was a Friday and I had cut my nails that day.

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FISHGUARD, 1797

By K. R. WILSON.

BRITAIN invaded! Alone amongst the regiments of the British Army the Pembroke Yeomanry, converted in 1920 into the 102nd Army Field Brigade, Royal Artillery, has the distinction of bearing the battle-honour "FISHGUARD" on its appointments. This honour was awarded for the promptitude with which a detachment of that regiment turned out and assisted to repel an incursion of French republican troops on the coast of Pembrokeshire, in February, 1797. The story is indeed a remarkable one.

The ineffectual expedition of the French to Ireland in December, 1796, did not put an end to their expectations of making a raid upon our shores; the hostile fleet, of some forty-five ships, was in British waters for more than a fortnight and never once met a British man-of-war, and only returned to Brest on account of the bad weather. Shortly after their return, a proclamation was published wherein the troops embarked for that service were warned to hold themselves in readiness for another attempt, which would only be deferred until the return of more favourable winds.

General Lazare Hoche, in order to promote the success of the main expedition, resolved to send a small force to England in order to terrify the populace and if possible prevent additional reinforcements being sent to Ireland, Bristol, or Liverpool, being proposed as the objective.

The plan of campaign was to employ only young, robust and daring men whose minds were open to the lure of booty; it was also decided to incorporate convicts serving in prison, or in the galleys, who would be led to hope that their sentences might be remitted as a reward for their services. On landing the force was to be proclaimed as "the avengers of liberty and the enemies of tyrants" and must swear "war to the mansion and peace to the cottage"; during the advance, prisons were to be opened and the prisoners enlisted; the poor and discontented were to be

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invited to make common cause with them; no quarter was to be offered and the enemy was to be pursued to the death; bridges were to be broken; communications cut; conveyances stopped and plundered; shipping, churches and buildings burnt; whilst the inhabitants who refused to surrender were to be shot at sight.

On the 11th December, 1796, Hoche, then on board "La Fraternité" at Brest, wrote to the Directory stating that he had appointed Colonel Tate, an Irish American who had no knowledge of the French language, to the command of this expedition; the troops of which were to be styled "The Second Legion of Francs."

General Hoche in his written instructions to Colonel Tate pointed out, amongst other things, that in all countries the poor were the class most prone to insurrection, and by distributing money and drink, by inveighing against their government as the cause of their personal distress, and by the plundering of the rich, these folk would undoubtedly readily be persuaded to flock to his aid soon after he set foot on British soil. Especial care, however, was to be taken not to incorporate them in the ranks of the legion but they were to be formed into new companies, commanded by French officers, and kept in ignorance of events as far as possible. It was also observed that as the result of plunder and pillage many artisans and workmen would be thrown out of employment, who together with the vagabonds, idlers and malefactors would be ready to embark in any undertaking which might offer them subsistence and loot without labour or fatigue.

The enemy's regular troops were to be seduced to desert and the militia was to be disarmed; how this was all to be done does not appear to have been explained.

Active preparations for the enterprise continued during the whole of January and the first two weeks of February, 1797. A corps of about fourteen hundred men having been embarked in "La Vengeance," "La Résistance," "La Constance," and "Le Vautour," the four vessels set sail from Brest on the 15th February, entered the Bristol Channel and anchored off Ilfracombe on the 20th of that month, where they scuttled several merchantmen and probably would have destroyed more shipping

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there had they not been apprised that a body of our soldiers was being brought up against them. Discretion being deemed the better part of valour, the ships once again set sail, steered past St. David's Head, then turning eastwards, entered the south of Cardigan Bay and finally came to anchor in a small bay a couple of miles or so to the west of Fishguard, in Pembrokeshire, on the afternoon of the 22nd, when the necessary arrangements for landing at Cerrig Gwastad were commenced. The spot selected on the Pencaer peninsula was most unsuitable and rocky and the operation was only carried out under the greatest difficulties, eight men being drowned. By 2.0 a.m. on the following day all the French troops had been brought ashore, together with their arms and ammunition; each man carried sufficient provisions for four days. The night was cold and dark, there were no tents; and after having lit their camp fires all ranks anxiously awaited the approach of dawn, sleep being entirely out of the question. Fortunately, not one of the four field-pieces, which it is said were aboard, could be landed. From all accounts it appears that the French were totally unacquainted with the geography of this part of the country which they had hoped, so easily, to subdue. Although the landing had been unopposed it had nevertheless not been unobserved.

Early in the morning of the 23rd an advance in the direction of Trehowel was made and it was not so very long before the first nefarious item of the programme, namely, wanton pillage and arson, was brought into play. Misinformed as to the temperament of the inhabitants, hoping to be reinforced by some of our own countrymen, the Second Legion of Francs soon found their expectations were not to be realised; for vagabonds, idlers and malefactors were non-existent; all were united and imbued with a sense of devotion and loyalty to their King and Country, having the sole object and determination, for the time being, to defeat the intruder.

News of the landing soon spread, the whole district became alarmed and the local military authorities took immediate steps to repel the common foe. Lord Cawdor, whose captaincy in the Pembroke Yeomanry was dated 31st August, 1794, was placed

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in command of the defence by Lord Milford, the Lord Lieutenant of the County. In the course of the day (23rd) some three thousand men were hastily collected in the vicinity of Fishguard, of which six hundred were drawn from seamen, Pembroke Yeomanry (strength, fifty), county fencibles and militia; the remainder being the peasantry who had armed themselves with scythes, pitchforks and other similar agricultural implements.

On arrival of the French column at Trehowel, Tate established his headquarters there, where he remained throughout the day. After a brief halt the column was divided into two, the one division being ordered to march through Llanwnda, the other to Priscarn, and many further depredations were committed in both places. During the latter part of the afternoon, Tate began to appreciate how precarious was the situation in which he and his men found themselves, and to the general surprise, instead of either attempting to attack or to make any dispositions for defence, he sent the following letter, under a flag of truce, by one of his officers to the officer commanding the British troops :—

" Cardigan Bay,
5th of Ventôse, 5th Year of the Republic.
(Thursday, 23rd February, 1797.)

Sir,

The circumstances under which the body of troops under my command were landed at this place renders it unnecessary to attempt any military operations, as they would only tend to bloodshed and pillage. The officers of the whole Corps have therefore intimated their desire of entering into a negotiation upon principles of humanity for a surrender. If you are influenced by similar considerations, you may signify the same by the bearer, and, in the meantime, hostilities shall cease.

Salut and Respect,
TATE,
Chef de Brigade.

To : The Officer Commanding,
His Britannick Majesty's Troops."

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On receipt of this note, Lord Cawdor, who was then at Fishguard, having himself made a personal reconnaissance of the French positions earlier in the day, in addition to supervising the mobilisation of his own forces, replied, as follows, that the only terms which could be considered were those of complete and unconditional surrender.

"Fishguard,
23rd February, 1797.

Sir,

The superiority of the force under my command, which is hourly increasing, must prevent my treating upon any terms short of your surrendering your whole force prisoners-of-war. I enter fully into your wish of preventing an unnecessary effusion of blood, which your speedy surrender can alone prevent, and which will entitle you to that consideration it is ever the wish of British troops to show an enemy whose numbers are inferior.

My Major will deliver you this letter and I shall expect your determination by ten o'clock, by your officer, whom I have furnished with an escort, that will conduct him to me without molestation.

I am, etc.,
CAWDOR.

To: The Officer Commanding,
The French Troops."

Tate and his officers considered the proposal during the whole of the Thursday night, with the result that there was no other alternative than to accept. A further note was therefore dispatched at 9 o'clock the following morning accepting the terms of unconditional surrender, at the same time stating that the force would report at the place of assembly on the sands at Goodwick, some one and a-half miles equidistant between Cerrig Gwastad and Fishguard, as intimated.

Accordingly, about 2.0 p.m., on Friday, the 24th February, Colonel Tate at the head of his legion appeared on the Goodwick

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Sands, having come down the hill and through the village of that name, where on arrival they found the British troops, who had moved in from the Fishguard side, already drawn up. After Tate had handed over his sword to Lord Cawdor, the whole of the French troops laid down their arms and the surrender was complete; in addition there were given in sufficient powder, ball and stores to fill seventy carts. By 3.0 p.m. all was over.

So ended the first invasion of our island shores since the days of the Norman Conquest in 1066..

The illustration, facing page 234, is reproduced by kind permission of the Historical Society of West Wales; the original, the work of a contemporary amateur, is now in the Museum of the Carmarthenshire Antiquarian Society. It is curious and the geographical features are not altogether strictly accurate. The Pembroke Yeomanry is depicted in the foreground, drawn up in line.

Never was there a more mixed lot of prisoners, one half was picked veterans of good physique, well clothed, armed and equipped; the other half consisted of galley slaves and others taken out of prison for the purpose of participating in the enterprise, their appearance was ragged in the extreme, and one of their primary objects after landing had been to provide themselves with boots and clothing, wherever these could be found. All declared they had been betrayed and were loud in complaint at the treatment they had received; their first act after laying down their arms was to tear the tri-colour cockade of France from their hats, and many were overheard to exclaim "Au Diable la République!" There were over thirteen hundred of these prisoners, who by 4.0 p.m. were on the march for Haverfordwest, all the available yeomanry being detailed as escort; on arrival at midnight they were distributed in the Castle, Town Hall and other buildings. The officers were sent to Carmarthen. Later, all were put on board vessels in Milford Haven, "guarded by cutters and tenders and awed by cannon pointed towards them."

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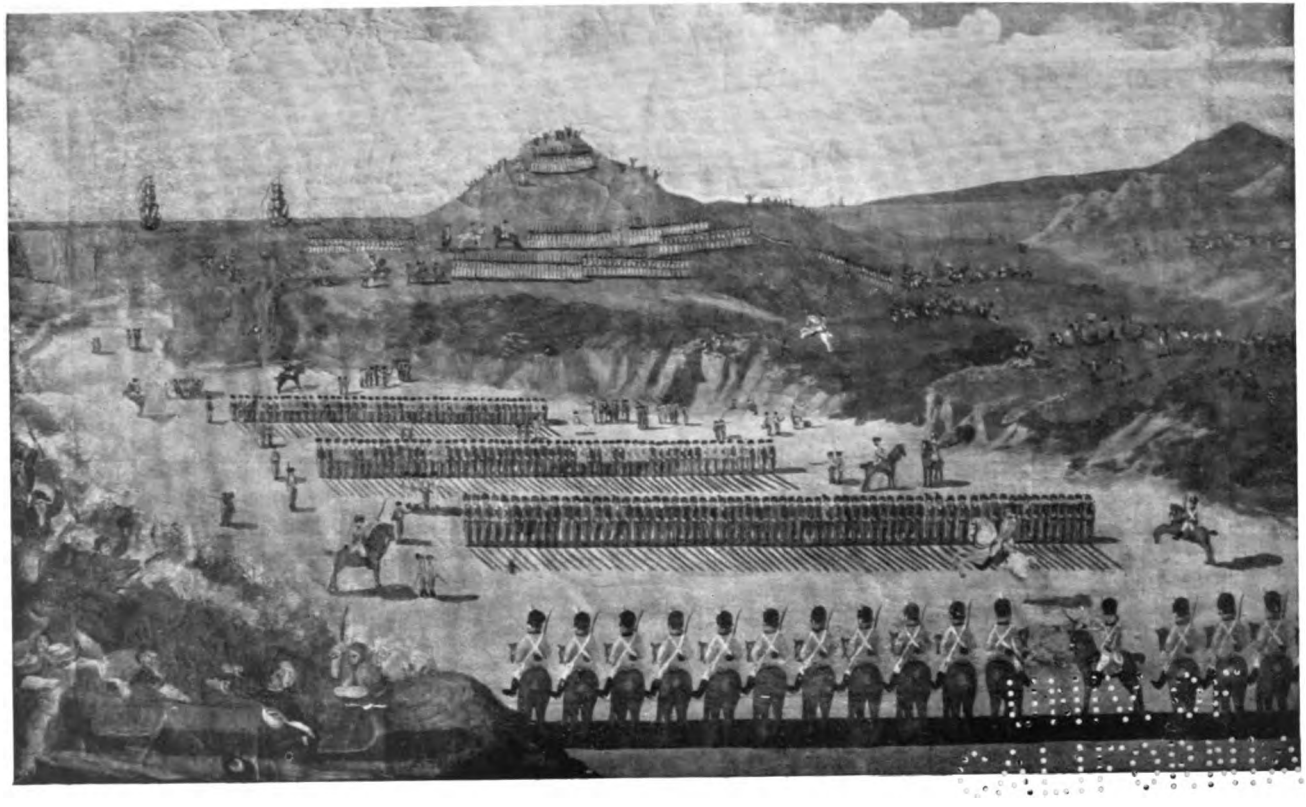

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SURRENDER OF THE FRENCH ON GOODWICK SANDS, PEMBROKESHIRE

24th FEBRUARY, 1797

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Whatever the official motives were for the undertaking, those who were employed in it had only themselves to rely on. The four ships in which they had come weighed anchor immediately disembarkation was completed, leaving them entirely unsupported and dependent upon their own resources. Doubtless the French Government were determined to prove the practicability of effecting a landing on our shores, in spite of the activity of our Navy; and so hoped that by the mere fact of landing their Second Legion, consternation and confusion would be general throughout the district and country; but history does not relate whether their presumably daring officers were expected to yield so readily, even before the first real clash of arms.

Had not the affair terminated as it did, Lord Cawdor would certainly have made his attack on the Friday, for large reinforcements of all arms were steadily pouring into Fishguard from the neighbouring counties, which together with his own troops would undoubtedly have given him a great numerical superiority, which in itself should have assured him of success.

The following is the official list of officers serving in the Pembroke Yeomanry in 1797:—Captains Lord Richard Milford, Lord John Cawdor; Lieutenants Dudley Ackland, Charles Harris Sankay; Cornets John Lloyd and Barnet Bowen Jordan. Whether all were present with Lord Cawdor at Fishguard is perhaps doubtful, considering the strength of the detachment; but it is known that Lieutenant Ackland and Cornet Jordan were there, for their names were afterwards mentioned in the reports and despatches.

H.M. the King immediately thanked the men of Pembrokeshire and of Wales, military and civilian alike, for their gallantry and for the way they had come so quickly and spontaneously to the aid of the State and caused the following message, dated 26th February, 1797, to be sent to Lord Cawdor, through the Prime Minister, the Duke of Portland:—

> "Your Lordship's exertions on this occasion joined to those of the several corps to whom the enemy surrendered and the general spirit and energy manifested by the people are circumstances highly honourable to all those who have had any share in it, and it is His

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> Majesty's special command that your Lordship should take such means as you deem most effectual to acquaint them His particular thanks for their most meritorious and successful conduct."

Those who suffered bodily injury, or had their personal property damaged, received compensation from the public funds.

One of the four French ships, "La Résistance," was captured on the 9th March by H.M.S. "Nymphe," and was subsequently brought into the Royal Navy under her new name of "Fishguard," thus connecting the Navy with the battle-honour.

The legend of the red-clothed women soon afterwards came into popular favour and was for a time generally believed. The Welsh women all wore the long red cloak and the peculiar shaped black steeple-crowned hat; undoubtedly many were congregated on the hills around Goodwick on the historic Friday afternoon, and if seen from afar by the French might possibly have been mistaken for a regiment of British infantry; but that they were ever formed into any military formation, or received any orders, or that their presence in any way contributed to the ultimate surrender, has been proved since to be entirely erroneous.

The battle-honour "FISHGUARD" awarded to the Pembroke Yeomanry is unique, being the only honour ever granted to any regiment for services in the United Kingdom.

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OLD CAVALRY STATIONS

Woolwich.

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

From its situation you would mark Woolwich down as an obviously suitable place for a cavalry station. It lies by the road that runs from London across East Kent to Dover, linking up important strategic places such as Gravesend, Rochester and Canterbury. This highway probably began in a most leisurely way, following the course of river Thames, keeping under the rising ground on the south bank and carefully skirting such dangerous ground as Greenwich marshes. You may still trace that ancient way marked out by the bare feet of prehistoric man, but that wayfarer would be hard put to it to recognize it now. There are tramlines and broad, hard, paved streets, not over clean, but as cleanly as good municipal government can keep them, instead of springy turf and sand, and the

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forest that came down from the higher ground has made way for massed masonry. There are still names to be read at street corners which tell of erstwhile rural simplicity in Woolwich. A rural simplicity which inspired even a dragoon to break into poetry, and heavy cavalry are not as a rule given that way. But perhaps Edward Quillinan had always such a bent even before 1816 when he came to live in Nightingale Vale at Woolwich, where he married Wordsworth's daughter, Dora. It may have been the artistic temperament that led him to beat his sabre into a pen wherewith to write poetry, or it may have been the fact that he quarrelled with his brother officers of the 3rd Dragoons to the length of fighting two or three duels with them.

If the old road that wound along the course of the river was good enough for ancient Britons, it did not suit the less leisurely Romans and it was they who began to straighten it out, leading it from the Darent crossing at Crayford towards Shooter's Hill. It is generally supposed that the Roman road ran to southward of Shooter's Hill, if that be so, their line has been taken up again by our modern road-makers and now carries a very new road into the rapidly vanishing rural amenities of Kentish countryside. You are at liberty to imagine Romans pursuing the light horsemen and chariots of the British at Shooter's Hill and into the woods beyond Eltham, and even posting cavalry to check the exuberance of those warriors and keep open the traffic between Londinium and the coast. There are plentiful remains of Roman occupation dug out from the ground about Woolwich, enough to endow the place with a romantic history reaching back to the beginning of our "Island story." But there is no need to hark back any further than the times of authenticated history. Glittering hosts of chivalry passed this way, Richard the Lion-hearted and his paladines; and crusaders of Edward I returning from Palestine. And yet another Edward, the Black Prince, with the heroes of Cressy and Poictiers, bearing King John of France a prisoner to the Royal Palace at Eltham. It was in the reign of this Edward's son that Geoffrey Chaucer brought his merry band of sinners all a-horseback, on their pilgrimage to Canterbury and to immortal fame in the pages of literature. Richard II was King in those days and much inclined to festivi-

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ties at Eltham. Here again Henry V with his victorious army fresh from the field of Agincourt, camped out on the open spaces ready to form up on Blackheath for the King's triumphal entry into London. With such favourable precedent the way was prepared for the reception of regular cavalry of Woolwich. The first visits were at irregular intervals and not very well recorded. It is doubtful indeed whether one should include in the term "regular cavalry" the mounted Yeoman of the Guard that attended Henry VII on his visit to these parts in 1485 when the warship "Great Harry" was a-building in Woolwich dockyard. His son Henry VIII is said to have understood the value of light cavalry and to have recruited "moss-troopers" and "border-prickers" for his campaign against the Scots. It was probably a matter of policy to give the Border gentry a legitimate occupation suited to their taste. It is unlikely that he employed those levies as his bodyguard, and the escort that rode with him while he watched the building of his palace at Greenwich, was that respectable body, the Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners that survives to this day as the Corps of Gentlemen at Arms.

There were fifty of these, they kept their own horses, were beautifully arrayed and were probably men of great respectability, especially those who lived long enough to attend on Elizabeth as her "Queen's Guard." Shakespeare refers to them in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" under the old description of Pensioner, so that this mounted body guard may have survived into Stuart times. But the Stuarts seem to have had little to do with Woolwich, and the Commonwealth did not bring any cavalry life into the place either. After the Restoration a noted cavalry leader became concerned with Woolwich, Prince Rupert, not in his original capacity, but as Lord High Admiral. He seems to have been able to manage his business from Windsor, which perhaps was as well, for Woolwich was by no means a safe place in those days. Samuel Pepys speaks with feeling of an official visit he paid to Woolwich in September, 1662. "Went alone to pay Woolwich Yarde, and so till 9 at night." Those were hard times not unlike our own. Pepys in his character as "the man in the street," seems to have taken them as philosophically as we are doing to-day. He continues, "the great trouble

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being that I was forced to begin an ill-practice of bringing down the wages of servants, which I do not love." However, he went about his unpleasant job " fortified by a cold pullet," and walked " By brave moonshine," taking with him an escort of three or four armed men. Prince Rupert shared with Pepys and other profound thinkers, the great anxiety about the doings of the Dutch, and hurried down from Windsor with an escort of horsement about him, to superintend the construction of batteries against attempted invasion. There was probably no cavalry escort to see the last of the Stuarts depart from England.

The yard which had caused Samuel Pepys so much concern continued to be a cause of trouble, and in 1739 occasioned a visit by Cavalry and Guards from London to suppress a mutiny among the hands employed there. Woolwich had in the meantime increased in importance, for in consequence of a devastating explosion in Moorfields, the gun foundry of the Realm had been moved to this bank of the river. From that time onward, Woolwich has been the home of the Gunner, and any Cavalry that passed this way came as birds of passage, as guests, and as such was warmly welcomed by their genial hosts. How could any horseman fail to feel happy and at home in the company of the Gunnermen that Woolwich has produced? Major-General William Phillips who was complimented by the Marquis of Granby at the action of Warburg in 1760, on which occasion guns first came into action at a gallop. Another achievement of this gallant Gunner was to establish the famous Royal Artillery Band, while he was in Germany. Then there was General Robert Lawson who raised the first troop of R.H.A. in 1793. There are many more, too numerous to mention, and some are happily with us still.

With all this increasing activity at Woolwich, the time had come to find accommodation for its garrison, there were besides its native Gunners, Royal Engineers and Royal Marines, and a resting place had to be found for visitors. The lack of accommodation, then almost exclusively in billets, must have been severely felt when George III came to inspect the Royal Arsenal in 1773 and brought an escort of Light Horse with him.

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It is not stated from which regiment this escort was drawn, but it must have given the village a rather crowded feeling. Anyway two years later the first half of the R.A. barracks was built. The royal visit itself must have been a picturesque affair, for beside the troops in gorgeous attire escorting him, the sovereign was preceded by 24 "rope-makers" dressed in white with round hats decorated by ribbons. Again in 1830 there is record of cavalry, the 8th Hussars, escorting William IV and Queen Adelaide on a visit to Woolwich. There must have been other occasions less pleasant, when cavalry were called to this riverside for duty, but records are not available. They should make curious and stirring reading, for the hulks lay in the river, and from time to time convicts would mutiny and escape, and were hunted down on the marshes. A hulk named the "Justitia" lay off Warren Lane for many years.

Woolwich did not become a cavalry station until 1851 and then only intermittently for half a century or so. The 17th Lancers came over from Newbridge in Ireland to Woolwich under command of Lieut.-Colonel John Lawrenson, and were to remain stationed there during the time of the Great Exhibition of the year 1851. They were at first quartered in the Royal Marine barracks, stabling their horses in East Square, and later in West Square. The reason for this move was that room had to be found for four companies of Royal Artillery which were being brought home from North America. This in the light of modern developments in the Empire at large, seems to hark back into ancient history. The Empire which has now passed over into a state described euphoniously as "Commonwealth," was still in the making. The 17th had taken their share in the making of it, especially in North America, and seem to have brought their badge of skull and cross-bones from that country. They came to Woolwich in the colours the regiment had worn at its raising, as blue coats had been changed for red. The white facings remained, but the plume was of black cock's feathers. there was much gold lace about the officer's uniform, and noticeable was the so-called "waterfall," a strip of fringed bullion which connected the top buttons at the back of the waist. It is curious how such utterly useless bits of ornamentation survive.

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Austrian Uhlan officers still displayed this " waterfall " in gold or silver according to the colour of their buttons, up till the outbreak of the Great War.

The 17th probably came over from Blackheath and would cross Woolwich Common from the S.W. to the N.E. corner where a row of comfortable bow-windowed houses looks out over a drinking fountain, the gift of a retired officer of Royal Marines. This little row of houses is Kemp Terrace, and at No. 1 was born Charles George Gordon, three years after the 17th Lancers first marched across the Common. Those houses of Kemp Terrace still retain their early Victorian aura despite the clanking trams and hooting motor cars that make up the mass of traffic passing along their front. Those windows see less and less of the things that they once used to observe in their young days and surely must brighten up at the sight of guns still drawn by horses, or the pack of the R.A. drag-hunt being walked across the Common. Those sedate looking houses are probably not old enough to have seen field guns drawn by horses in single file and driven by ploughmen on foot, wearing smock frocks and carrying long whips, which happened still in 1779, but they lived through times as stirring as those of their 20th century neighbours, did those old houses of Kemp Terrace. To begin with, the reason for bringing cavalry to Woolwich at all seems to have been the fear of rioting and upheaval on occasion of the Great Exhibition in 1851, of which the sorrowing remains still stand high above Sydenham. All the world attended this wonderful, glittering show, representatives of many countries, some of them entirely forgotten as political entities to-day, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Hansa Towns, Northern Germany, Rome, Sardinia, Tuscany and the Zollverein, Tunis and Turkey. " By heavens," said the poet, " it was a glorious sight to see, Their various scarfs of mixed embroidery." To protect these sumptuously upholstered dignitaries, many troops had been drawn together in and about the Metropolis: 1st Life Guards at Regents Park, 2nd at Hyde Park, and the Blues quite handy at Windsor. The 1st Dragoons were at Hampstead and Highgate, the 4th at Uxbridge, 8th Hussars at Hampton Court, 16th Lancers at Hounslow and Kensington, and as already reported,

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the 17th Lancers marching to Woolwich via Blackheath where they were met by the band of the R.H.A. By this courtesy on the part of the Gunners, were established those cordial relations that still bind them to the regiments of cavalry which they entertained at their Woolwich home. And Woolwich, being still some appreciable distance from London has other attractions to offer. The garrison races which had been got up earlier in the century, but had lapsed for a space, were revived in 1849. About the same time a rural retreat, or at least so it was considered, called Rosherville Gardens, was opened to the public. There were lawns, walks, parterres, richly wooded aviaries filled with birds, music, dancing, fireworks, balloons and refreshments. All this for an entrance fee of 6d.

It is pleasant to reflect that we as a nation are never easily deterred from our innocent amusements by the doings of the world outside. Therefore we may suppose that Rosherville at Woolwich was bravely patronized by the garrison and its guests, whatever the troubles of other countries, and they were many. In Italy the Pope's territories were so infested by brigands that this was becoming their normal condition; Prussia and Austria were bickering, yet any idea of a reconciliation between the two filled lesser states with alarm; Danes and Holsteiners were skirmishing on their frontier, and France being not particularly happy, was determined to let the rest of the world know all about it. Added to all that as a purely personal affair of ours, the Cape Kaffirs were showing signs of unrest. But that latter difficulty was far away and could probably be settled by the usual handful of troops assisted by the sporting contingent which always enrols itself freely on such occasions. The most serious feature of foreign affairs was certainly the attitude of France towards this country. Something unaccountable had proceeded from that country, namely praise for the British Army. This was considered abnormal, suspect, as coming from a country that still professed loudly to be the last word in all things pertaining to the art of war. Some French speakers had recently declared the British Army to be the best in Europe. A sober publication, "Jones' Woolwich Journal and Army and Navy Gazette," treated this matter editorially and with great serious-

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ness. While accepting the statement of those French speakers as quoted above, the editor takes a view of a world outside this island, that was seething with discontent, aching with suppressed revolution. The oracle continues: "Whilst almost every other Army has oscillated between its duty and its temptations and has been discredited alternately by treason or ferocity, ours alone has shown the most determined resolution to discharge its duty, combined with the most exemplary forbearance towards those deluded masses against whom it was called upon to act." "In fact," concludes the editor, "Our army what ever may be its theoretical imperfections, is at least so good as to be deservedly an object of envy to other nations." About the same time the Chairman of the House of Commons Committee on Army and Navy Ordnance Estimates, was being told that the R.H.A. was practically immobilized for lack of horses, while France and the Neopolitan Government were busy buying them in Suffolk. That things did not appear quite as rose-coloured as the French speakers had painted them, to the people of Woolwich is suggested by the fact that the West Kent Yeomanry raised a detachment here, with Park Gate as Meeting Place. Woolwich had already contributed a troop, which with another from Greenwich, had been known as the "Blackheath Volunteer Cavalry," formed for internal defence of the Hundreds of Blackheath, Little and Lessness, both under the command of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson. They were a select body and dressed themselves with becoming restraint in colours less striking than those of other, similar corps. Their jacket was blue with collar and cuffs of Kentish grey, and laced with silver braid. In full dress they wore white breeches, in undress grey Fry's overalls, and as crowning glory, a helmet with black bearskin crest, leopard skin turban and silver or plated bars and chains. Candidates were proposed by a member of the troop and had to be elected by a majority of the same. They provided themselves with uniform and might offer no excuse for absence from parade, but the plea of illness or parochial duty. When called up to actual service the trumpeters rode about sounding "to horse," whereupon every gentleman would don his regimentals and turn out. Particular care was bestowed on the hair which had to be

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worn short at the sides, with a ten-inch queue and rosette, the whole effect being sprinkled with powder. Thus arrayed, the West Kent Volunteer Cavalry felt themselves a match for any invader.

With an army so handsomely dressed as was ours in those days when cavalry came to Woolwich, it was only natural that there should be reviews. Sometimes there was more behind the review than just the desire to see something beautiful. In a world that was rather unsettled it was considered advisable to display an army that not only looked lovely but was doing wonderful things in divers foreign parts. Moreover, France was doing the same thing, making great display of martial splendour at Cherbourg that year of 1851. Therefore the newspapers urged that it was not enough to show foreigners just our Household Cavalry and Foot Guards, but also other regiments as well. "Foreigners have very false ideas of our 'Little Army of the Line,'" said the papers, "and fancy that it is not fit to be seen." There was further outcry against the habit of treating military manœuvres as an entirely private affair. The populace was disappointed and insisted on having some show for its money. Thereupon the public spirited Woolwich command ordered a display of drill and evolutions by the garrison. The 5,000 spectators were much impressed, but regretted that no Royalty was present on the occasion, nor it seemed, any of the nobility, the show therefore fell somewhat short of completeness.

A review is no doubt as old an institution as a fight and must surely have preceded or followed one, right back to the days of the Trojans and even earlier. Reviews on the commons about Woolwich do not date back quite so far, but surely Hengist, King of Kent, must have held something very like it after having handsomely beaten his foe at Crayford. Four thousand slain on that occasion and the remnant of the hostile host fleeing to London. That was not only excuse but reason for a review. However, legend does not mention the fact, it was probably considered too obvious. Subsequent reviews on Woolwich Common are better authenticated. There was a very grand affair in 1851, shortly after the 17th Lancers arrived at Woolwich. All the troops turned out in light marching order, even the Wool-

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wich and Deptford districts of Chelsea Pensioners. Only the Marines for some reason or another took no part, and they must have missed a great deal of fun. Lancers and R.H.A. performed all manner of complicated manœuvres at a gallop, plenty of blank ammunition had been served out to all, so that even the Chelsea Pensioners could join in the riot. It must have been a spirited rendering of battle *à la* Chinoise, and what is more, by noon it was all over, just three strenuous hours of it. By the way, it seems that George III set the fashion of early parades in the summer season of 1788 when His Majesty arrived on the field at 6.30 in scarlet coat and riding a cream-coloured horse.

Queen's birthday was always a legitimate occasion for martial display, and Woolwich Common again burst into a blaze of colour in 1851. This time the Royal Marines joined in. The same General, Sir Thomas Downman, C.B., K.C.H., was in command, two Field Marshals attended, the Marquis of Anglesey, then Master-General of Ordnance, and the Earl of Cardigan. Both of these were cavalrymen, the former with honours thick upon him, the latter with distinctions yet to come. On this occasion there were no exciting manœuvres, it is said because the Master of Ordnance was either tired or bored, any way had had enough of it and was going back to town. Hence the popular displeasure already mentioned. The arrival of another distinguished regiment, the Queen's Own Light Dragoons to replace the 17th Lancers, at the end of 1851, offered further occasion for display. The regiment was duly inspected on the Common and then marched past in "open order of threes."

After describing this event, and telling us how the Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Light Dragoons were entertained to dinner by their opposite numbers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the editor of the "Army and Navy Gazette" breaks out into levity by quoting an advertisement from an American paper. This was the method by which four young American ladies were seeking a husband each, and in their own land apparently. "Widowers need not apply," said the ladies, "as we do not deal in second hand goods."

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This little waft of air from over the Atlantic comes as light relief in a record of serious happenings. The world was full of trouble, much of it caused by France where Louis Napoleon was pictured as trying to settle comfortably on a bed of bayonets. Woolwich then began to consider the possibilities of a war against France, and invited officers of the Light Dragoons to witness experiments made with rifled cannon on the marshes. The experiments proved not entirely successful until a light 3-pounder rifled gun was brought within 300 yards of the target and loosed off. As nothing was left of the target, or of anything else near it, the conclusion was considered satisfactory, and everyone went home with the comforting knowledge that the Fatherland was saved. Indeed, people began to ask themselves and others, whether there would ever be another war, for among other novelties the Minie rifle had been introduced. The Pacificists of that time, the so-called Peace Society, were warned that their occupation was slipping away from them, no one could go to war again so certain of wreaking destruction were the weapons lately invented. In another couple of years British troops, allies of France, were setting out for Turkey *en route* for somewhere in Russia, and no cavalry came to Woolwich until 1860. At that date it was again supposed that there was no more immediate prospect of war in Europe, though signs of further struggles were not wanting, Italy was smouldering, Garibaldi had made his expedition to Sicily, and no one quite knew then what Herr von Bismark was aiming at. There was also a small war in slow progress, but that was far away in New Zealand, and trouble was expected in China "with what ultimate result we need hardly predict" as the "Army and Navy Gazette" most wisely remarked. France was again causing anxiety, and Woolwich was beginning to be alarmed at a possible invasion up the Thames despite the new fortifications that were to be fixed on Shooter's Hill. It had almost been decided to plant an auxiliary arsenal at Channock Chase. Into the midst of all this trouble and anxiety came a squadron of 10th Hussars. It came quite modestly and cheerfully took part in the military revels of Woolwich as when the Prince Consort paid it a visit, or H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge inspected the

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garrison. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of the 10th Hussars, was at the time touring the "British Provinces in America." With all these heavy matters on hand it is pleasant to think that time was found to decorate Sergeant H. Hartigan of the 9th Lancers with the Victoria Cross awarded to him for gallantry in the Indian Mutiny; this happend in July, 1860, not so very long after the deed by which he earned the great distinction. In the same year the Duke of Cambridge brought Grand Duke Michael of Russia to see the Woolwich garrison, with Lieut.-General Yorke Scarlett attending as A.G. to the Forces. A squadron of 16th Lancers graced the occasion, the regiment being divided between Woolwich and Hounslow at the time. There were 16th Lancers at Woolwich again in 1880. Then again the 5th Lancers were concerned with important events while at Woolwich. Their first visit was in 1862, in which year the nation mourned the death of the Prince Consort; Lieut.-Colonel Robert Portal was commanding the regiment at the time. When next 5th Lancers were at Woolwich in 1879 they furnished an escort to the body of the Prince Imperial on its passing to Chislehurst where the Prince's father, Emperor Napoleon III, had died six years previously.

By arriving at Woolwich so late in time the cavalry missed many of those little events that go to make up the atmosphere of a place, though it is acknowledged that it entered into all the pastimes the place had to offer. It won a good many events in the races, for instance, that began in 1860 and were superseded by steeple-chases two years later. But no cavalry was represented at the opening of the Rotunda in 1820, nor present to blame as a road-hog the driver of the Tally-ho, a Woolwich coach and probably a pirate, which upset on Blackheath Hill with its fifteen passengers in 1822, and injured all of them, some indeed fatally. Still more important but little noticed at the time, was the running of the first omnibus from London to Woolwich by Shillibeer and Wheatley. This was the first step towards killing the rural sanctity of Woolwich, binding it by rail and tram service to London, tearing it from its native Kent to merge it into the Metropolitan area. Farewell then to the days when a local jury could find a verdict of "died by the visitation of God"

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on a marine who had perished under 100 lashes. Old landmarks were vanishing, and in 1861 the old Arsenal bell cracked; it had done duty since 1699. Meanwhile the new police had been introduced into the borough, and had even on occasion to be reinforced by Specials, as during the epidemic of Fenian fever in 1867, the year before the 17th Lancers came again to Woolwich, though only for a two months' stay. Again it was during a gap between the visits of cavalry, that one Murphy had elected himself an apostle of Protestantism. In that capacity he had offered to lay down his life and nearly succeeded in doing so at the hands of some Monmouthshire colliers. The apostle then came to Woolwich where there were many Irish zealots of the old faith, most willing to make a martyr of Murphy. It took a squadron of mounted police and a battalion of constables on foot to settle this little matter. The 9th Lancers just missed Mr. Murphy's diversion as they did not come to Woolwich till the following year, they were then relieved by a squadron of the Bays. In the meantime France had been badly beaten by a united Germany, and as one of the consequences, Louis Bonaparte, the Prince Imperial, had joined the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, to pass out as a full fledged gunner in 1875. Others of high estate visited Woolwich at this period, the Shah of Persia, and in 1874, the Czar of Russia. The Scots Greys, of which a later Czar was to become Colonel-in-Chief, were in Woolwich on that occasion. Reviews went on as before, if anything, more strenuously, as the Army was to become efficient, a term discovered about that time. As a step towards efficiency certain changes in uniform were being considered, and it was eventually decided to change the soldier's hat, at least that of the gunner and the infantry man, into an inconvenient and unlovely imitation of the Prussian "pickel-haube"; the Prussians having been responsible for winning the war against France, this was a pretty compliment to the victors. The cavalry experienced little change in uniform at the time, only trifling matters such as the removal of badges of rank from the officers' collars to their knotted shoulder cords. Possibly the cavalry were considered efficient enough to be spared a change of hat. Anyway the 18th Hussars distinguished themselves while quartered in the Red Barracks at Woolwich, by

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heading the list of cavalry regiments in shooting with the Martini Henry carbine that had superseded the old Snider. By way of reward the 18th were privileged to send a squadron with the band, under Major Malet, to take part in the Lord Mayor's Show. Troops left barracks at 7.15 a.m. and returned at 7.15 p.m., the distance covered being 39 miles. This may have been great fun, but there is no record of the language used by the troops in describing it.

Other regiments came to Woolwich from time to time, 5th and 16th Lancers again, 10th, 20th Hussars and one or other regiment of Dragoon Guards, but the early spirit of Woolwich which made it possible as a cavalry station, was steadily being killed by the inroads of brick and mortar. The West Kent Hunt and the Mid-Kent Staghounds whose master in 1888 was Colonel F. T. North of Eltham, were more and more disinclined to meet near Woolwich. There is, however, a bright spot left in the disappearing vista of hunting from Woolwich and that is the Royal Artillery Drag Hunt. Major M. H Dendy, D.S.O., M.C., R.H.A., gives some interesting notes on this hunt in the 1924 June number of the "Royal Artillery Journal." General A. H. Williams when a captain at Woolwich in 1866 collected some £450 in the garrison for kennels that were built at the top of the Common by the Remount Establishment. "A pack of 15½ couples was got together by drafts from various packs of foxhounds and this number has never much varied." Captain Williams was content to be whipper-in to a Mr. Thacker as Master. This gentleman had formerly been in the 10th Hussars, a small spare man who had had nearly all his bones broken one way or another, and carried many scars as evidence of successful dealings with young or vicious horses. His 15-hand pony could jump anything, and he used to put her over the chains on the Common. "He also kept a pet fox, whose kennel was used as a Drag." "Since then this method has always been employed," I quote Major Dendy.

Mr. Thacker, then senior Veterinary Surgeon at Woolwich, was afterwards Principal Veterinary Surgeon in India. His hunt lived at Woolwich, its lines being at first in the immediate neighbourhood. But the steady expansion of the metropolis

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drove the Drag Hunt further afield, and in 1869 it ran by invitation of the Household Brigade Drag Hunt once a week in the Windsor district. A few years later hounds were taken over the river into Essex, and some new lines were also started in Surrey. By 1887 when the 20th Hussars were at Woolwich, the Hunt had lines as far South as Sevenoaks and Westerham, and still went into Essex occasionally.

The Royal Artillery Drag Hunt is still going strong and any old cavalry man who has enjoyed Gunner hospitality at Woolwich will be glad to hear this. The Hunt has to travel by train and other means into Kent or across the river into Essex, but being still, as ever, in the best sporting hands, the trouble of transport is always worth while.

There may still be some cavalry men left who harbour pleasant recollections of a Woolwich in Victorian days, a Woolwich now passed into the limbo of things forgotten that nevertheless served a useful purpose in their time.

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SPORT IN SOUTH PERSIA

A GAZELLE DRIVE WITH A PERSIAN GRANDEE.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

"Awake! For morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight:
And lo! The hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of light."

—*Omar Khayyam.*

WHERE I was serving during part of the Great War, in what is known as "The turbulent province of Fars," with our head-quarters at Shiraz, there was any amount of sport during the winter months. The plateau, on which Shiraz is situated, is 5,500 ft. above the sea level, so that European game birds of many sorts flourish there. Wild geese and duck of all the English varieties, snipe and wood-cock, partridges, quail, and almost every kind of small game were to be shot on the hills and marshes around the Shiraz plateau. The General, the Consul, and most of us Staff and regimental officers were very keen, and had many wonderful days small game shooting in the glorious clear air of the winter climate of South Persia. They were delightful days, and there is nothing more to relate about them. We could never go out without an escort of Indian Cavalry, but that was essential in "The turbulent province of Fars" where, as likely as not, somebody would be shooting at "you!" This did happen on more than one occasion.

With regard to bigger game and the circumstances connected with it I think that I may perhaps be able to tell you something more interesting and amusing. It was confined to drives organized by the order of the Persian Governor-General of Fars, who lived in the "Arg," or fortified palace at Shiraz.

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Let us call him H.H. These drives were on a colossal scale, and covered a large area of country, entailing the use of a great number of beaters who were usually mounted riflemen of H.H.'s army. The game was varied, but consisted mostly of Persian gazelle, wild boar, and an occasional snow leopard, wolves and hyenas. Before I go further let me put you into the picture. It is essential that you should be *au fait* with the dramatis personæ, and also know what we were doing in South Persia. We at H.Q. were the staff of General Sir P. S., who commanded the forces. A charming gentleman, a great expert on Persia and the Persians, and a first class all round sportsman, under whose command we spent many happy days. He had the staff of a Division, and commanded a large mixed force distributed over various parts of South Persia. You will ask why we were there. The answer is that we really had no right to be there, but that, being there, we kept out undesirables, like Germans, Austrians and Turks who were there before we came, employed in doing as much harm as possible to the Allied Cause, intriguing with Persia and Afghanistan, and making themselves generally objectionable. To cut a long story short, there we were established, and there we remained until after the Armistice. I will only mention those of us who come into this article. The Consul was Colonel G., a typical political officer and a charming personality, whom we all liked. His assistant B., a very pleasant person, also joined in all our shooting parties, but as he acknowledged himself, he was not much of a shot with a gun. Sir P. used to describe a party as "So many guns, and B.!" When B. heard this he was much amused and said "I conclude he looks upon me as a super-gun, such as a Vickers or Hotchkiss!" There were several others worthy of mention, including the financial adviser to Sir P., whom we shall call by the nickname that we gave him—"Pani-kate"—a literary gentleman, and a very good sort, but not a great horseman; in fact he had not ridden before he came to Persia. The story is told of him that some kind officers at Bunder Abbas, on the sea coast, furnished him with a horse on which to commence a march of 430 miles to Shiraz. After the first march he returned

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the horse to the officers with a note which said: "I return your horse; I do not like him; his stirrups are of uneven length!" The officers had it framed and kept it in their Mess until that institution broke up a few years later. Nevertheless he was a very nice chap, and being a man of letters, was a great addition to the Mess.

Of the Persian Grandees and officials, the outstanding personality was the Governor-General—a Prince of the blood royal of Persia, the last of the real rulers of a dynasty which is now no more. He was a great nobleman and aristocrat. He was a ruler in that he knew how to deal with the Persians. He stood no liberties being taken with him, and often prevented bloodshed in Shiraz city by issuing a firman in which he stated that he was quite prepared to wash his hands in the blood of Shiraz. Such a man was the appropriate ruler of Fars. He always spoke French to the British officers, it being the Court language of Persia. He would hail you in his great gruff voice with a cheery "Ah, mon cher Colonel, comment ca va?" On one occasion his French went slightly wide of the mark. It was after the dreadful epidemic of influenza which killed off thousands of Persians who had no one to give them medical assistance. He himself was only just pulled through by our staff surgeon. We went down to see him, and congratulate him on his recovery. With a gesture of despair he threw up his hands and exclaimed "Le demi-monde de Shiraz est mort!" Another visit to H.H. may interest you. As you know, Shiraz was invested, practically besieged, for three months by the tribesmen Qashquai and Kashquli, who raised a well armed and well mounted force numbering some 15,000. They had orders from the central government at Teheran to turn every Britisher out of South Persia. They did their best, and only by making sorties with the column every ten days or so, and fighting hard, did we manage to keep them off. H.H. got very anxious at one time when things were looking very nasty, and feared that he and his sons might be taken out and hanged in their own court yard any day by the victorious tribesmen. A certain officer was sent to see him and comfort him. The officer was of a cheery type,

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and said in his best French, "Cheer up. Your Highness, all will be well!" The old man growled back in French, "It is all right for you to say cheer up; you are a soldier and accustomed to being killed; I am a Persian prince and do not like it." He would not be comforted! He had several sons, all of whom were educated in England. I asked him one night when dining at his Palace where his sons had been at school. He replied, "F. was at Eton, A. is at 'Arrods!" It is told of him that when his eldest son Prince F., who was a bit of a lad, was surreptitiously giving a party to which he had invited some of the most charming ladies of Teheran, the old Prince got wind of it, and arrived on the scene. He soundly scolded his son for this unwarrantable licence, dismissed him to his apartments, and himself took over the duties of host. The revels lasted well into the early hours of next morning. His son Prince A., who was at 'Arrods, went on to Sandhurst. He was a dull, stupid sort of lad, and the only way he made any so-called friends was by letting it be known that he had a large bag of gold in his rooms. His popularity became phenomenal, and the impecunious cadets were often glad of a loan, especially before a race meeting! Prince A. soon began to see through this as his hoard began to dwindle, until, just before the Ascot Meeting, he locked himself and his bag of gold in the lavatory, where he remained until the race goers had departed. The younger son, Prince M. H., was a delightful boy, and keen on all sport. He used to be in the Russian Guard in the days of the Monarchy, and was at the death of the notorious and vile Rasputin. He often told us of his experiences in Russia. He played polo and shot with us regularly, and was a very pleasant companion.

You must excuse me for leaving my subject, "Sport in South Persia," but I exonerate myself on the grounds that I had to introduce to you the above gentlemen, most of whom were present at the gazelle drive. Arrived on the ground one clear morning in the early spring, we were allotted our butts, and took up our positions behind one of the stone wall enclosures. The Persian A.D.C., a friend of mine, accompanied me to my butt, and, as we had a long time to wait, he regaled me

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with stories, and told me how the Persian shikaris shot or caught birds to sell in the bazaar. Firstly, chikor or hill partridges are slaughtered by an ingenious device which is undoubtedly saving in cartridges. A large target-like erection is put up, which has an attractive, cool, and shady looking bush painted upon it. In front of this are placed some decoy birds which give forth their well known call at intervals; behind it is the sportsman with his fowling piece, generally an old muzzle loader, into which he rams anything he can find in the way of shot. There is a hole in the target through which he can see and thrust the muzzle of his gun. When a sufficiently large number of chikor have collected, he shoots. To catch wild geese and ducks, he waits in the rushes and employs a similar device; or, when the water is not too cold, he may put an earthenware pot, heavily camouflaged, on his head and submerges his whole body. There are two holes to see through; he allows himself to drift gently down to a flock of geese or wild fowl, and deftly pulls them down by the legs under water, rings their necks, and attaches them to his belt.

Let us imagine ourselves taking part in the drive, which has now started and we must be on the qui vive! We can see the mounted riflemen in the far distance, dismounted men with them moving on at a steady pace. Between us and them is a grassy plain, a carpet of wild spring flowers. Crown Imperial lilies droop their lovely heads downwards in red clusters; hyacinths, bulbs of all sorts, and anemones are just coming out. The background is of wild rocky hills, set in a brilliant blue sky, covered in places with a short lavender-like scrub, which the gazelle love. In the foreground is a swamp which runs parallel with the range of hills, with reddy gold rushes shimmering in the sunlight. These rushes hold wild pig, some of them real old grey or white-haired veterans. Hark! Several shots ring out on our right! A herd of gazelle comes right down the line and passes us at a great pace. I aim well in front of the point of the shoulder, and a lucky shot rolls the leader over! Things begin to get exciting now, and along the line the firing is considerable, with varied success. I get two more! H.H., who is

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in the next butt, is holding his own and shooting with great accuracy. He has a beautiful rifle, given to him by the General. The beaters approach the marsh in large numbers, close together, and making a great noise. Behind us is another strip of marsh, the only possible refuge for the wild pig in front of us. Out they come in large numbers, and give some very nice shots. We have no scruples in shooting them because, often as it has been tried, you cannot ride these pig! The strips of marsh are too close, and the wily old boar will not leave them for the open country. So in due course ends the drive. The bag is counted—twelve gazelle, six wild pig, a wolf, and two hyenas (approximately).

Lunch is now the order of the day as we adjourn to a magnificent marquee erected by order of H.H. for our reception. We enter and are dumb! Imagine a large tent with table cloths laid on the floor round three sides, and on them such a sea of dishes that we cannot easily count them! Roughly calculated there must have been over fifty. Three whole roast sheep form the *piece de resistance;* around these are many large dishes heaped high with pilau, and on each a roasted lamb. Many chickens, partridges and other smaller birds are on smaller dishes; and innumerable bowls of rice curds, junkets, and other etceteras, such as chutneys of all kinds, are dotted about. We sit down and, as the General is not here, H.H. calls me up and says, "Venez ici, mon cher Colonel H., au jour d'hui vous serez le General H." I sit down beside him on a costly Persian carpet. He introduces me to his favourite dish—chilau kabob —consisting of venison cooked in small pieces on skewers, wonderfully cooked rice with spices, and with raw eggs poured over it, to say nothing of lesser ingredients. The drink is Shiraz wine, old and mellow, a brand for which the Prince's cellar is famous. He says it is over sixty years' old! For those that do not drink wine sherbets of various kinds are provided. The dishes in the centre of the cloth are, of course, far out of reach; but this matter is simplified by H.H.'s Persian butler, who, in his bare feet, walks boldly on to the table! He wields an enormous ladle with which he piles up your plate from which-

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ever dish you choose. He sometimes takes your plate and, plunging it into the mountain of rice, hands it back to you heaped six inches high. Then he seizes the sheep, and tearing off a leg by giving it a hearty wrench, hands you your joint! We are all astounded by the nimble way in which he wanders amongst the multitude of dishes without touching one with his feet, until, H.H. suddenly gives one of his somewhat peremptory orders, rather like a cow coughing, in so loud a voice that the man turns round suddenly, loses his balance, and sits violently down in a huge dish of hashed chicken! He is not the least disconcerted, but gets up and attends to H.H. We finish the meal, and go out for coffee and cigarettes. The mountains of food do not seem to be very much diminished! The retainers are then let loose on the huge pile of victuals, which shortly completely disappears. Coffee being finished, it is time to take our leave. H.H. kisses me affectionately on both cheeks, a great honour as I know, but I cannot help wishing that he had shaved fairly recently! And so home some ten miles to Shiraz. You will perhaps say that you do not think much of that sport; that those poor gazelle and pig had not much chance; but then it does not happen very often—perhaps twice in a year—once in the autumn and once in the early spring, before the mating season begins. The shooting with a rifle is not so easy, but the mounted beaters soon gallop after and despatch any wounded animal. They are wonderful shots from horseback and seldom miss. It is the *toute-ensemble* that appeals to one—the day out in the open air, breathing what the Laureate of the centaurs aptly calls "God's glorious oxygen" that constitutes a great part of the pleasure.

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head and he lies fast asleep."

—*Omar Khayyam.*

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"THE GREAT BEAR LAKE PATROL"

Being an Address delivered to the Alberta Military Institute

By INSPECTOR C. D. LANAUZE, R.C.M.P.,

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THE North West Mounted Police was formed by the Dominion Government in 1873 to create law and order in Western Canada. Having accomplished this and having materially assisted in the development of the West, it received its title of "Royal" in 1905 when the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were formed. The Force still continued the active policing of these provinces upon arrangement between the Dominion and Provincial Governments. In 1917 the Dominion withdrew its Force and the Provinces formed their own Provincial Police.

In 1920 the Force became a Federal constabulary for the whole Dominion and its title was changed to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Its scope is now strictly Federal except that in Saskatchewan and Alberta the old arrangement has just been revived.

The strength of the Force is now approximately one thousand, all ranks, it is commanded by a commissioner with Headquarters at the Dominion Capital at Ottawa and is controlled by the Federal Department of Justice.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police is kept much before the public by means of sensational novels and short stories and even more sensational motion pictures, so much so that the general impression must be that the Force is composed of a hard riding, scarlet-coated crowd of super-men who "always get their man." This is a false impression, civilization has swamped romance in Western Canada and the Force is composed of ordinary individuals the same as in any other well disciplined police force not so favoured with unsought publicity.

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It does not always "get its man," and its problems are no more acute than those of the many forces who police the Empire.

In Canada, the Yukon Territory and the Great North West Territories are administered by the Dominion Government, consequently the policing of these territories is performed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The Force consequently polices the whole of the Arctic Regions of North America from the Alaskan Boundary to the Western shores of Smith Sound and Baffin Bay.

During the late War the whole Force from Commissioner down felt, of course, that they should be at the front. The Government, however, felt otherwise, and while a percentage of the then serving members left and went overseas, the Force was not allowed to raise a unit.

The police work of the Force was carried on under difficulties, as good men were leaving and recruits were, of course, scarce, and it was at the height of this period, in May, 1915, at Regina, Saskatchewan, that the writer received instructions to outfit at once for a two year patrol in the Arctic Regions.

The reason for the patrol was as follows:—In the summer of 1913, two R.C. priests of the Oblate Order, the Rev. Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux, left their base at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River for the purpose of bringing salvation to the primitive Eskimo of Coronation Gulf. The priests had already made the acquaintance of some of these Eskimo in the country North and East of Great Bear Lake as the Eskimo were in the habit of coming inland to the wooded country each summer to hunt caribou and get wood for their weapons. The Bishop had now decided to attempt to establish a mission on the Arctic Coast and it was for this purpose that the two priests started for the coast in the summer, by way of Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River to establish same. Word was received from them by Indian messenger about September, 1913, stating that all was well, that they were on their way to the coast with the Eskimo and would not be back for probably more than a year.

Nothing further was heard until the fall of 1914 when an explorer named D'Arcy Arden accompanied by several families of Bear Lake Indians fell in with a large band of primitive

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Eskimo on the barren North East of Dease Bay on Great Bear Lake.

For centuries the Indian and the Eskimo have had a hereditary dread for each other, they cannot converse with each other, and it was generally the rule that when either was thought to be intruding on each other's territory, discretion was thought to be the better part of valour and both sides retreated. On this occasion they actually met, and the Indians were horrified to see that two adult male Eskimo were wearing priests' cassocks and one was seen carrying a rifle that the Indians recognized as belonging to the priests. Arden did his best to hold the Indians together and try to gain some information by the sign language, but the Indians were anxious to depart as they were outnumbered by the Eskimo and absolutely no information was gained concerning the priests.

This information finally reached the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese and he immediately requested a Police patrol to find the whereabuts of his now overdue priests.

Previous personal experience in the Mackenzie District made matters easier, and the patrol, which consisted of the writer and Constables Withers and Wight, outfitted in Edmonton, Alberta, and was transported to Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River by the Hudson's Bay Company. As it was quite likely we would have to deal with Eskimo an interpreter was secured from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and it was not until July 23rd that the patrol was actually ready to start from Fort Norman, the point the priests set out from.

From here we were dependent on our own resources and with Arden as guide we struggled up the swiftly flowing Bear River, crossed the Great Bear Lake in an open boat and finally, on September 8th, reached Dease Bay at the North East End of Great Bear Lake, 500 miles from Fort Norman.

Here we fell in with a few Slavey Indians who had known the priests well, they had absolutely no news of the priests, and were camped on an island in the Bay for fear of the Eskimo. They stated that a few nights previous to our arrival their tepees had been stoned and the next day they found fresh Eskimo tracks. One of the women was particularly intelligent,

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she was the last to see the priests and remembered that they told her they were going to the "salt water" with the Eskimo and were to accompany an Eskimo named Hupo.

She said that the priests had built a small house on the edge of a Lake at the extreme edge of the woods, about 60 miles North East of where we were and should we find that we might find some message the priests had left behind. No Indians had been in that country since the previous Fall as they were afraid of the Eskimo. We had taken many statements but this was the first definite statement we had received.

The winter was already setting in and with dogs packed and with packs on ourselves we started at once for the priests' Lake and had not much difficulty in locating it.

An arm of the Dease River Valley Woods runs clear into the barren grounds and here, on the edge of a big lake surrounded by high rolling hills we found the cabin of the missing priests.

We approached it with mixed feelings. Would our quest end here or would we have to proceed to the Arctic waste?

The suspense was quickly lifted for we found the cabin in ruins and not a clue discernable of the missing priests. Eskimo had apparently visited the place recently for we found fresh chips of wood and not far away, fresh Eskimo tracks.

The Eskimo, however, if they wished to, could easily have avoided us in that great country. They would know of our presence by our fires, a luxury they do not need in their summer life, and unless we actually surprised them they would be hard to find as their deer skin clothing blended with the surrounding country.

Winter was rapidly approaching, lakes and streams were already frozen and it was decided to return to Dease Bay, winter there in its hospitable woods and when the backbone of winter was broken continue our journey to the Arctic Coast and reach the Eskimo while they were still living on the ice.

The chief reason for this decision was the safety of the patrol, the days were shortening rapidly, the caribou were moving South, and as we were practically dependent on our rifles for food it was not wise to proceed to the coast at this time of the season.

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What a magnificent country is the Barren Grounds North of Great Bear Lake in the fall of the year. A great brown rolling country intersected with deep ravines and sparkling lakes, great herds of lordly caribou everywhere, ptarmigan in hundreds in the willows, and the blue water of the Great Bear Lake stretching far to the South surrounded by its dark green spruce woods. The air was like champagne, and at night the barrend were lit by the brilliant aurora which gyrated and danced playfully in front of us mortals as we gazed in awe at its shimmering rainbow splendour.

Dease Bay was reached early in October and preparations to winter at once began. Some old log cabins were rapidly made habitable, fishing, hunting and wood cutting was religiously carried out, and by the time the sun had disappeared and the cold weather set in, the patrol was well housed and well supplied with dog feed and meat.

With the advent of the New Year the real cold weather came. Our small thermometer could only register 60° below zero, and it simply stayed there for it could go no further. The air was so clear, dry and bracing that we did not suffer and our cabins were snug, wood cutting always gave exercise and kept us busy, photography was a Godsend.

Actually we were wintering well inside the Arctic Circle, two thousand miles North of the nearest railroad and five hundred miles from the nearest trading post.

We enjoyed the winter, for everyone kept busy and looked forward to the spring journey to the coast and the continuance of our work.

So far we had had no occasion to use the services of our Eskimo interpreter, Ilavinek. He was employed at jobs he liked, such as hunting and fishing, for an Eskimo does not like hard work nor can you treat him in the manner of master and servant. Ilavinek was "consulted" at all times, was made to feel his own importance, that he was the "mouth" of the patrol, and during that winter his confidence was gained and his somewhat strange English, learned on whaling ships, understood.

The mystery of the missing priests was ever before us and plans were fully discussed and laid as to how we should continue our work on the coast.

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On March 29, 1916, we resumed our journey to the coast, Constable Withers taking charge of the base. The party consisted of Arden, Wight, Ilavinek, and the writer, with two toboggans and two teams of four dogs to each.

The Barren grounds were now white wind-swept plains, we passed the priests' lake and struck North East to find the Coppermine River, which we knew flowed into Coronation Gulf. The Coppermine was found and on it there was timber of sorts to within twenty miles of the coast. The spring migration of the caribou had commenced and our supply of meat and dog feed was assured.

On April 30 we stood on the shores of the Polar Sea, fresh Eskimo sled tracks were seen leading East on Coronation Gulf. Now at least we could resume our investigations.

On May 1st we saw a small Eskimo encampment and as we approached, the inhabitants came out holding their arms well above their heads. We promptly did the same as Ilavinek explained that this was the peace sign. Ilavinek then went forward and spoke in Eskimo, a scene of wild delight followed as men and women and children and dogs rushed out from their skin tents and escorted us joyfully into their camp.

It took some time to settle down and then began our hardest time, the practice of restraint as to our mission.

It is peculiar to some primitive races and especially to the Eskimo that if you want to get definite information you must wait until it is given voluntary. Our policy was therefore, not to "pump" the Eskimo until at least there was no other way available. Just at present there was no hurry, we had reached the coast when the Eskimo had gathered in large camps on the sea ice for spring sealing operations, game was plentiful, and we also learned to our surprise that some white men with a ship were wintering West of Coronation Gulf, and that two white men were in camp one day's travel East. We hoped we had fallen in with the Canadian Arctic Expedition.

Leaving Ilavenik in camp we proceeded East and soon came upon a camp of the Southern Party of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, whose members were a surveyor by name of Chip-

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man and Corporal Bruce of the Herschel Island Detachment of the R.N.W.M.P.

After cordial greetings inquiries were made for the missing priests. "What," said Chipman, "are they not back on Great Bear Lake?" Having informed him of our search he said, "Well, they never reached the coast; this is the second winter of the expedition here and our interpreter and ethnologist have heard absolutely nothing from the natives, they must have perished somewhere between the coast and Great Bear Lake."

Corporal Bruce informed me that after Ilavinek had joined our party at Fort Norman he had been sent in East from Herschel Island by the Canadian Arctic Expedition ship "Alaska" to endeavour to work on the case in Coronation Gulf and if possible connect with the patrol. The move had been a good one as Bruce knew the country and had quietly ascertained, without exciting any suspicion, what Eskimo had white men's effect in their possession. He had wisely made no direct enquiries but naturally had come to the same conclusion as Chipman.

Arden then joined Chipman, Bruce joined the patrol, and we returned to the Eskimo camp to pick up Ilavinek.

The object of the patrol now was to visit quietly every Eskimo camp in Coronation Gulf and to especially find the Eskimo named Hupo, who was mentioned by the Indian woman on Great Bear Lake.

It must be understood that the Eskimo of Coronation Gulf then knew absolutely nothing of law and order, of white men they had seen very few, some none at all, and their conception of the Universe was that it did not extend beyond their own country except to the South, where there were Indians, whom they did not trust.

The Eskimo were natural hosts, we were their equals, nor were they unduly curious as to our presence among them. We were simply visitors and should be treated accordingly. The Canadian Arctic Expedition had made no foolish attempt to civilize them or to give them clothing or weapons, consequently we were working amongst a primitive and unspoiled hardy race

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who lived comfortably and happily seven months of the year on the Arctic ice.

Ilavenik had gained absolutely no information at the Eskimo camp but by no means had given up all hope, and his optimism was an inspiration to us all.

The patrol now travelled North West across Coronation Gulf and spent the night at an Eskimo village of skin tents pitched on the ice between some islands. The natives were busy sealing and we received the usual hearty welcome.

Having informed an Eskimo named Koomuk that we came from Great Bear Lake, he told us he had been there but then shut up suddenly and would not talk any more. Food was produced and the people talked about hunting, etc., but nothing else, and the subject of the Bear Lake country was not pressed. The people's attitude at this camp made us feel that the Eskimo knew something about the priests. It was intensely hard to refrain from questioning.

On the night of May 7th the patrol reached a large Eskimo village situated at the Eastern end of the Dolphin and Union Straits. We received the usual hearty welcome and after we had made camp and finished supper Ilavinek and the writer started out on our usual visit of the people. For a time we were surrounded by the curious, who gradually disappeared until we were left alone with two men, obviously brothers, who seemed genuinely anxious to talk.

We told them we had come from Great Bear Lake and they at once said they had often been there. They were then asked had they seen white men before and they said "yes," they had seen Steffanson, and had heard Steffanson's native speak of Ilavinek. They were very glad to see Ilavinek and to hear that he had travelled so far to see them and that he came as the "mouth of the white man."

It was now about midnight, the sun was setting and the people and our men had apparently turned in. The brothers then suggested that we come and sit with them in their house and talk, and the invitation was quietly accepted. We were taken to a small snow house in the middle of the village, we crawled through the opening on our stomachs and soon almost

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stood up inside its dome-shaped roof. We all sat down on the raised sleeping bench made of snow blocks and covered with soft musk ox and caribou skins, the seal oil lamp was burning. There was a pause, they waited for us to commence and then Ilavinek spoke to the writer and said "Inspector, I think we can talk straight now, these two brothers trust me, will I go ahead?" I said "yes, and I won't say one word until you tell me," and Ilavinek commenced.

I saw him talk long and earnestly. I saw him describe the two priests, their height, their cassocks, and the cross they always carried suspended from the neck—there was a dead silence—then the two brothers began to cry softly—still silence, when at last the elder turned and spoke a few words to Ilavinek —I could see Ilavinek sit up and tremble—his mouth was open wide—"What's that?" he said. They spoke again, then he turned and trembling with emotion said "Inspector, these men tell me everything, the poor fathers were killed alright, the Eskimo killed them, now I find out some more."

I slipped away and aroused Corporal Bruce and when we arrived Ilavinek and the Eskimo were calmed down and ready to talk seriously. One other Eskimo had arrived, a stout and elderly man named Koeha, and the natives all began to talk at once. Ilavinek said, "Let the mouth who knows most speak first," and the brothers replied, "Let Koeha speak."

By the flickering light of a seal oil stone lamp in that distant Eskimo camp the story of an Arctic tragedy was slowly unfolded.

The priests had reached the coast with the Eskimo when the snow was soft, the sea ice not yet strong and the sun was very low, evidently in November. They had only remained there a few days and stated they would return to Bear Lake and come back next year by ship. They had started back at the worst time of year for travel and poorly equipped, they had evidently had some trouble with some of the Eskimo over a rifle which was said to have been promised. A day after they left they were followed up and brutally murdered for their rifles by two Eskimo named Sinnisiak and Uluksak. The murderers had

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returned to the camp and Uluksak had told them all what had happened, and said he had been urged to assist by Sinnisiak.

Koeha, who was the first to tell us the story, said, " At first I did not believe that they had killed the two good white men who were our friends, so I went to see and by following the tracks I found the two white men dead near the Falls about 24 miles South, the dogs were still alive and tied to the sled, so I unloosed them. We never spoke of this before to a white man as we were afraid they might kill us all, now we speak to you through Ilavinek."

Taking statements from Eskimo is painstaking work, they have practically no conception of time and it is hard for them to think back and especially hard for them to recall years. They also soon tire and want to go to sleep. They must be kept interested themselves. Humour interjected at points assisted, and Bruce was invaluable in that he could imitate the bell-like note of the Arctic raven to perfection and this often restored wakefulness, humour and train of thought.

It took us four hours patient work to get that first statement and we turned in with a great load off our minds. Success was coming to the patrol for we learned that both murderers were at large and in the country. Sinnisiak, the principal murderer, was supposed to be North on Victoria Island. Uluksak was last heard of as being East on the Kent Peninsula.

We travelled West to Bernard Harbour to the Canadian Artic Expedition base to get some supplies. Many Eskimo were met *en route* and the news now quickly spread as to the object of our visit. We met Hupo whom the Indian woman had told us of on Great Bear Lake, who corroborated many points, and we fell in with an Eskimo named Mayuk who said he had seen Sinnisiak during the early winter and thought he could find the tribe he lived with.

At the Expedition's base we were well received and quickly outfitted, and on May 12th we struck across the Dolphin and Union Straits, North for Victoria Island. Great difficulty was experienced in finding the old camps of the tribe, for it was by following their deserted snow houses from camp to camp

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that we expected to find the people, and our efforts were further impeded by 48 hours of thick fog.

At last, on May 15th, one year from the date of our departure from Regina, we saw the low coast line of Victoria Island loom up and on it a large village of Eskimo skin tents.

It had been decided that no display of force was to be shown unless absolutely necessary and we walked into that camp apparently unarmed.

After the usual careful approach Mayuk and Ilavinek went forward and we were soon surrounded by about forty excited and very primitive-looking Eskimo. Ilavinek was splendid, his self-confidence and his importance was increasing, and he had wisely instructed our new assistant Mayuk how to act.

After preliminaries Wight kept the crowd interested and our new guide quietly led us to a large tent at the far end of the village. In it sat a man and his wife, the man was sitting there, tailor fashion, literally shaking with fear. He said his name was Sinnisiak and for us not to dare to kill him. Sinnisiak was formally arrested by Bruce and as he would not stand up when we asked him to we lifted him up and relieved him of the priests' rifle and two large knives he was sitting on. In the meantime the whole village crowded around us and those men who could crowded into the tent.

Now was the time for Ilavinek to act and he did it thoroughly and well. He told the people that we had come for this man and that he must come with us to come before the white chief and that we would promise nothing, and that their own people had told us he was the man.

The prisoner refused to come and appealed to the people and a great discussion ensued. Ilavinek after a while resumed and said we were not looking for trouble, but he must come with us because we were not going to go without him. Here discussion followed until an elderly Eskimo spoke up and said, " The white man does not speak with two tongues, what he says is true, Sinnisiak must go with him and none of us will put out our hand to help him."

Even then we could not hurry, obvious haste was not wise nor was it understood, and we were actually eight hours in that camp before we got the prisoner quietly away.

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Sinnisiak was intensely nervous, he still expected to meet instant death at our hands and the first thing he did when he reached the Expedition's base was to quietly steal five butcher knives from the cook and conceal them on his person.

At Bernard Harbour he was charged with murder, and after most careful explanation of the procedure in "the statement of the accused," he said, "I want to talk."

Sinnisiak told everything. He stated that he and Uluksak had accidentally met the priests and they had insisted on them helping to pull the sled in payment for some traps; they had camped one night with them and, the next day, being afraid of them, decided to kill them. Sinnisiak said he got behind Father Le Roux on a pretence while Father Rouvier was running ahead of the sled, he had then sprung upon him and stabbed him with his long snow knife, and Uluksak had finished him while he wounded Father Rouvier with the priest's rifle. Both men then finished killing Father Rouvier, cut open his stomach, and ate a piece of his liver, then, each taking a rifle and cartridges, returned to the coast.

Having committed Sinnisiak for trial he was left at Bernard Harbour in charge of Corporal Bruce, while the original patrol returned East to the mouth of the Coppermine in the hope of finding Uluksak.

Fortune still favoured the patrol for Uluksak was arrested on Trokton Island on May 22nd and later committed for trial. Uluksak's statement agreed with that of Sinniasiak except that he said he was urged on by Sinnisiak, and that they had eaten a piece of the liver of both priests. He said, "I have carried this in my head a long time and am glad you have come, are you going to kill me at once?"

He also stated that Koomuk, the man we were first suspicious of in the Gulf, had taken the rifle from him.

Our next duty was to convey our prisoners to the nearest Police Post, and as we had the Canadian Arctic Expedition's ship "Alaska" at our disposal, it was decided that the prisoners should be taken to Herschal Island by sea.

The patrol now separated, Constable Wight and Ilavinek returned to our base on Great Bear Lake, visiting the scene of

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the murder *en route*, while the writer returned to Bernard Harbour with Uluksak and joined Corporal Bruce with Sinnisiak.

Herschal Island lay 700 miles West of Coronation Gulf and was reached safely in early August. From here the Arctic Expedition proceeded to Vancouver and carried the patrol's official reports. Instructions would be received *viâ* Dawson, Yukon, the following February.

Ilavinek reached Herschal Island in September by whale boat from Norman, the party having made a successful trip to Fort Norman. Wight had gone out, and a report from him was received stating that they had found some evidence at the scene of the crime.

Instructions were received in due course to bring the prisoners to Edmonton, Alberta, for their trial. Wight in the mean time had been instructed to return to Fort Norman.

The patrol left the Mackenzie Delta in July by the Hudson's Bay Company annual steamer, and Constable Wight was awaiting us at Fort Norman.

Our good fortune continued for Koeha, our principal witness, accompanied by a half-breed named Patsey, a former Expedition employee, were at Norman and awaiting us, on Wight's request. Koeha and Patsey had bravely ventured that spring from Coronation Gulf to Norman to trade and had arrived at Norman with some Indians, on the last ice.

The patrol was once more united and reached Edmonton in August where a special court had been convened to hear the cases.

The first trial commenced on August 14th when Sinnisiak was charged with the murder of Father Rouvier, singly.

The trials were the hardest part of the patrol. The faithful Ilavinek proved hopeless as a court interpreter; we, of course, could understand him, and the presiding judge was extremely patient, but the lawyers had not got the patience, and when questioned by them he would appeal to me for an explanation of what they asked him.

Fortunately we had brought Patsey. He was pressed into the breach and really did very well owing to his experience with the C.A.E.

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The prosecution was conducted by the Federal Department of Justice and the defence by the Department of Indian Affairs. The prosecution submitted the prisoner's statements as evidence, and we felt really sorry for Ilavinek as he was put through a most gruelling cross examination by the defence as to whether the statements were voluntary or extracted. The statements were admitted as evidence.

Koeha was an excellent witness, he had observed the procedure and when his turn came he walked quietly into the witness box, placed his hands on the edge and calmly surveyed the crowded court room. His evidence could not be questioned and had more witnesses been available, no doubt much additional evidence and information could have been gained as to the last days of the missing priests.

Constable Wight produced evidence from the scene of the crime, including two empty cartridge cases, a human lower jaw, and part of the diary of the unfortunate priests. The last page, written in French, contained the following tragic entry: "We have been disillusioned by the Eskimo; we have little to eat, we do not know what to do."

The defence put Sinnisiak on the stand in his own behalf and call Uluksak for the defence. The prisoners however never departed a fraction from their original statements made over a year previously in Coronation Gulf.

The case reached the jury on August 17th, and after several hours' deliberation a verdict of "not guilty" was brought in.

It was impossible for the Eskimo to understand this. Sinnisiak remarked "It's not true I killed him?" Ilavinek at last said, "Does it mean this, that we work all these two years for nothing?"

The prosecution at once made an appeal in chambers before the Chief Justice for a change of venue for the next trial. This was hotly opposed but was granted, and the second trial took place at Calgary on August 22nd when Uluksak and Sinnisiak were charged jointly with the murder of Father Le Roux.

The second trial lasted only three days as both the Chief Justice and the lawyers were getting used to the Eskimo. Excellent speeches were made by both defence and prosecution followed

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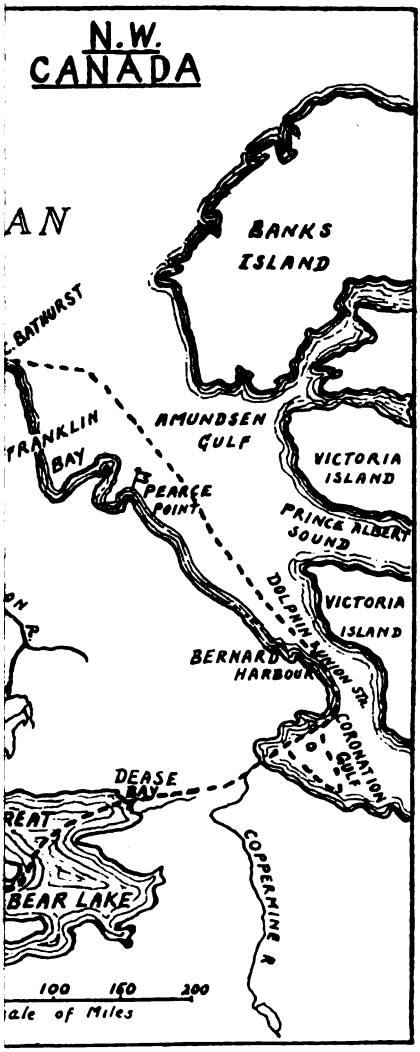

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by an admirable and humane charge to the jury by the Chief Justice.

After an hour's deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," with the strongest recommendation to mercy that a jury can make.

The final result was that the prisoners were sentenced to death, and the sentence was commuted in a few days to imprisonment for life, to be served in the Far North. After two years in charge of the police in the Mackenzie the prisoners were pardoned and allowed to return to Coronation Gulf, where they have ever since been apostles of law and order.

Civilization has now reached the Arctic Coasts in the guise of fur traders and wireless stations, and with it is passing to a great extent the primitive life of the Eskimo.

It was the good fortune of the patrol to see this last fine race as they were since creation, and to some extent share their simple lives and thoughts.

Many more arduous police patrols have since been made in the Arctic, and the whole country from East to West has now been practically covered by the old Force, but the members of the Great Bear Lake Patrol have the satisfaction of knowing that they were the first there and that they had the extraordinary good fortune in solving the mystery of the missing priests.

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*THE RURALES OF MEXICO.**

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

STUDENTS of nineteenth-century affairs will readily recall the Mexican tragedy of the middle 'sixties, culminating in the judicial murder of the Emperor (Archduke) Maximilian, and the lamentable insanity of his devoted wife while she was in the act of pleading with the Pope to intercede in her consort's behalf. It makes one of the most poignant chapters in modern history.

Guerilla warfare was a principal characteristic of that wretched and prolonged struggle, and a feature of the desultory fighting was the employment of so-called *contre-guerillas* in opposition to the methods of General Porfirio Diaz. The late Archibald Forbes is, however, wrong in asserting, as he does in the "Mexican Tragedy" chapter of his informing biography of the Emperor Napoleon III, that one of Diaz's principal colleagues, the brave General Comomfort, was killed in action. He was, as a fact, assassinated by one of the countless hordes of desperadoes that then infested the entire countryside. Several of these bands of robbers were headed by the notorious Tronsaco brothers, who at that period (1866-7) controlled as many as four hundred fighting-men.

"I explained this condition of affairs," says Diaz himself, "to General Comomfort when he relieved me of the army-corps which had been acting under my orders. He did not attach much importance to my report, and a few days after my departure, in trying to make the trip from San Miguel Allendo to Celaya in a coach with an armed escort of fifty mounted men, he was assassinated by the Tronsacos near Chamacuero."

*Based upon information supplied to the author by courtesy of H.E. the Mexican Minister to Great Britain.

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GENERAL DIAZ

A Guard of Ruráles and the Castle of Chapultepec in the background

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These banditti organisations considerably outlived the life of the civil war in Mexico, and, in fact, it was not until after General Diaz's second election as President of the Republic that he had their leaders arrested. He then lighted upon the not unhappy expedient of giving them their choice between being shot and taking service under him as captains of a rural mounted police organization, pledging themselves to assist in ridding the country of the robber organizations which were menacing life and property all over Mexico. President Diaz's plan to this end worked out with conspicuous success. Moreover, it laid the foundations of the celebrated Rurales, nearly corresponding in both authority and discipline to the wholly admirable mounted police of Canada.

"It would seem," wrote an English historian of that deplorable civil struggle of the 'sixties, "that Maximilian ought in prudence to have adopted one of two courses: either to strengthen himself as much as possible in Mexico City and there await attack; or gather together all his remaining forces, including the fifteen hundred faithful Austrians who formed his bodyguard, and boldly assume the offensive. Maximilian however, adopted—as vacillating men usually do—a middle course: he could not endure the thought of waiting in Mexico till he was attacked, and yet he deemed it rash to hazard all upon an aggressive movement; so he marched from Mexico with 6,000 men to join Miramon at Queretaro, leaving his best support, the Austrian Legion, to protect his capital. He entered Queretaro on February 19, 1867. Here he was soon after surrounded and besieged by the Liberal forces under Escobedo and other leaders. The Imperialists made a number of brilliant sorties with uniform success, yet they could not compel the Juarists to relinquish the siege. Provisions began to fall short, and the Emperor (March 17) sent Marques, Chief-of-the-Staff, out of the place at the head of 1,200 men, with orders to return with fresh supplies of men, food and money. Marques cut his way out through the enemy's lines, but never returned to Queretaro. After the 24th March there was no more food in the place. During April and early May the garrison still held

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out, but short rations, the necessity for continual fighting, and constant watchfulness had terribly reduced their strength. On the 14th May a council of war was held, at which it was decided that a general attack should be delivered the following day against the besiegers' lines, there being now no choice between raising the siege by force or dying of hunger. On that night, whether by treason or negligence, Juarist soldiers obtained admission into the city, which at daylight was in full possession of the enemy. Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia were made prisoners."

The original organization of the "*Garde Rurale*" had actually been due to the initiative of President Benito Juarez' on May 5, 1861,* although not formally constituted a regular unit of the Republic's protective forces until seven years subsequently.

The Rurales were mounted upon small but enduring and spirited horses of the Mexican breed, and were equipped with sabre and carbine. They may be said to have complemented the National Army of the Mexican Republic, whilst also carrying out the functions of a rural police organization. In this sense, in fact, they may be said to have been illustrative of the ancient adage as to "setting a thief to catch a thief." M. Delagrave describes them in the following picturesque terms:

"On leur confia d'abord la surveillance des grandes routes de México á la mer et du voisinage de la capitale. En 1896, on augmenta leur nombre et on leur donna l'organisation actuelle. Ils furent chargés de purger une fois pour toutes, les campagnes des bandits que les infestaient. Ils s'acquittérent de leur mission avec la plus grande énergie, protégérent les villages, les haciendas et les voies ferrées, et rendirent les routes sûres.

"Il existe dix corps de ruraux, recrutés avec soin, parfaitement armés, montés et instruits. Leur uniforme consiste en vêtements de cuir ornementé; leur selles et leur brides sont á la mode Mexicaine. Ils sont placés sous la direction du Ministère de la Guerre, comme troupe militaire de réserve, mais sont payés par le Ministére de l'Intérieur (Gobernación) et dépendent de

*"Le Mexique au debût du XXe Siécle," by Ch. Delagrave.

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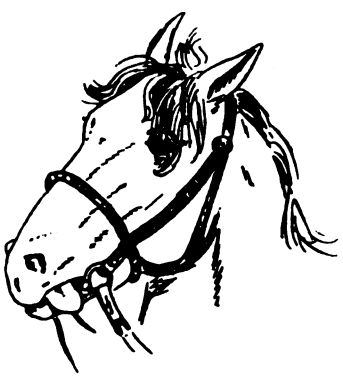
lui pour le service de sécurité. Leur postes sont distribués sur tout le territoire de la Fédération. Ils sont très redoutés des malfaiteurs et vagabonds."

For the *eighth* time, the veteran Porfirio Diaz was returned to the Presidential chair of the Mexican Republic on December 1, 1910. He, however, tendered his ultimate resignation in the ensuing May, and it was accepted. Señor Don Francisco Madero was elected in his stead in the October ensuing, but a *coup d'état*, engineered by Felix Diaz, on February 23rd, 1913, hurled him from power and resulted in his death. This was the occasion of the Rurales' final participation in any active hostilities, when they assisted in the investment of the Ciudadella fortress, wherein Felix Diaz and his followers had entrenched themselves.

The Corps of the Rurales was finally disbanded, and ceased its existence as an armed organized contingent of the Mexican Republic's public service, about fifteen years ago. On February 5th, 1917, a new Constitution was promulgated for Mexico, superseding the one that had been in force since 1857. Under its provisions, this vast territory of 767,000 square miles—almost equal in area to Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany and Austria combined—proclaimed itself a Federal Republic, divided into States and maintaining the right to manage its own local affairs.



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CHIVALRY

By Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C.,
Royal Tank Corps.

The subject of chivalry needs, one must suppose, no recommendation to the interest of readers of the Cavalry Journal; for the very word itself is evidence of its connection with the horse and the horseman. Indeed the primary and original meaning of the term "chivalry" is nothing more than "a body of mounted men," and it is so used in more than one of the early English romances, and as late as the early nineteenth century. But, of course, this is no longer its normal meaning; and when we to-day talk of "chivalry" we are concerned not with a body of mounted warriors, but with the code and spirit that ruled in the far-off days when those same mounted warriors held undisputed sway over the battlefields of Europe. We may perhaps define it as the cavalry spirit in the heyday of cavalry—and a fine and admirable spirit it was, and one well worthy of our study and imitation.

Chivalry, like most other institutions which have powerfully influenced society for good or evil, arose as it were from circumstances and the nature of things rather than from any conscious will or effort on the part of any one man or body of men. It grew up in the very depths of the Dark Ages which followed on the collapse of the world order, for five centuries maintained, mighty, imposing and beneficent, over all Western Europe by the majesty and prestige of Rome. Four hundred years after Our Lord's death the Roman Empire, in fact if not yet in name, had collapsed by reason of a combination of internal corruption and revolt, and of external invasion by the wild tribes of the north and east; and all its widespread territory became a welter

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of anarchy and barbarism, in which every man's hand was against every man's. This lasted for several hundred years again, when there began to emerge from the chaos the embryos of national states, as we know them to-day, under the strong personal rule of some great warrior or chieftain. The Church of Rome, which all through the years of misery and disorder had survived as the greatest vivifying force in Christendom, strove to proclaim and enforce religious unity on these new states. But her power was moral rather than physical; the physical power of the kings was often spasmodic, weak, or remote; and for such modicum of safety of life and property as could be secured to him, the common man had no better resource than to put himself in the hands of the nearest petty lordling, and promise him lifelong service and allegiance in return for his protection. Hence arose the feudal system, which parcelled out every land and its inhabitants among a galaxy of small independent lords or barons, bound only by a shadowy and vague bond of loyalty to superior lords or to the king, and often fiercely hostile to each other. Each of these little barons was in most respects a law unto himself; he could treat his tenants and servants as he willed, with little risk of any interference from any higher law or from any superior; he could make war on his neighbours, defy his overlord, resist even the king, if only he had the power in arms to do so—and in those days when there were no organized royal armies, the king could vindicate his authority over one rebellious vassal only with the aid and by the grace of others. What this baronial anarchy meant is clearly told us in a vivid extract from an English chronicler of King Stephen's reign:—"Every man made his castles and held them against the King. They filled them with devils and scoundrels, and they seized those persons that they thought had property, and put them in prison and tortured them with unutterable torments. They hanged them up by the feet and smoked them with foul smoke; they suspended them by the thumbs or by the head and hung armour on their feet, and they put knotted strings about their heads and twisted them so that they wound into the brain. They put them into dungeons in which were adders, snakes, and toads, and so killed them. The land was all

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fordone by such deeds, and men said openly that Christ and His saints slept."

This state of things had to cease if the world were ever to emerge from the state of barbarism into which the collapse of the Roman Empire had flung it; but the feudal baron could not for the moment be dispensed with, for Christendom was in even greater peril from without than from within. From the 8th to the 11th century wave after wave of invasion swept in upon her from north-east, east, south, and south-west. Huns, Slavs, Magyars drove one after another across Hungary and Germany and even reached the heart of France; while the sudden rise of the militant religion of Islam in distant Arabia hurled a great tide of fanatical and formidable warriors upon Europe from Asia and Africa. The greater part of the Byzantine Empire (the eastern half of the Roman Empire, based on Constantinople), South Italy, all Portugal and Spain, fell subject to their swords, and once again it was only in the heart of France that the wave was stemmed and turned. Christendom still had dire need of her fighting barons if she were to survive intact; yet they must be unified and civilized if she were not to die of internal lesion. That was the task for which a solution was found by the aid of chivalry.

The decisive step was taken by the Church, who heretofore had set her face firmly against war in any form, and had striven by means of periodical "truces of God," enforced by all the moral and spiritual forces at her command, to bridle the pugnacity of the knighthood of Europe. The capture of the holy city of Jerusalem by the infidel Saracens, at the close of the eleventh century, enabled the then reigning Pope to divert the warlike energies of the Christian west into a new channel by proclaiming, after the manner of the Islamic Jehad, a crusade for the recovery of the Sepulchre of Our Lord. It was a shrewd move, for it enabled the Church to gloss over her acceptance of war as a necessary evil by sanctifying it so long as it was engaged in for a holy purpose; it allowed her to get and maintain control of an unruly baronage; and it united the discordant elements of Christendom, whose internecine strife had so long laid the west open to successful Pagan attack, in a series of counter strokes,

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bravely delivered and long maintained, which in the end broke the force of the heathen onslaught. The epoch of the Crusades is a heroic and romantic chapter in European history, with which we have no space to deal adequately here; we are concerned mainly with their effect in bringing into existence a new ideal of knighthood, a new code of aristocratic and military behaviour, which sprang directly from the union of churchman and soldier, brought about by the crusading expeditions—the ideal and the code known to history under the name of chivalry.

It was therefore only fitting that the clearest statement of this code which has come down to us should have a direct, though fanciful, connection with the Holy Wars. This is contained in the work "The Order of Chivalry," published towards the end of the thirteenth century, and of special interest to English readers as being one of the first books to be translated and issued by the new process of printing introduced by Caxton two hundred years later. In its original form it was the work of one Raymond Lull, Spanish knight, poet, philosopher, and at last missionary to the Saracens and martyr, one of the noblest and most accomplished figures of his time. The precepts laid down in its pages are bound up with a story of the Crusades, in that they were supposed to have been enunciated by a Christian knight, when the prisoner of a Saracen lord, who had desired to learn from his lips the principles of conduct laid down for the knighthood of the West in the chivalric code.

The code as stated in its pages is indeed a noble and worthy one. Its precepts in general enjoined the fear of God and the maintenance of the Christian religion; faithful and valourous service of the King; the protection of the weak and defenceless; avoidance of all wanton causes of offence to others; the pursuit of honour and glory and the scorning of pecuniary reward; obedience to authority; the shunning of unfairness, deceit, and meanness; constant readiness to take arms and fight for the common welfare of all; jealous guardianship of the honour of the knightly order; keeping faith and speaking truth; perseverence in any task once begun; and reverence for the honour of women. To these noble duties and to this high and holy mode of life every knight was solemnly consecrated at the time of his

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investiture as a member of the order, and sworn on his honour by the most sacred and binding of vows.

The ceremonies of the investiture itself, as described by Lull, were expressly designed to be symbolical of the sanctity and obligations of the code. The bath, emblematic of purification from a past evil mode of life; the white tunic of innocence, the red robe of self-sacrifice, the black doublet, a reminder of death, with which the novice was then clad; the twenty-four hours of fasting, with the vigil of arms in the chapel; the confession of sins and Mass which followed; the blessing of the arms by the Holy Church, and the solemn girding on of helm, gold spurs and sword—all this, followed by the public taking of the vows of knighthood, must have been a never-to-be-forgotten reminder to every young warrior of the holy and honourable trust that had been confided to him. Obedience to that code and the fulfilment of these vows was to be the be-all and end-all of his life henceforward, till his death. From the time of his investiture he was a soldier of Christ and His Church; his duty to serve God with his sword, as the Churchman served with his prayers, and the hind with his labour—to fight for all as the monk prayed for all, and the peasant worked for all, in that trinity in unity which made up the ideal society of the Middle Ages.

Such was the chivalric ideal, the mirror of the perfect knight. Some there were who were bidden to a higher calling yet. Soon after the capture of Jerusalem by the soldiers of the First Crusade, there were instituted for the defence of the newly conquered territory the two first and most famous of those orders of military monks, whose deeds are so indissolubly bound up with the history of the age-long struggle between Christendom and Islam. The Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem actually dates from a time before the Crusades themselves, and has endured in a somewhat different form down to the present day. This long life alone would give it right and precedence above its fellows, apart from the splendid catalogue of its illustrious deeds of gallantry and achievement in the Holy Land itself, and later, after its expulsion, in the defence first of Rhodes, then of Malta. The Order of the Temple, its peer in those early glorious

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years of victory and defeat, fell from grace and came to a spectacular and unhappy end when the final fall of Jerusalem had removed the justification for its continued existence. Akin to these two great Orders were a host of lesser ones—the Teutonic Knights who continued to fight the heathen on the shores of the Baltic when they could no longer do so in the Holy Land, and the many Spanish and Portuguese Orders, who played such a leading part in the recovery of the Peninsula from the Moors. These various bodies of military monks, vowed to chastity, celibacy and poverty, international, admirably organized, strictly disciplined, and as brave as their swords, were in the most literal sense of the word soldiers of God. They were formally recognized as such by the Pope and General Councils of the Church; in the case of the Templars, their rules and statutes were drawn up by no less a person than the great St. Bernard of Chairvaux; and in them the religious side of the chivalric code found its ideal embodiment, as its heroic side some of its finest manifestations.

But in the Middle Ages, no less than in other epochs of history, the ideal must by no means be confused with the real, and the knight of chivalric theory all too rarely found his prototype in actual life. In one important respect the code itself had to give way before a more sordid reality; and the precept enjoining reverence for women yielded place to that curious form of courtly love known as gallantry, which had its home in Provence and the South of France, and gave birth to the gracious and frequent literature of the troubadours. It must be remembered, in judging this departure from the strict letter of the code, that in mediæval times marriage, the normal legal relationship between the sexes, was almost always a *marriage de convenance*, the ruling factor being not the mutual love of the parties but the acquisition of property or power by the families concerned. A wife meant a fief the more—so much so that love and marriage, so far from being even in theory connected, were held in the cynical souls of the troubadours and the Courts of Love to be mutually exclusive—a husband had rights, a wife had duties, but to be loved or to love was no part of either. And before long, as the wife grew to rebel against her legal status as a

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chattel, she too claimed a right—to be loved, and if not by her husband then by a lover. The plea was allowed as legitimate and justified, at any rate in the more sophisticated circles of South France; and there thus took form the whole paraphernalia of the gay science and the whole theory of courtly love, which had the countenance of queens and duchesses, and was voiced by the greatest minstrels and practised by the bravest knights in the land. In this scheme of things the part of the husband was but to be deceived or to be complaisant; to be cuckolded or to wear the horns. The lady had her lover, the knight his lady *paramour;* and between them there were sworn those vows of eternal fidelity, unwearying service, and immortal love, which poets have always sung and the young have always undertaken. How much of it all was real, how much a mere fashionable pose; how far this queer sort of love was platonic, how much a mere sweet sounding name for passion and lust—on these points opinions differ; but that it cut at one of the basic foundations of the true chivalric code there can be no doubt. The Church frowned upon it, and launched her thunders; the luxuriant soil of the defiant South flamed forth into rebellion, and there sprang up before long a foul crop of heresies which for the sake of the soul of Christendom had to be rooted out. And rooted out they were indeed, quenched in fire and blood by armies wearing the cross of a crusade, by the dread engine of the newly-devised Inquisition, and by the anathemas and excommunication of Pope and Council of the Church—and with them into the dark went the troubadours and their songs, and their lady loves, and all the grace and fragrance of a high civilization.

Meanwhile chivalry had begun to decline in other directions and from other causes. By the beginning of the 14th Century its devotees were losing their first sincerity and fervour; the thing was becoming theatrical, fashionable, self-conscious, extravagant. The pomp and panoply of chivalry grew apace with the increasing elaboration and richness of armour and weapons, with the complication of heraldry, with the love of personal display and glory. Moreover, knighthood became too widespread by being lavishly bestowed on recipients unwilling or unworthy to live up to its first high ideals; and the faith

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which had inspired its first devisers and practitioners was slowly sapped by the ever growing corruption of the Church, the increase of doubt and heresy, the indubitable failure of the crusading aims, and the general weakening of idealism and faith and true Christianity throughout Europe.

There were two special factors which from 1300 onwards made still more decisively for the decline of chivalry—the one military, the other political. The military factor was the rise of missile weapons—the crossbow, the longbow, the earliest firearms—which began to rob the mailed horseman of the battle-field pre-eminence he had enjoyed for some four hundred years. War was no longer an affair of charge and counter-charge by ponderous masses of heavy cavalry, with infantry only an auxiliary, and a comparatively helpless one at that; it was falling more and more into the hands of professional soldiers, well trained and drilled, relying on missile weapons and fighting on foot. The prestige of the knight naturally suffered from his decline in military value, and chivalry began to fall into desuetude with it.

The other, the political factor, was the result of the growth of national feeling and patriotism with the gradual and laborious formation of great states under the rule of powerful monarchies. The first condition of royal supremacy was that the king should be the undisputed ruler of his realm, and to secure this aim it was first of all necessary for him to subdue the independent pretensions of his great vassals. This it was all the easier for him to effect by reason of the change in military values described above; no armed force that could be raised and maintained even by the wealthiest and most powerful lord could long make head against royal armies equipped with the latest missile weapons and with all the power and prestige and finance of the king behind them; and artillery soon grew powerful enough to level even the stoutest castle walls. The great feudal chieftain found himself reduced once and for all to the status of a subject; and now that he was no longer an independent or semi-independent power in the land, his political prestige, and with it the prestige of the knightly order, and the sacrosanctity of the knightly code, also suffered decline. The glamour of

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chivalric ceremony, the gorgeousness of chivalric trappings, the pomp and panoply, and the outward display, still held their fascination, but they gradually grew to be nothing more than vain show, void of reality. With the opening of the 15th Century chivalry had almost entirely given way to a hard and brutal realism which governed both politics and war, and in another fifty years it was dead for all the world, save for a few rare and choice souls who carried forward into the new era of the Renaissance and the Reformation a memory of the sacred fire that had animated the noble spirits of the past.

We must always, when thinking of the Middle Ages or of any mediæval institution, bear in mind the main differences between those days and our own. It will be found that all that was best and most characteristic in mediæval institutions was international and universal. A universal church and its supreme international head, the Pope of Rome, preached and practised a religion common to all Western Europe. The monastic institutions, its rules of conduct and mode of life, was the same whether the monastery was situated in Flanders or in Italy, in Scotland or in the Holy Land. Even in art and literature we can see a greater community of spirit throughout Europe than at any subsequent time. Political institutions also—the feudal system, the administration of justice, the levying of taxes—everywhere displayed a striking similarity. And the same is true of chivalry. Chivalry was in essence an international and universal code of rules for every nobly-born warrior, wherever his birthplace, whatever his lineage. The circumstances which first called it into being, the great general peril of Europe before the onslaught of the infidel; the common efforts of the Crusaders, which called forth its finest manifestations and gave it much of its sanctity; its sponsorship by the universal Church, and its propagation by minstrels and chroniclers speaking and writing a common language—all these factors stressed the universal nature of the system, which was confined to no one race, nation or land, but was binding on every warrior desirous of meriting the name of Christian and knight. That was the essence of its appeal, and the reason for its potency as a civilizing factor in a still wild world but just emerging from lawlessness and barbarism.

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This international character of the institution must always be borne in mind; but we must not go so far as to say that the chivalric spirit always manifested itself on exactly similar lines from end to end of Western Europe. A knight from Scotland would have found much in common, but also many differences, with one from Portugal, had they perchance met on crusade. Their upbringing, which would in either case have been carried out from their earliest days in the house of some great lord of their own land, would most likely have varied in certain points; the ceremonies of their investitures, though modelled on the same lines, might have undergone local modification; the rules of the tournaments, by which each amused himself in times of peace and fitted himself for the sterner business of war, would probably not have been exactly the same in their respective countries. In just the same way a team of Irish footballers or Australian cricketers will meet teams of another country under slightly varied conditions and even local rules, and though both sides will still know and be playing the same common game, yet their manner of playing it will display something of the qualities recognised as peculiar to their nation, and onlookers will recognize the Irish dash and fire or the Australian tenacity and thoroughness. So with chivalry; the code was a universal one, the institution common to all peoples; yet in the manner in which the precepts of the code were honoured and practised in the various lands of Europe, we can see the peculiar national temper and characteristics forcing themselves into evidence.

The home and main focus of chivalry was of course France. The French knighthood from the beginning arrogated to themselves the title of the first chivalry of Europe—and not without reason. The bulk of the crusading armies came from French soil; no less than three kings of France at one time or another made the expedition to the Holy Land, and took the majority of their knights with them; French names predominate in the rolls of the rank and file of the two great military orders of the Temple and the Hospital, and in the still more honourable catalogue of their Grand Masters. It was no injustice then that the Saracens should speak of their enemies the Christian knights by the generic term of "Franks," and that the chief

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chronicler of the First Crusade should entitle his work "What God hath wrought by the hands of the French." But if France was for long the true home of chivalry, it was among her knights that we first trace the germs of its degeneration into falsity and extravagance and emptiness. In the latter half of the Middle Ages the French baronage did ill service to the cause of their country and of knighthood the world over, though it was as much by their departure from the true knightly ideals as by their pedantic adhesion to the letter of the chivalric code that the harm was done.

It must regretfully be admitted that the knighthood of England was never held in very high esteem in Europe; the islanders were little known, for few of them went on crusade, and when they did so their jealousy, independence, and lack of skill at arms brought them little fame or liking. Richard I, himself by birth and upbringing a Frenchman, did something for the knightly fame of his adopted country; but during the whole of the 13th Century, the zenith of mediæval achievements, England was eclipsed by internal discords; and it was not till the epoch of Edward III and the Black Prince that her baronage began to play a leading part on the continental stage, and gave to its best known chronicler, Froissart, the subjects for some of the most splendid of his pages. But by then, as we have seen, chivalry had passed its heyday; and the real credit for the series of victories which laid low France and astonished Europe lay with "the yeomen, the bowmen, the lads of dale and fell," and not with the resplendent noblemen in shining armour who take pride of place over them in Froissart's pages.

Germany was perhaps the country in which the mediæval knight found his freest field, and the absence of strong control government evoked him to play a prominent part in its history till a date long subsequent to that of his disappearance from the scene elsewhere. But though the annals of the country are full of knightly figures, and her chivalric literature is perhaps richer and more fertile than any other, the national character suffered from an absence of grace, a roughness, a brutality, which gave the Teutonic baron an ill repute in the eyes of his neighbours and of his fellow countrymen. "To play the knight" became

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synonymous in German popular parlance with a rude arrogance of bearing and a tyrannous and oppressive line of conduct, for which the story of mediæval Germany affords only too much justification. The true fame of Teutonic chivalry rests far more on literature than on the facts of history, on the gracious creations of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walther von der Vogelweide—of whom it must be said that their own careers were an embodiment of all that was best in their writings—than on the lives led and the spirit shown by the common run of their fellows.

The chivalry of Spain and Portugal were at least in one respect in a favourable position, in that there lay ready to their hands a field for the display of the military qualities of chivalry in actual practice. The Moors of Spain were no mean adversaries for any soldier, and in many ways no unworthy models for the best of knights. Spaniards and Portuguese learnt from them much of the more gracious arts of life, and Peninsular chivalry before long became as polished and accomplished, as well as war experienced, as any in Europe. A great change came over it between the days of the Cid Compeador—whose qualities, as displayed to us in the facts of his life, as distinct from the legend that later grew up around his name, partook more of the savage soldier of fortune than the Christian knight—and those which saw the end of the Moorish kingdom of Spain and the recovery of the Peninsula for Christendom. By the latter date of course, chivalry itself had for all practical purposes passed away throughout the rest of Europe, just at the time when the credit of Spanish arms and the prestige of Spanish knighthood was at its highest, to remain so until the gentle raillery of the author of "Don Quixote" came to render chivalry out of fashion.

It is always difficult when we try to pass a verdict on any historical phenomenon to rid ourselves of our contemporary ideas and prejudices, and we shall go astray in our view of mediæval chivalry if we do not realise that it was something essentially of the age in which it arose. The Middle Ages, unlike our own, were ages of idealism. They set before themselves the loftiest and often the most impossible of aspirations; and

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thus the gulf between what was aimed at and what was achieved was often so wide as to give rise to an undue belittlement of their accomplishment. The chivalric ideal was essentially a Christian and a civilized one; that it should be even generally, let alone universally, attained was out of all probability, however deep the general religious sense and however high the general level of culture. But in those days men were either great saints or great sinners—often both in succession; their virtues flared to heaven, their sins reeked of hell. There were those who really achieved in their lives the ideals of chivalry; there were many more who made but a disastrous failure of the effort. Moreover, in the mediæval man the barbarian had lain but a few generations underground; culture was the possession of but a few, and the civilized virtues of moderation and self-control were utterly foreign to the spirit of the age. Yet it must not be deduced that the code of chivalry was nothing but a lofty dream. It was much more than that. It inspired some of the noblest figures of the Middle Ages, or of any age—such men as Godfrey of Bouillon, Tancred, Richard the Lion Heart, Frederick Barbarossa, St. Louis of France, Edward I, Sir John Chandos, and Bayard. It accounted, we may be sure, for all that was best in many a lesser known knight who strove, however spasmodically and imperfectly, to follow its precepts and practice the vows which he had sworn at his investiture with the golden spurs. It inspired a noble chapter in the literature of every land. It created for England such masterpieces as the Knight's Tale of Chaucer, the Morte d'Arthur of Malory, and the Fairie Queene of Spenser, and decked our portrait gallery with such figures as Arthur and Lancelot, Galahad and Gawaine, Tristan and the Red Cross Knight. France shares with us the glory of these heroes of romance, and adds to them those of great Charlemagne and his peers, Roland and Oliver and the rest, of William of Orange, and many another. Germany has her Parsifal, Italy her Orlando, and Spain her Cid Compeador and Amadis of Gaul—all good knights and true, of whom one can only hope that in some degree at least they had indeed been drawn from life, and must believe that none, any more than we to-day, could read of them without striving in some sense to follow in their steps.

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And, indeed, one may say without fear of contradiction that even after chivalry died, its soul lived on. Men no longer ride out in armour, or are girded with swords and gold spurs—but the spirit of chivalry lay not in such outward shows and trappings, but in the virtues it sought to inculcate, and the ideals it strove to inspire. Of these virtues and these ideals modern ages have been in some sense the heirs. They form an honoured part of to-day of the code of behaviour laid down for a gentleman in all polite society; of the spirit of the public schools which have played so great a part in the life of England; of the ideals behind such world-wide influences for good as the Boy Scout movement; and last, but for us at all events not least, of the spirit of every army in the civilized world. The soldier of to-day is the spiritual heir of the knights of the Middle Ages, whose privilege it was to serve God, honour the King, forget self, follow glory and the fame of their order, fight for all, and if need be, die for all. He may find his inspiration both in their ideals and in their achievements.

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NOTES

The Cavalry at Arras, 1917.

In connection with the article on this subject which appeared in the October Cavalry Journal, the following points may interest readers:—

(1) It has been ascertained that the picture illustrating the article represents the 5th Lancers, and was from a drawing executed by their veterinary officer, Major H. A. Lake. The original is now in possession of Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Cape, who commanded the regiment at that time.

(2) Captain R. Gordon-Canning, who commanded a squadron of the 10th Hussars during the operations, writes as follows:—

"There is a point which I should have liked to have seen brought out from the following facts.

"On the afternoon of 10th [of April, 1917] my squadron reconnaissance carried out towards Pelves Mill was reported by me to have been fired upon by two batteries field guns posted somewhere about N. corner of Monchy (between 'XRH' and 'EY' on Map B in article), and by numerous M.G's. from the direction of Mt. Pleasant Wood (in my own words, from across the river).

"On morning of 11th I definitely said that it would be impossible to advance *viâ* low ground on Pelves Mill; the advance must be made *viâ* Monchy and then directed N.E. along high ground in order to outflank Pelves and Pelves Mill. This was agreed to by B. J. [Brig.-General Bulkeley-Johnson, commanding 8th Cavalry Brigade.]

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"In consequence of this report and plan, I consider that arrangements should have been made for a machine-gun and artillery barrage on to Pelves Mill and Mt. Pleasant Wood. The German garrisons were left untouched to do what they liked with us.

"Arrived in Monchy we found N.E. exits covered by M.G's., and before a re-organized attack could be directed on to Bois des Aubepines, the remainder of 10th Hussars arrived and were shot down like rabbits by enfilade M.G. fire directed on northern outskirts of Monchy.

"The invariable error of a localized attack was again brought out. No sooner were the two advanced regiments in Monchy than all further movement stopped. This permitted every German gun to concentrate on Monchy within two minutes of our arrival. If a holding attack had been carried out by the infantry on Pelves Mill and Roeux at the identical moment of our advance, I believe the cavalry could have attained Keeling Copse and Bois des Aubepines within half-an-hour of leaving Orange Hill."

History of The 14th (King's) Hussars. Volume II.

The Second Volume of the Historical Record of the 14th (King's) Hussars, 1900-1922, is now at press and should be ready for publication about August next. The period of the South African War and of service at Home and in India up to 1914 has been written by Brigadier J. G. Browne, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., and that of the Great War by Lieut.-Colonel E. J. Bridges, M.C. The whole volume has been edited by Major J. A. T. Miller, O.B.E., and ends with the amalgamation of the 14th Hussars with the 20th Hussars, in October, 1922.

This Volume will be similar in size and style to Volume I and will contain a number of illustrations, maps and sketches. Price £2 2s. 0d. (two guineas) per copy. Any past Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the Regiment, who have not already received a preliminary notice of publication, are requested to

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communicate with the Editor and Honorary Secretary, Major J. A. T. Miller, O.B.E., 14/20th Hussars, Abbassia, Cairo, Egypt, who will be pleased to supply all further particulars.

NOTE.

Owing to doubt having been expressed as to the extent to which serving officers or soldiers may contribute articles to the CAVALRY JOURNAL, it is notified for general information that the CAVALRY JOURNAL is issued with the sanction of the Army Council. Officers and soldiers are, consequently, encouraged to submit papers for publication, especially those dealing with modern thought on cavalry subjects, on the understanding that the Editor will obtain from the War Office the necessary permission for publication. A statement should be enclosed from the authority (if any) under whom the applicant is immediately serving that such authority has no objection to permission being applied for.

IMPORTANT.

The Staff of the JOURNAL is limited, and it is therefore necessary for all officers who obtain the JOURNAL direct from the Managing Editor to report any alteration of rank or address immediately, as it is quite impossible to follow up the stations of individual officers; every effort will, however, be made to trace the movements of regiments.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

The January "Army Quarterly" contains at least one article of special interest to cavalrymen, an account of the first beginnings of regimental polo in England, by Horace Wyndham. Of the feast of other good things contained within its covers it is perhaps not unduly invidious to award an honourable mention to Captain Liddell Hart's suggestive article "Contrasts of 1931," in which he compares the picture of heaviness and unwieldiness presented by the war strength division mobilized at Aldershot with the mobility and manœuvring power of the Tank Brigade on Salisbury Plain; and Captain Warburton's narrative, as fascinating as any short story, of his experiences during the Kapp *putsch* in Germany in March, 1920. Recent publications of importance dealing with the Great War are exhaustively reviewed, either in special articles, or in the usual quarterly notes.

The "Fighting Forces" contains at least three articles of unusual value and readability—an anonymous lecture on Discipline; another containing a number of sweeping and debatable suggestions for economies in the army; and an account by Captain Burne of the action at Bertrix, on August 22nd, 1914, an action of which, for reasons which will be easily understood after perusal of Captain Burne's narrative, no full account has ever appeared on the Allied side. It is of interest to see that the "Fighting Forces" has now become the official organ of that valuable body, the Officers' Advisory Society, and of even greater interest that, as from April 1st, the magazine is to be published every two months instead of quarterly as heretofore—a welcome token of past prosperity and confidence in its future.

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The "Journal of the United Service Institution of India" gives us among other matters of varied interest an account by Colonel Maunsell of life in a frontier cantonment a hundred and fifty years ago, and some valuable hints by Mr. Pratt on how to arrange a fox-hunting holiday while on leave in England. An article on Burma is also of topical interest, in view of the present discussions as to the future of that country.

The two features of general interest in the "Royal Artillery Journal" are historical, the one a continuation of Major-General De Pree's story of the achievements of the 30th Welsh Division in October, 1918, and the other an essay on Townshend's campaign in Mesopotamia, by Lieut.-Colonel Head. Major Stanfeld's article on the French artillery of to-day, though somewhat technical, is also worth perusal.

The "Royal Engineers' Journal" concludes its reprinting of Colonel Thackeray's Indian Mutiny letters; and Brigadier Dobbie contributes a lucid summary of the principles of combined operations—a matter on which there seems to be somewhat of a dearth of reliable guidance. Technical articles fill up an unusually large proportion of the pages of this issue.

We are pleased to see a new number of the valuable "Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly" make its appearance, and would specially commend to the notice of all who can secure a copy, the articles—among many others of great value—on raids by A.F.V's., on the rearward services, on petrol delivery in the field, the movement of troops by bus column, and the protection of R.A.S.C. units at rest and on the move.

The "Royal Army Medical Corps Journal" and the "Royal Army Veterinary Corps Journal" always afford rather terrifying reading for a layman who may at any moment find himself plunging into a horrifying study of rabies or rodent ulcer of the nose. But the three issues of the first-named periodical for this quarter break loose into such matters as the care of the soldier's feet and the effects of smoking on endurance, while there are

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also two interesting diaries by medical officers, one of the Great War in France, the other of life in India at the end of last century. The "R.A.V.C. Journal," too, gives us some interesting sidelights on history in the form of papers dealing with Veterinary experiences in the South African War, the Arab revolt of 1920, and the operations in Turkey in 1922-23.

The "Canadian Defence Quarterly" opens its pages with a detailed account of the part played by the 1st Canadian Division at the forcing of the Canal du Nord line in September, 1918, and goes on to deal with such varying topics as the Mongols of the 13th Century, the operations of Dunsterforce, the ideal uniform for officer and soldier, and some practical hints on administration.

Three valuable articles in the always interesting "Royal Air Force Quarterly" are General Fuller's continuation of his story of Alexander the Great's strategy, a paper on leadership and morale in the R.A.F., and a study of psychology; while the "Police Journal" contains two very readable general articles—an appreciation and criticism of the policeman by an outsider, and a study of the literature of the detective story.

E. W. S.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

The November-December number of the United States "Cavalry Journal" opens with a short but interesting account of all that the United States Army equestrian teams have achieved in the Olympic games in which these have taken part since 1912, when the American Army made its first appearance at Stockholm. This is followed by the expression of a decidedly gloomy view of the present state of the American Army by Lieut.-Colonel Burnett, of the 3rd Cavalry, who tells us that on return from a long absence abroad, "the present condition of affairs comes as something of a shock!" Happily the pessimist cheers up—slightly—towards the close of his paper.

There was last year celebrated by the American Army something of the nature of what we in this country describe as an Army Pageant, but what our cousins more grandiloquently call "the Yorktown Sesquicentennial Celebration." This was divided into three parts, the second of which depicted the campaign of Yorktown, and this included scenes representing the conference between Washington and Rochambeau in May, 1781, the fight at Green Spring in July, and the siege and bombardment of Yorktown and the final capitulation. This was followed by the scene representing the British and Hessian soldiers filing out of their fortifications with General O'Hara at their head, to the tune—which we agree with the narrator was "appropriate" to the occasion—"The World turned upside down!"

United States cavalry writers do not appear to share the enthusiasm of some of ours on the virtues of mechanization. Major Smith, of the 77th Cavalry Brigade, writes in this issue on "the effect of mechanization upon cavalry," and his views may be summed up in the following crisp expression of opinion: "The ground vehicle, propelled by motor, is a very promising chap, but possessed of disheartening shortcomings when faced with problems incident to combat"; and again: "The horse remains to-day as an integral part of Cavalry and of the Army. While it is conceivable that his hoof print will some day be found

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only in the fossilized exhibits of the museum, the tyre-tread cannot as yet claim mastery over his domain!"

The initial article in the "Revue de Cavalerie" for November-December of last year, contains the speech made by General Brécard at Floing last August, when was celebrated the centenary of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. It was singularly appropriate that the office of speaker on this occasion should have devolved upon this officer, for not only has himself served much in Africa, but he was born in Oran and his father commanded the 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique. The account he gave of the services of the Corps was in truth a very fine one, and its record of *foreign* service can hardly be surpassed even by a regiment of British cavalry, for some of its regiments have served in Italy, in Mexico, in Salonica, Palestine and Syria. The charge of the 3rd Chasseurs d'Afrique at Sedan is, of course, one of the epics of the war of 1870-71.

This number contains a very enlightening and readable account of the operations of the 4th French Cavalry Division from the 26th August to the 2nd September, 1914, with special reference to the part it took in the battle of Guise. The writer, Chef d'Escadrons Rimaud, claims with justice that the operations contain many points for deep study, and his opinion is reinforced by several extracts which he quotes from the works of German official historians of the war, viz., that about Vervins especially on the 31st August, the 4th Cavalry Division by the manner of its attacks, no less than by the individual action of its different units, played a part of very real importance in the battle of Guise.

An account is given in this number of the work carried on at the different Écoles d'équitation, viz., that of Carabanchel in Spain, of Strœmsholm in Sweden, and of Pardubice in Tzecho-Slovakia. This paper is very fully illustrated, and some of the descents herein depicted—many of them nearly sheer—appear almost impossible of accomplishment by man and horse.

In the January-February number of this Review Lieut.-Colonel Pichon has a paper on the *Groupes de Reconnaissance* in last year's army manœuvres, in which he discusses very

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fully the virtues and defects of the armoured car under varying conditions of country, and when exposed to possible surprise attacks at close range; his article is in no way one-sided and seems well worth study. In both these last numbers of the "Revue de Cavalerie" the account is continued of some of the older of the regiments of French cavalry raised under the First Empire; these are very interesting, historically, and are exceptionally well illustrated.

The Christmas number of the "Schweizer Kavallerist" contains an account of a little known cavalry action of the war, that which took place near Haelen on the 12th August, 1914, when the II. German Cavalry Corps under General von der Marwitz, containing the 2nd and 4th Cavalry Divisions, engaged a Belgian Cavalry Division commanded by General de Witte. The weak Belgian cavalry body did all that could have been expected of it, fighting a delaying action; and the writer of the account of the fight claims that this was the first occasion on which cavalry had been able to check a superior force by its fire alone, thus establishing a doctrine, hitherto, so the writer maintains, held only in England, Belgium, and Switzerland, that cavalry, instructed in the proper use of its firearm, can pit itself against infantry.

In the "Militär Wochenblatt" for the 4th February of this year there is what appears to be a well thought-out paper by Rittmeister Crisolli, entitled "For and against the mechanization of the Cavalry Division." In this article the writer considers all that the different European Powers are working for, shows what changes have been made, especially by the French, in the composition of the Cavalry Division, and declares that the difficulty experienced by all who are seeking to re-organize and make the best of mechanization, lies in a proper co-ordination of the greatly varying speed of the different parts of the division. The writer reverts in the end to the oft-repeated conviction that the mechanized cavalry division is all very well for good roads, but that its utility will be very greatly lessened even on such roads as may be found in civilized countries like Russia and Poland. Mere tracks, such as are to be met with on the frontiers of our distant possessions, are not considered at all.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"The Fifth Army." By General Sir Hubert Gough. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 25s.

Of the many war books which have been published since the armistice none can really appeal to cavalry officers to the same extent as this recent addition. Every pre-war cavalry officer knew Hubert Gough. He joined the 16th Lancers in 1888 and won the regimental point to point his first year. A well-known figure on English and Indian polo grounds, and in the hunting field, he had the best possible training to make a cavalry leader, and in the Great War how many of the high commands were filled by cavalry officers. The book is a "personal" narrative in all the senses of the word and written by one who has never been afraid to say what he thinks. The first seventy pages deal with all the cavalry work up to the time when trench warfare deprived them, except as a mobile reserve, of the greatest of their assets, "mobility." The charm of these chapters lie in the fact that there is no attempt to boast of successes, and failures are freely given in hopes that future generations will profit by their study. The book is called "The Fifth Army," but it is not till half way through it that they come into existence. The real facts of the Passchendaele battle will stir the hearts of those who took part in it, whose motto at the time was "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." As chapter succeeds chapter the interest increases, culminating in a plain statement of facts as regards the retreat of 1918 which winds up the most interesting of books. T. T. P.

"Military Operations." Vol. V. France and Belgium, 1916. Compiled by Brig.-General Sir J. E. Edmonds, C.B., C.M.G., R.E. (Ret.). With maps and sketches by Major A. F. Becke. (MacMillan & Co., Ltd.) 12s. 6d.

This fifth volume of the official history on the western front deals with the first six and a-half months of Sir Douglas Haig's

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command, from the 19th December, 1915, to the 1st July, 1916, inclusive. It has been divided into five main portions :—

(*a*) The general programme of the Allies for 1916 and the evolution of the Franco-British plan for an offensive on the western front.

(*b*) The expansion and re-organization of the B.E.F. and its rearward services.

(*c*) Minor operations and trench warfare prior to the Somme.

(*d*) Preparation for the Somme and the preliminary bombardment.

(*e*) The first day's fighting on the Somme.

The most interesting portion of the first part is the clash of ideas between the French and British commanders as to the offensive plans for the year. Joffre pinned his faith to a battle of attrition, to be fought mainly by the British and other allies; the French had already used up too many of their reserves. Sir Douglas Haig, on the other hand, believed that a break through was possible; while General Rawlinson, who was eventually to command at the Somme, " thought that no more was possible than a step by step advance, each step being made from a secure footing and preceded by a thorough bombardment." Sir Douglas, " in accordance with his unvarying principle of meeting the French wishes whenever possible to do so without grave disadvantage to his own troops," agreed to take part in a combined offensive, but objected to any preparatory, wearing-down attacks. The area of the Somme was selected, though, as the author points out, there was no strategic objective there at all. " The decision of the French Commander-in-Chief to make the main offensive of 1916 astride the Somme seems to have been arrived at solely because the British would be forced to take part in it. The reasons advanced by General Joffre will hardly bear examination." The ground was admirably suited to protracted defence, while even a complete break through, unless carried very far, would not have led to an interruption of the German communications, and the Allies would have found themselves between two German armies with intact communications. It was to be a battle of attrition, according to the French

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idea. Sir Douglas Haig had, all along, preferred the Messines area, in conjunction with an attack along the coastal belt, and he had preparations made in the north to stage these attacks, should anything happen to stop the Somme scheme.

The situation was then considerably altered by the attacks on Verdun. The history shows how the French reserves were being bled, and the battle of attrition was being forced on the French instead of on her allies. Continual pressure was brought to bear to hasten operations on the Somme, to relieve the French. Everything possible was done, but, as this was to be a battle of material destruction, preparations had to be lengthy. The French insistance on this area for the offensive was now definitely handicapping them. It had been decided that the battle was to be one of artillery—everything in the defence was to be destroyed, so that the infantry could walk forward and take possession of the ground rendered untenable by the guns. General Rawlinson had the chief task with the 4th Army, and, as has been said, he had views as to the conduct of the battle somewhat different from those of Sir Douglas Haig, and there is an interesting analysis of the two points of view. A further controversy arose as to the preliminary bombardment —whether it should continue for some days, or be short and sharp to produce surprise. In view of the amount of wire and the depth of the defences, the long bombardment was decided upon, and the policy of an attempt to break through was to be followed.

There was continuous pressure up to the last from the French, particularly Foch, to keep on altering the date for the attack, and the history brings out very clearly the difficulties inherent in co-ordinating an attack between two different nations. Finally the weather stepped in and postponed the attack to the date demanded by Foch. It is difficult to know whether this postponement worked for our benefit or not; the author leaves the matter open. But, in view of the limitations on ammunition and the effect of the rain, it would appear as the postponement must have militated against success.

This volume only deals with the first, and rather tragic day's fighting, when only the attacks in the right sectors—the French

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and at Montauban—were really successful, while many of the attackers found themselves, or what was left of them, in their original lines at nightfall. The author considers that the prime causes of failure were the strength and depth of the German defences, stoutly defended; that the moral of the enemy was still high; that no attempt was made to select for attack a part of the enemy front which had any weak features; the date chosen was due to the conditions at Verdun, and not to the state of preparations on the Somme. "Not only were the place and date of the attack selected by the French High Command, when Sir Douglas Haig would have preferred to make his offensive further north about six weeks later, by which time his reserves would be at a maximum; but a late hour, and that in broad daylight, had been fixed and insisted upon by General Foch, commanding the Group of Armies on the British right." At the same time, this was the first Allied battle of material destruction, based largely on the lessons learned from the German bombardments at Verdun, and there can be no doubt, being wise after the event, that we knew little of the co-ordination between artillery and infantry that was essential for such an attack. Almost all along the front of the attack one reads of barrages running away from infantry, who were left to be decimated without any covering fire, of barrages lifting so early that the enemy were enabled to re-occupy their defences, etc. Fortunately for the Allies, as the author says, "it was to turn out that the effects of the battle of the Somme were felt even more severely in the German Army than in the British."

Other chapters give an extremely interesting picture of the immense expansion in all branches of the Army; the growth of new arms and units; the alarming increase in the length of operation and administrative orders; the preparation of new training pamphlets to replace the out-of-date pre-war manuals; the whole remarkable panorama of the national effort.

The minor operations fully and interestingly dealt with comprise the first phosgene attack of December, 1915, the Bluff in February and March, 1916, the Hohenzollern Redoubt in March, the St. Eloi craters, March and April, 1916, gas attacks at Hulluch in April, and Wulverghem in April and June, the Kink

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Salient in May, the Vimy Ridge in May, and Mount Sorrel and Hooge in June.

The book is accompanied by a separate volume as an appendix of orders, etc., and the case of maps, which are as thorough and complete as usual.

The best compliment that can be given to this volume is to say that it follows admirably those already issued.

"Ludendorff. The Tragedy of a Specialist." By Karl Tschuppick. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.) 16s.

This is an extremely interesting study of Ludendorff as the leader of the German Empire rather than as the soldier. The author opens with the historic capture of Liege, and ends with the Ludendorff of the Kapp *putsch* and of to-day. His main thesis is that the specialist, of whatever type or nature he may be, is a menace in war if he gains control; the statesman is the only person with sufficiently wide knowledge and grasp of international politics to lead the nation. His comparison in this respect between Germany and the Allies is most interesting. "This is the fundamental difference between Germany and her enemies," he writes, "latent behind an apparent similarity. Germany went to war without political leaders and without a general; France and England were equally without generals, but they did possess political leaders. In Ludendorff, Germany discovered a great soldier, while she failed to discover political leaders; in Lloyd George and Clemenceau, England and France obtained leaders of first-rate capacity, but they continued to be without generals. The politicians were compelled to carry on the war practically without assistance, and, eventually, in March, 1918, they put the right general in the right place." It would be interesting to hear the author's explanation of incidents like the inception of the Dardanelles expedition!

The author is at his best when discussing the political aspect of the men concerned, and at his weakest on the purely military scenes, which are not assisted by somewhat indifferent maps, which do not fold out clear of the letterpress. He outlines the early failure of Moltke and Falkenhayn, and the difficulties in the East, and shows that no real decision had ever been taken as

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to which front it was considered would produce the quicker results. He gives a resumé of Tannenburg, and then turns to the West, when Hindenburg and Ludendorff went to Headquarters, and when the latter, through lack of statesmen, assumed almost complete control of the nation, a control which the author considers him to have been entirely unfitted by his training in the narrow groove of the Prussian General Staff. The account shows how the blunders of the Polish decision and of the unlimited submarine campaign were largely due to his entire lack of political psychology. "The peculiarly German part of the tragedy, the tragedy of the experts, was now about to commence. One expert appeals to the others, and none of them admits that he is blind and ignorant about the one essential part of the problem"; and again, "The expert is at once a fanatic in his own subject and completely ignorant of everything that lies outside it." In all cases the Chancellor gave way to the expert opinion of the generals; Ludendorff was the dictator, especially during the period of the Chancellorship of Michaelis. At last, at Hertling's accession, some form of agreement defining responsibility was drawn up, and it is distinctly interesting to compare this with the memorandum on the same subject submitted to the Cabinet by Sir William Robertson on his appointment as C.I.G.S.

The most interesting picture is that of the last few months of the war—the lack of co-operation between Kaiser, Chancellor and Generals; the absence of any strength of character in the politicians; the blindness of Ludendorff in many ways to the feelings of the Allies and to the whole psychology of the situation. Even at the last, he never seems to have realized that nothing was left except unconditional surrender. "Here again we meet with the original cause of the German tragedy; the enormous prestige enjoyed by the military experts compelled even those politicians who were capable of independent judgment to preserve a deferential attitude."

As a soldier, the author has a great opinion of him up to a point, but considers he was again limited by being an expert in the old Prussian General Staff sense. "Ludendorff based his strategy upon the belief that a strategic break through was

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possible, and even after the failure before Amiens he did not see the error of his ways. We have here the line of demarcation between the soldier of genius and the expert. A real soldier possesses intuitive knowledge and is capable of appreciating innovations; the expert is the prize boy of a military academy, and always remains tied in academic bonds." The same trait of "expertism" prevented him from seeing the value of tanks. His attitude "shows an uncertainty which can frequently be observed in him. On the one hand, he looks at things in an old-fashioned manner and produces platitudes like 'the best weapons against the tanks are coolness, discipline, and courage,' as though there were anything heroic in having a duel with a locomotive. On the other hand, he recognizes that such an innovation must be countered by similar means."

Perhaps the most pathetic illustration of his complete lack of political psychology lies in his life after the war, with his efforts in the Kapp *putsch*, and in his almost insane outlook on life to-day. Yet, as the author says, "it is the tragedy of a great commander like Ludendorff that he was a sword which there was no intelligence fit to wield."

There is one other interesting though incidental aspect of this study—that the author everywhere quotes Mr. Winston Churchill as the real authority on the war and as the one statesman, as against the expert, who was invariably right in his appreciations of situations, whether political, military or material.

This is a book which all interested in the war or in national psychology should read.

"Certificate A in Five Lessons." By A. Kearsey, D.S.O., O.B.E. *p.s.c.* (late Lieut.-Colonel, General Staff). (Gale & Polden, Ltd.) 2s. 6d.

This book is drawn up as a series of five lessons for each part of the Certificate A examination. There is a considerable amount of valuable information included, but in a rather congested way, and too much of it seems to be couched in a very official phraseology which will not be readily understood by the average candidate.

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The book may be of considerable assistance to those instructing in the Certificate A syllabus, so long as they take it as a reference or note book rather than as a text book.

"League of Nations: Armaments Year Book." (Allen and Unwin.) 7s. 6d.

This is a special edition in preparation for the Disarmament Conference. It differs from editions previously published in that information sent by Governments to the Secretary-General in answer to circular letters has been included, instead of only that founded on official documents to be found in the library of the Secretariat, while the information on the organization and composition of the various armies has been cut down to essentials, so as to make the volume more handy for Conference purposes.

The book gives complete details for reference, for 62 countries, of the principal characteristics of the armed forces, military command and administration, recruiting and period of service, organization and composition of armed forces, effectives of the Army, Air Force, and Navy, naval material and expenditures on national defence. H. G. E.

"Historical Record of the 4th Battalion, 16th Punjab Regiment." (Gale and Polden, Ltd.)

This is the life-story of the Regiment which came into being in 1818 as the Bhopal Contingent, was re-named the Bhopal Levy nearly half a century later, received the amended title of the Bhopal Battalion in 1865, was for the first time numbered in 1903 as the 9th Bhopal Infantry, and finally became, in the great re-organisation of the Indian Army in the years immediately following the close of the Great War, the 4th Battalion of the 16th Punjab Infantry.

The original Bhopal Contingent was purely a local force, raised and maintained for the security of the Bhopal State, and it was not until after the Mutiny, during which the Contingent remained staunchly loyal, that it became an infantry regiment pure and simple; but for the first sixty-nine years of its existence it was under the Government of India and not under the Com-

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mander-in-Chief. The first experience of the Regiment of active service in the field was in the Second Afghan War of 1878-9, when it served on the lines of communication, but since then it has taken a prominent part in many of the campaigns, whether frontier only or overseas, in which the Indian Army has been engaged.

When the Great War broke out the 9th Bhopal Infantry was serving at Fyzabad, when early in August it was ordered to mobilize, a matter which was for the Regiment one of unusual difficulty, since, unlike nearly all the other infantry battalions of the Indian Army, it had no "link" upon which it could draw to bring it up to war strength. It was, however, speedily completed, and sailed for France with the Indian Corps in the Ferozepore Brigade of the Lahore Division, and with this it took part in the bloody battles of Neuve Chapelle, Givenchy, Aubers Ridge, and others, finally proceeding to Egypt and thence to Mesopotamia.

Of the incidents of this last campaign an altogether excellent account is provided from the regimental point of view, and one realises all that our troops had to endure in the operations for the relief of Kut. In the Mesopotamian Campaign Sepoy Chatta Singh won "the most enviable Order of the Victoria Cross." On return to India the Regiment was again mobilized by reason of the outbreak of the Third Afghan War, and since then has served in the Persian Gulf and in Waziristan.

As a regimental record this book seems all that can be desired, giving, necessarily in brief, a tolerably complete account of over a century of the very varied and stirring life of an Indian infantry battalion; it is well mapped and contains the necessary appendices. H. W.

"Napoleon of the Snows." By Major-General Sir John Adye. (Nash and Grayson.) 21s.

The student of Napoleon's campaigns has been well served recently, for in addition to Colonel Elgood's history of the Egyptian campaign, never before adequately narrated in English, he has also this excellent story of the Marengo campaign, as to which there is almost as great a dearth of literature.

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In fact, since Colonel Furse's "Marengo and Hohenlinden," published a generation ago, the campaign, one of the most brilliant examples of the Emperor's strategy has been entirely neglected. General Adye, like Colonel Furse, bases himself on the monumental French official history edited by Colonel de Cugnac thirty years ago, and still the last word on its subject; but he is concerned less with the actual military events than with the action and influence of Napoleon himself in the preparation and conduct of the operations, and admirably brings out the ability, energy, and vision, and courage which alone enabled his hero to conceive and carry through to victory the genius-inspired plan of a sudden descent through the Alpine passes upon the rear of the Austrians engaged in the siege of Genoa. The book is pleasantly illustrated with portraits and contemporary prints; but the student would no doubt gladly dispense with some of these in exchange for a good map on which it would be possible for him to follow the course of the campaign in detail. It is to be regretted that in his failure to provide this General Adye has followed Colonel Furse's bad example. Not every reader is likely to be as fortunate as the reviewer, who was able to utilise the maps in de Cugnac's volumes and supply the deficiency. So equipped, he read it with the greatest interest and profit; for the story is an exciting and instructive one, and the author tells it with admirable colour and vigour.

"Boxing." By Viscount Knebworth. (The Lonsdale Library.) Seeley Service. 12s. 6d.

The reviewer who knows no more of boxing than attendance at Army and regimental contests have taught him, is at a disadvantage in dealing with a volume such as this; he is therefore compelled to rest on the assurance of people with more knowledge than himself, that for theoretical instruction in the art of self-defence it is the latest and best work of its kind. The history of the ring and its great figures are dealt with in the first hundred pages, and then follow exhaustive discussions on every point of the art, on training and instruction, and refereeing, ending up with some words of wisdom for managers and producers. It would certainly be well worth the while of any regimental boxing

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instructor to study and learn from its pages, and if any part of the profit he draws from it can be passed on to his pupils, one might venture to lay heavy odds that they will have full cause to be grateful to him, as well as to the author and the illustrators who have collaborated in its production.

"Leaves from a Bookmaker's Book." By T. H. Dey. (Hutchinson.) 6s.

Mr. Dey is a real bookmaker in both senses of that term; he has "made books," in the technical racing sense, for many years past; he has now written an excellent book about his racing books and those with whom he made them. But he gives us in its pages far more than the mere experiences of his profession. We meet in the course of his story such figures of varying note as Bob Sievier of "Pink 'Un" fame, Mr. Bottomley, Marie Lloyd, Fred Karno (to whose army most of us once belonged), Tom Webster, Tod Sloan, and Lord Birkenhead. Out of all this he has given us a lively and discursive volume, with which one can pass a pleasant spell of light reading.

"Following the Drum." By the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. (Blackwood.) 8s. 6d.

The historian of the British Army, having at last completed his *magnum opus*, has here collected a few of the more fugitive papers on military life in the past which he has recently contributed to the "Times" and "Blackwood's," and has added to them three brief sketches of great commanders—Wolseley, Kitchener, and Smith Dorrien. In these latter somewhat unorthodox verdicts outspokenly expressed, as is the author's wont, sustain the interest, if they also sometimes provoke dissent; but for the reviewer at least, the historical papers, with their curious glimpses into habits and conditions so utterly unlike any of the present day, have an irresistible attraction, enhanced by the quaint phraseology of many of the extracts from old diaries and manuscripts with which Sir John Fortescue has judiciously embellished them. One feels that the author's revivifying of these dead and forgotten soldiers has given him as much pleasure as the result of his labours will certainly afford the reader.

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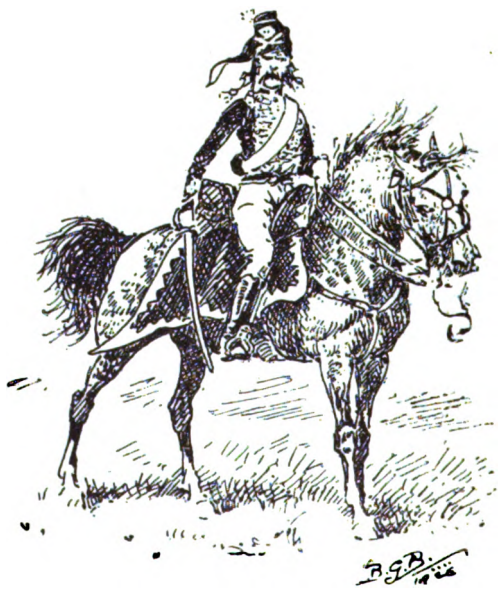
"Six British Battles." By Hilaire Belloc. (Arrowsmith.) 12s. 6d.

Some years before the Great War Mr. Belloc published in six little half-crown volumes the monographs on Crecy, Poitiers, Blenheim, Malplaquet, Tourcoing and Waterloo, which he has now reissued, practically in their original form, in one volume. No better summary of the campaigns, or introduction to a more detailed study of them, can be imagined. Mr. Belloc's views, though often differing from those of other historians, are always supported by good evidence, and commend themselves by their lucid common sense; he is a master of clear, competent, logical and picturesque narrative; he knows every mile of the country in which his campaigns were fought out; and his maps (apart from the lack of one giving the early stages of the Poitiers campaign) are luminous and plentiful. This in a small compass is military history as it should be written, and the present reviewer, who has himself tried his hand at the task and knows its difficulties, cannot but congratulate Mr. Belloc on having dealt with his task so admirably.

E. W. S.



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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

The Nowshera Autumn Low Handicap Polo Tournament commenced on Saturday, 7th November, 1931.

The following teams entered :—

" O. & S."	The Cobras
20th Lancers " A "	20th Lancers " B "
" E " Battery R.H.A.	4th Field Brigade R.A.
25th Field Brigade R.A., " X "	3rd Mountain Battery R.A., F.F.
25th Field Brigade R.A., " Y "	The Archangels
31st Field Battery R.A.	The Incredibles
15/19th Hussars	

Results were as follows :—

FIRST ROUND

The " O. & S." beat The Cobras (received 2½) 8—2½.

TEAMS

" O & S "	*The Cobras*
Mr. W. E. Armstrong	Brig. W. D. Croft
Capt. D. Mostirt	Mr. D. H. Lyall Grant
Lt.-Col. H. A. B. Johnson	Capt. S. B. Good
Mr. E. F. B. Cook	Mr. C. P. Collingwood

20th Lancers " A " beat " E " Battery, R.H.A. (received 1) 4—3.

TEAMS

20th Lancers " A "	*" E " Battery R.H.A.*
Capt. D. C. Voelcker	Mr. G. C. Gray
Capt. G. M. Dyer	Mr. H. E. Collet White
Mr. T. L. Hughes	Mr. R. C. H. Kirwan
Capt. C. Mearns	Lt.-Col. the Hon. T. P. P. Butler

3rd Mountain Battery, R.A., beat 31st Field Battery, R.A., 3—2.

TEAMS

3rd Mountain Battery R.A.	*31st Field Battery R.A.*
Mr. L. W. Roberts	Mr. G. P. Blacker
Mr. A. Galletti	Major S. H. Wright
Major H. S. Macdonald	Mr. R. H. Hewetson
Mr. B. Daunt	Mr. O. St. J. Skeen

25th Field Brigade, R.A., " Y " beat The Archangels, 4—3.

TEAMS

25th Field Brigade R.A., " Y "	*The Archangels*
Mr. O. P. Wagstaff	Mr. C. J. Gittings
Mr. F. N. W. Gore	Mr. B. P. Hughes
Mr. R. W. McLeod	Mr. A. B. Davies
Capt. P. W. Greest	Capt. J. P. P. Conolly

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15/19th Hussars (received ½) beat 20th Lancers " B," 5½—4.

TEAMS

15th/19th Hussars	*20th Lancers " B "*
Mr. R. B. Hodgkinson	Mr. H. Bromilow
Mr. N. A. Courage	Jem. Chaudri Khan
Capt. T. J. Arnott	Ris. Kakim Singh
Capt. F. N. Mitchell	Lt.-Col. D. G. Bromilow

The Incredibles beat 25th Field Brigade, R.A., " X," 7—1.

TEAMS

The Incredibles	*25th Field Brigade R.A., " X "*
Mr. D'A. A. Dawes	Mr. H. G. M. Dunn
Mr. L. D. Patterson	Capt. J. C. Fergusson
Sardar Vir Singh	Lt.-Col. A. K. G. Gordon White
Mr. G. T. Wright	Mr. C. T. L. Findlay

SECOND ROUND

20th Lancers " A " beat 3rd Mountain Battery, R.A., PP. (received 2½), 12—3½.

TEAMS

20th Lancers " A "	*3rd Mountain Battery R.A., PP.*
Capt. D. C. Voelcker	Mr. L. W. Roberts
Capt. G. M. Dyer	Mr. A. Galletti
Mr. T. L. Hughes	Major H. S. Macdonald
Capt. C. Mearns	Mr. B. Daunt

The " O. & S." beat 4th Field Brigade, R.A. (received 1½), 12—1½.

TEAMS

The " O. & S."	*4th Field Brigade R.A.*
Mr. W. E. Armstrong	Major H. E. Fooks
Capt. D. Mostirt	Major E. Latham
Lt.-Col. H. A. B. Johnson	Mr. I. Fazil
Mr. E. F. B. Cook	Lt.-Col. G. R. Gover

25th Field Brigade, R.A., " Y " beat The Incredibles (received ½), 8—½.

TEAMS

25th Field Brigade R.A., " Y "	*The Incredibles*
Mr. O. P. Wagstaff	Mr. D'A. A. Davies
Mr. F. N. W. Gore	Mr. L. D. Patterson
Mr. R. W. McLeod	Sardar Vir Singh
Capt. P. W. Greest	Mr. G. T. Wright

SEMI-FINAL RESULTS

20th Lancers " A" beat The " O. & S," 6—0.

TEAMS

20th Lancers " A "	*The " O. & S."*
Capt. D. C. Voelcker	Mr. W. E. Armstrong
Capt. G. M. Dyer	Capt. D. Mostirt
Mr. T. L. Hughes	Lt.-Col. H. A. B. Johnson
Capt. C. Mearns	Mr. E. F. B. Cook

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15th/19th Hussars beat 25th Field Brigade, R.A., " Y " (received 1½), 6—1½.

TEAMS

15th/19th Hussars	*25th Field Brigade R.A.*
Mr. R. B. Hodgkinson	Mr. O. P. Wagstaff
Mr. N. A. Courage	Mr. F. N. W. Gore
Capt. T. J. Arnott	Mr. R. W. McLeod
Capt. F. N. Mitchell	Capt. P. W. Greest

FINAL ROUND RESULT

20th Lancers " A " beat 15th/19th Hussars (received ½), 5—3½.

TEAMS

20th Lancers	*15th/19th Hussars*
Capt. D. C. Voelcker	Mr. R. B. Hodgkinson
Capt. G. M. Dyer	Mr. N. A. Courage
Mr. T. L. Hughes	Capt. T. J. Arnott
Capt. C. Mearns	Capt. F. N. Mitchell

The 15th/19th Hussars received half a goal on handicap in this match. During the first chukker the 15th/19th Hussars were doing all the attacking, but for the remainder of the match the 20th Lancers were in the ascendancy and their win was the result of this better play.

SUBSIDIARY TOURNAMENT

FIRST ROUND RESULTS

" E " Battery, R.H.A., beat The Cobras (received 1½), 8—1½.

TEAMS

" E " Battery R.H.A.	*The Cobras*
Mr. G. C. Gray	Brig. W. D. Croft
Mr. H. E. Collett White	Mr. D. H. Lyall Grant
Mr. R. C. H. Kirwan	Capt. S. B. Good
Lt.-Col. the Hon. T. P. P. Butler	Mr. C. P. Collingwood

The Archangels beat 31st Field Battery, R.A. (received ½), 7—½.

TEAMS

The Archangels	*31st Field Battery R.A.*
Mr. C. J. Gittings	Mr. G. P. Blacker
Mr. B. P. Hughes	Major S. H. Wright
Mr. A. B. Davies	Mr. R. H. Hewetson
Capt. J. P. P. Conolly	Mr. O. St. J. Skeen

25th Field Brigade, R.A., " walked over " into the next round, 20th Lancers " B " team having scratched.

SECOND ROUND RESULTS

" E " Battery, R.H.A., beat The Archangels (received 1), 6—1.

TEAMS

" E " Battery R.H.A.	*The Archangels*
Mr. G. C. Gray	Mr. C. J. Gittings
Mr. H. E. Collet White	Mr. B. P. Hughes
Mr. R. C. H. Kirwan	Mr. A. B. Davies
Lt.-Col. the Hon. T. P. P. Butler	Capt. J. P. P. Conolly

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25th Field Brigade, R.A., " X " (received 1), beat 4th Field Brigade, R.A., 5—3.

TEAMS

25th Field Brigade R.A., " X "	*4th Field Brigade R.A.*
Mr. H. G. M. Dunn	Major H. E. Fooks
Capt. J. C. Fergusson	Major E. Latham
Lt.-Col. A. K. G. Gordon White	Mr. I. Fazil
Mr. C. T. L. Findlay	Lt.-Col. G. R. Gover

FINAL ROUND RESULT

" E " Battery, R.H.A., beat 25th Field Brigade, R.A., " X " (received 1½), 9—2½.

TEAMS

" E " Battery R.H.A.	*25th Field Brigade R.A., " X "*
Mr. G. C. Gray	Mr. H. G. M. Dunn
Mr. H. E. Collet White	Capt. J. C. Fergusson
Mr. R. C. H. Kirwan	Lt.-Col. A. K. G. Gordon White
Lt.-Col. the Hon. T. P. P. Butler	Mr. C. T. L. Findlay

LUCKNOW AUTUMN POLO, 1931

" THE ROYALS " CUP

Conditions: 4 Chukkers; Handicap limited to 14 goals.

DRAW

(A) Primroses
3rd Hussars " C "
(B) Skinner's Horse " B "
3rd Hussars "A"
(C) Skinner's Horse " C "
3rd Hussars Subalterns
(D) 3rd Hussars " B "
Skinner's Horse "A"

3rd Hussars " C " / Skinner's Horse "B" → Skinner's Horse "B"

3rd Hussars Subalterns / Skinner's Horse "A" → Skinner's Horse "A"

Skinner's Horse "B" / Skinner's Horse "A" → Skinner's Horse "A"

MATCH (A)

Primroses		*3rd Hussars " C "* (plus 1½ goals)	
(1) Mr. Woods	0	(1) Mr. R. Pitman	0
(2) Lt.-Col. J. C. Hotham	1	(2) Mr. R. Bartram	0
(3) Mr. C. B. F. Muir	1	(3) Mr. O. M. Bullivant	0
(back) Capt. H. F. Jeffs	1	(back) Mr. A. B. Dawes	0
	3		0

The Primroses were easy victors by 6 goals to 2½. A scratch team at times brilliant, they lacked team practice and did well to win as they did. Captain Jeffs played strongly for the winners and Mr. Dawes scored the only goal for the Hussars.

MATCH (B)

Skinner's Horse " B "		*v.* *3rd Hussars " A "* (plus 1 goal)	
(1) Mr. E. G. Haynes	1	(1) Capt. C. D. Phillips	1
(2) Major G. C. G. Gray	3	(2) Capt. W. A. J. Lockhart	2
(3) Lt.-Col. G. A. C. Wetherall	2	(3) Major R. de C. Grubb	1
(back) Capt. K. C. Cradock Watson	1	(back) Capt. C. F. Tudor Owen	1
	7		5

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Skinner's Horse " B " won 5 goals to 4. The 3rd Hussars failed to mark their men and their opposing back rode as he liked and scored twice. Gray hit the other three.

MATCH (C)

Skinner's Horse "C" (plus 1½ goals)		*v.*	*3rd Hussars Subalterns*	
(1) Mr. H. N. MacLaurin	0		(1) Mr. C. J. F. Platt	0
(2) Ris. Nur. Mohd. Khan	0		(2) Mr. A. J. Crewdson	1
(3) Capt. D. W. M. Prinsep	0		(3) Mr. W. U. Ritson	0
(back) Mr. Armstrong	0		(back) Sir D. Scott	2
	0			3

A bright game on a slow ground. The Subalterns made up the handicap in the first chukker. They are a quick well-mounted side and displayed good form.

The Cavalry " C " team were a patchy inexperienced side and could not compete with the superior pony power of their opponents. Result 6—1½ goals.

MATCH (D)

3rd Hussars " B " (plus 5½ goals)		*v.*	*Skinner's Horse " A "*	
(1) Mr. E. D. Vaux	0		(1) Mr. N. T. Loring	1
(2) Capt. W. G. Petherick	0		(2) Capt. E. J. Fulton	3
(3) Mr. M. W. Barnett	0		(3) Capt. A. E. Dean	4
(back) Mr. P. H. Labouchere	1		(back) Capt. E. D. Holder	6
	1			14

Skinner's Horse had a lot of goals to make up, but did so in no uncertain fashion. Quick and certain in their play, they only had the ball once behind their back line which was a goal.

SEMI-FINALS

Skinner's Horse " B " conceding 2 goals on the handicap beat the Primroses 6 goals to 5.

This was a ding-dong encounter. The Primroses lost their lead easily but each successive goal put one side or the other ahead, the issue was in doubt until the last moment. Both sides hit well on an uncertain ground.

In the second game, Skinner's Horse " A " owed the 3rd Hussars Subalterns 5½ goals and on previous form the Subalterns started favourites. However, the cavalry team went all out and scored 9 goals without reply—a good performance. Their opponents, it is only fair to say, suffered through two of their members taking tosses that morning in their regimental point-to-point races.

FINAL

This was an all Skinner's Horse affair. The " A " team gave the " B " team 3½ goals on handicap. Confidence reigned in both camps.

" A " however started off with a bang and scored five times in the first chukker—a good start. In the second " A " appeared to take a pull—they

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scored once and play was to and fro. The third was a fast chukker, "B" taking advantage of chance play on behalf of the "A" defence to score three times. "A" replying with 2 more to their score. In the last chukker "A" again dominated the game and found the flags twice to make the final score 10—6½.

The tournament is held somewhat early in the year to have ponies fit, but the date is determined by the "Army Cup" Race Meeting (three days) having to fit in with many other cold weather fixtures.

There were no visiting teams this year, owing to general "retrenchment." The Equitation School not finding it possible to defend their title as holders of the Cup. The Raja of Jehangirabad very kindly presented four miniatures which this good sportsman gave away himself.

The next Lucknow Tournament will be during "Civil Service" week in February.

CHRISTMAS POLO TOURNAMENT, PESHAWAR

The Christmas Polo Tournaments at Peshawar, 1931, promised to be the best that had been for many years. Six teams entered for the 6 Chukker Tournament and fourteen for the Frontier Challenge Cup. The weather, usually wet at Christmas, was uncommonly good, and in actual fact there was no rain before the 8th January.

The two tournaments opened on 21st December. One team was forced to scratch from the 6 Chukker Tournament, so it was arranged to play that tournament on the American System.

The first game was between Hodson's Horse and the 20th Lancers. Hodson's were a much higher handicapped side than their opponents, but were penalized by not having played together before. The result was a disappointing game in which the 20th playing very well together beat their opponents by 9 goals to 3, having received 3 goals on handicap. Colonel Bromilow was the outstanding player in this game.

On Wednesday, 23rd December, Hodson's Horse met the 15th/19th "A" team and the 20th Lancers 15th/19th "B." In the first game, Hodson's improved very much on their Monday's form and more than extended their formidable opponents. In the 5th chukker, Taylor of the 15th/19th, slipped up and injured his ankle, not being able to continue playing. His place was taken by Courage. The loss of Taylor reduced the strength of the 15th/19th attack considerably, however, they were able to win by the odd goal just before time. Mohd Ali played very well for the losers, while Hinde and Frith were outstanding for the Hussars.

The second game resulted in a win for the 20th Lancers who outplayed their opponents. This team, which is low handicapped and includes three young players, should train on well, under the able leadership of Colonel Bromilow.

These were the only games played in this tournament as measures taken to repress the Redshirt Movement necessitated all units taking part in the tournament being sent out to assist the Civil Authorities.

It was found possible to finish the Frontier Challenge Cup Tournament as three or four teams were unaffected by the troop movements.

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The results of this tournament are given below :—

FIRST ROUND

Hodson's Horse beat 25th Field Brigade, R.A., " X " (received 2½) by 7 goals to 3½.

Guides Cavalry beat 25th Field Brigade, R.A., " Y " (received 2½) by 9 goals to 4½.

15th/19th Hussars " C " beat Sappers (received 1) by 4 goals to 3, after extra time.

K.O.Y.L.I. beat Poona Horse by 3 goals to 2.

25th Field Brigade Subalterns beat 15th/19th Hussars " D " (received ½) by 8 goals to 1½.

8th Cavalry beat 3rd (P) Mountain Battery, R.A. (received 6) by 9 goals to 6.

SECOND ROUND

" E " Battery, R.H.A. (received 1) beat Hodson's Horse by 8 goals to 1.

Guides Cavalry beat 15th/19th Hussars " C " (received 1) by 8 goals to 2.

25th Field Brigade Subalterns beat K.O.Y.L.I. by 6 goals to Nil.

8th Cavalry beat Archangels (received 5½) by 11½ goals to 7½.

SEMI-FINAL ROUND

Guides Cavalry beat " E " Battery, R.H.A. (received 1) by 5 goals to 2.

8th Cavalry scratched.

FINAL

Guides Cavalry beat 25th Field Brigade Subalterns (received 2) by 7 goals to 4.

The teams entered for the Peshawar Club Polo Tournament were :— Hodson's Horse, 20th Lancers, 15th/19th Hussars " A," 15th/19th Hussars "B," and Poona Horse.

LIST OF TEAMS

Hodsons' Horse		*K.O.Y.L.I.*	
Colours : Blue and White		*Colours :* Green	
(1) Mr. R. N. Beatty	0	(1) Major T. B. Butt	1
(2) Mr. P. J. Keenan	0	(2) Capt. R. A. I. Brooke	0
(3) Capt. R. R. Cumming	3	(3) Capt. H. E. Butterfield	0
(back) Capt. L. E. Maxwell	2	(back) Mr. I. F. Low	0
	5		1

" E " Battery, R.H.A.		*Guides Cavalry F.F.*	
Colours : Red and Blue		*Colours :* Khaki and Red	
(1) Mr. G. C. Gray	0	(1) Mr. D. G. Egerton	0
(2) Mr. H. E. Collett White	1	(2) Capt. E. K. Wood	3
(3) Lt.-Col. Hon. T. B. Butler	1	(3) Capt. W. A. Gimson	2
(back) Capt. H. M. Stanford	1	(back) Lt.-Col. W. H. Blood	0
	3		5

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3rd Mountain Battery R.A.
Colours : White Red Hoop

(1)	Mr. L. W. Roberts	0
(2)	Mr. C. Galletti	0
(3)	Mr. B. Daunt	0
(back)	Major H. S. Macdonald	0
		0

Sappers
Colours : Red and Blue

(1)	Mr. M. C. A. Henneker	0
(2)	Capt. A. H. G. Napier	0
(3)	Capt. R. H. Perry	0
(back)	Mr. E. F. B. Cook	1
		1

15th/19th Hussars " D "
Colours : Dark, Blue, Yellow and Red Bands

(1)	Mr. D'A. A. Dawes	0
(2)	Mr. J. H. L. Holford	0
(3)	Major R. H. O. Hanbury	0
(back)	Mr. G. T. Wright	0
		0

Poona Horse
Colours : Red and Green

(1)	Mr. W. S. Cooper	0
(2)	Capt. K. E. John	1
(3)	Risaldar Dost Mohd Khan	0
(back)	Risaldar Annu Khan	0
		1

Archangels
Colours : Green

(1)	Mr. C. J. Gittings	0
(2)	Mr. A. B. Davies	0
(3)	Mr. B. P. Hughes	1
(back)	Capt. Conolly	0
		1

25th Fd. Bde. R.A., " X "
Colours : Red

(1)	Mr. P. J. E. Clapham	0
(2)	Mr. C. P. Collingwood	0
(3)	Mr. J. B. Hobbs	0
(back)	Capt. P. W. Greest	0
		0

25th Fd. Bde. R.A. " Y "
Colours : Pale Blue

(1)	Mr. G. P. Blacker	0
(2)	Major S. H. Wright	0
(3)	Mr. J. B. Bannerman	0
(back)	Mr. O. St. J. Skeen	0
		0

25th Fd. Bde. R.A. Subalterns
Colours : Blue, Red Sash

(1)	Mr. H. G. M. Dunn	0
(2)	Mr. O. P. Wagstaff	0
(3)	Mr. R. W. McLeod	1
(back)	Mr. C. T. L. Findlay	0
		1

8th K.G.O. Cavalry
Colours : French, Grey, Buff, Rifle Green

(1)	Mr. J. W. C. Platt	1
(2)	Lt.-Col. H. A. Johnson	2
(3)	Capt. H. D. Tucker	6
(back)	Major B. H. O'Donnell	3
		12

15th/19th Hussars " C "
Colours : Dark Blue, Yellow, and Red Bands

(1)	Mr. N. A. Courage	0
(2)	Mr. G. A. E. Peyton	0
(3)	Lt.-Col. H. F. Brace	3
(back)	Capt. W. E. H. Grylls	1
		4

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CAPTAIN C. G. BROWN ON A.D.C.
with Cups won at the Winnipeg Horse Show

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SPORTING NEWS—CANADA

LORD STRATHCONA'S HORSE (R.C.)

As a climax to a most successful season of Polo, the Regiment succeeded in regaining the Western Canada Polo Cup once again.

The last time they won it was in 1913. In the first round they drew Cochrane, a strong team of ranchers, and getting away to a 6–0 lead at the end of the second chukker, eventually won by 8–6. In this game Capt. Rebitt (No. 2) scored three goals and Capt. Powell (No. 3) four goals.

In the semi-finals they were drawn against Kamloops, the favourites, a well-mounted team from British Columbia. Once again a whirlwind attack gave them an early lead, which they maintained, to win 6–5. Capt. Rebitt again played a brilliant game, in spite of being badly shaken up by two heavy falls.

In the game against High River, last year's winners, the tactics were reversed, our opponents having a lead of 4–1 at the end of the third. At the end of the fourth the score was evened, and from then on it was a fight to the finish, the Regiment eventually winning by 6–5.

Major F. M. W. Harvey at back was most probably the outstanding player in the whole Tournament.

The team was as follows :—

Lieut. C. H. Campbell	No. 1
Capt. H. R. Rebitt	No. 2
Capt. F. C. Powell	No. 3
Major F. M. W. Harvey	No. 4

At the Winnipeg Horse Show Capt. C. G. Brown, " A " Squadron, was the outstanding competitor, winning six events on A.D.C. and making only one fault in the whole six events.

He won both Heavyweight Classes, the Touch and Out, the Open Jump, Handy Hunter and Pair Jumping with Capt. N. A. Gianelli.

The course for three events was eight jumps, four at 4 ft. 6 in. and four at 5 ft.

In the Touch and Out he was the only competitor to make a clean performance.

The course for the Open Class consisted of jumps as follows :—

Brush (twice)	4 ft. 6 in.
Rails (twice)	5 ft. 0 in.
Wall (twice)	4 ft. 6 in.
Triple bars	5 ft. 0 in.

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The test for the Handy Hunter was a pen 24 ft. square, all jumps being 3 ft. 6 in. In over rails, out over brush, back over wall, turn sharp right and out over rails.

Then up to wingless rails at 4 ft. 6 in., remove top rail jumping remainder.

GARRISON SPORTS—WINNIPEG

"A" Squadron made a good showing in the Garrison Sports in both mounted and dismounted events.

Results were as follows :—

MOUNTED EVENTS :

Best turned-out Horse and Saddlery	Tpr. Piper	1st
O.R's. Tent Pegging	Tpr. Penney	1st
Section Tent Pegging	L.S.H. (R.C.)	1st
Wrestling on Horseback	L.S.H. (R.C.)	1st
O.R's. Jumping	Sgt. Reade	1st
	Tpr. Penney	2nd
Section Jumping	L.S.H. (R.C.)	1st
V.C. Race	L/Cpl. Francis ; Tpr. Matthews	1st
	Tpr. Reeves ; Tpr. Hall	2nd
Tuxedo Derby	Tpr. Williams	1st
Skill at Arms	Tpr. Wilkinson	1st
	Sgt. Reade	2nd
Tug-o-War	L.S.H. (R.C.)	1st

DISMOUNTED EVENTS :

Putting the Shot	Sgt. Phillpotts	3rd
High Jump	Sgt. Phillpotts	2nd
	Cpl. Turnley	3rd
Mile Race	Tpr. Besse	1st
	Tpr. Watts	2nd
Kicking the Football	Tpr O'Grady	1st
Throwing the Cricket Ball	Tpr. Meikle	3rd
Sack Race	Tpr. Reeves	2nd
440 *Yards*	L/Cpl. Smith	1st
	Cpl. Watts	2nd
880 *Yards*	Tpr. Besse	2nd
Tilting the Bucket	Tpr. Besse ; Tpr. Munro	3rd

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From a painting by Ben Herring.

ALICE HAWTHORN

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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CAVALIER [illegible]

[illegible]

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JULY, 1932

ALICE HAWTHORN.

An extract from the *Manchester Examiner*, dated 20th April, 1861, states "A short time ago we announced the death of Touchstone, who has been considered the King of the Turf. We regret now to have to announce the death of Alice Hawthorn, who is fairly entitled to be considered the "Queen of the Turf." When the above notice appeared, the writer certainly had before him quite the most wonderful record of performances ever achieved, a record which has even now seldom been equalled. Could the writer have seen into the future he would have found an even finer record in the number of classic winners who may be said to claim direct descent.

Alice Hawthorn was foaled in 1838, and was by Muley Mulloch out of Rebecca (by Lottery). She was bred by Mr. John Plummer of Shipton, near York, who sold her as a yearling, but the purchaser afterwards declining her, she was thrown back on her breeder's hands, as no one would take "the rejected one." The breeder was not a racing man and wished to sell her, but no one would buy her, and one day, noticing the elasticity of her movement, he decided to send her to be trained, owner and trainer sharing profits. By this time she was three and a half years old, and had never yet been broken in. In July or August, 1841, she was trained, and ran three times before the season closed, out of which she won twice.

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In 1842 the first win was the Chester Cup, beating Lannercost, and throughout the season she ran nine times and won seven.

In 1843 she won eighteen races out of twenty-six, including the Doncaster Cup, which she won by twenty lengths.

In 1844 Alice Hawthorn was at her best, winning twenty-one races out of twenty-four, including the Queen's Vase at Ascot, the Goodwood Cup and again the Doncaster Cup.

By 1845 she was probably weighted out of all handicaps, and although she ran ten times she only won four races.

Her racing career thus ended with a record of 52 wins out of 72 races, being placed on nearly every occasion on which she did not actually win outright.

Very soon after she started racing she was soon found out to be such an extraordinary animal that there was very little chance of getting reasonably in for any handicaps, hence the reason for the great number of Queen's plates and cups won by her. Perhaps it is to her not having been broken in till she was forty months old, that some of her good properties are owing. She never met a Derby winner but defeated three St. Leger winners and one Oaks winner, as well as most of the best horses of her day. She combined great speed with great weight carrying and staying power.

If Alice Hawthorn's performances on the Turf were unique, her record as a brood mare was even finer. To quote again from the *Manchester Examiner* of 1861, "As a brood mare, the largest prices ever heard of have been offered and given for some of her produce. She leaves behind at least four of as fine sons for stud purposes as England possesses, viz.: Lord Fauconberg by Birdcatcher, Oulston by Melbourne, Findon by Touchstone, and Thormanby (the winner of last Derby), by Windhound. She also leaves three promising daughters, viz.: Terrona by Touchstone, Lady Hawthorne, sister to Thormanby, and Sweet Hawthorn now on the turf and much fancied by the public for her engagements. This mare is the youngest living produce of Alice and has been selected by her breeder as the old mare's successor."

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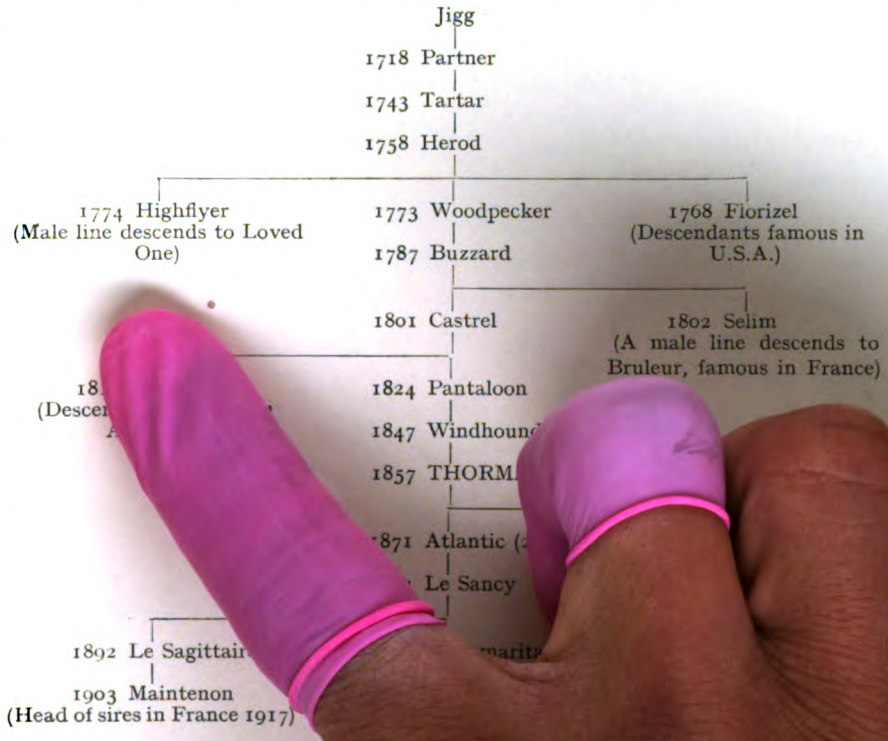
MALE LINE OF DESCENT THROUGH THORMANBY.



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The following is a complete list of Alice Hawthorn's produce :

1849. b.c. Young Hawthorn by Lannercost.
1850. b.c. Lord Fauconberg by Birdcatcher.
1851. b.f. Terrona by Touchstone.
1852. b.c. Oulston by Melbourne.
1853. b.c. Findon by Touchstone.
1854. b.f. Lady Hawthorn by Windhound.
1855. b.c. Coxwold by Flying Dutchman.
1857. ch.c. Thormanby by Melbourne or Windhound.
1858. br.f. Sweet Hawthorn by Sweetmint.
1859. c. by Wild Dayrell (died within a week).

An endeavour has been made, by means of the attached pedigree, to trace out the most prominent male and female lines from Alice Hawthorn who may be said to claim direct descent, amongst which are most of the classic winners. For the work on this pedigree we are indebted to Mr. Robert Needham of Messrs. Tattersalls, while Mr. Somerville Tattersall writes as follows: "Alice Hawthorn is principally known at the stud through Thormanby (grandsire of Bend 'Or on the dam's side) and as the descendants of Bend 'Or won more than any other line last year, she is never likely to be forgotten at the stud or on the turf."

Space does not permit of the inclusion of pedigrees for the last ten years. Nor has any attempt been made to trace the descendants of more than three of Alice Hawthorn's family. The "winners in recent years" which Mr. Tattersall refers to would fill several pages.

Our frontispiece is reproduced from an oil painting recently purchased at a sale at an old farm house in Herefordshire by the writer of this article. The picture was covered with a thick brown varnish, and it was not until this had all been removed, that the colour began to appear and the picture restored to its original state. The painting is unsigned, but Messrs. Fores of 41, Piccadilly, who have kindly examined it, attribute it to Ben Herring (J. F. Herring's son) as one of his early works.

T. T. PITMAN.

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THE CAVALRY IN FRANCE, MARCH–APRIL, 1918

By Major T. Preston, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars

Part II.

The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions with the III Corps (*continued*).

23rd March Sketch 1

The early dawn of the 23rd March found the III Corps[1] holding its front with its infantry brigades and battalions much reduced by the heavy losses of the first two days' fighting; there were many gaps which had to be filled by dismounted cavalry and improvised detachments of entrenching battalions, pioneers, divisional details and so on.

We have already recorded[2] how the line of the Crozat Canal had been lost the day before from its junction with the Oise on the right, to near Liez on the left. The first idea was that a newly-arrived French division should counter-attack to regain the canal line, and the severe fighting during the morning hours of the 23rd included (1) the French counter-attack, which failed; and (2) the German attacks at the same time along the canal to the north, which by 2 p.m. had driven our troops back about two miles. It will be seen later that all six dismounted brigades[3] of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions were drawn into the battle.

[1] Corps Commander .. .. Lieut.-General Sir R. H. K. Butler.
58th Division .. .. Major-General A. B. E. Cator.
18th Division .. .. Major-General R. P. Lee.
14th Division .. .. Major-General W. H. Greenly (temp.)
2nd Cavalry Division .. .. Brig.-General T. T. Pitman (temp.)
3rd Cavalry Division .. .. Major-General A. E. W. Harman.

[2] *Cavalry Journal*, April, 1932, p. 181.

[3] As previously noted, a dismounted brigade included 100-120 men from each regiment, and 70-80 men from the machine gun squadron, the whole under a lieut.-colonel. The totals varied in different brigades from 400 to 550 or so of all ranks, with 8 to 12 Vickers machine guns and about the same number of Hotchkiss rifles.

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23rd March Sketch 1

The French counter-attack may first be alluded to briefly. It was delivered by four battalions from their 125th Division (General Diebold), though one or two companies of our infantry joined in. A bombardment by British 18th Divisional and French artillery began at 6 a.m., and at 7 a.m. the French infantry advanced through our front line which ran north and south some 500 yards west of Vouel. The French were however tired after a long march the day before; they were short of ammunition, did not know the ground and were further hampered by a thick fog. The counter-attack therefore failed to get further than the southern outskirts of Tergnier, and its fate was sealed by a strong attack launched by the enemy, just about the same time, between Liez and Mennessis.

There had been a certain amount of shelling along the canal during the night, and towards dawn it became heavier. This part of the front was held by the 55th Brigade (18th Division) with whom were various units including the 4th Hussars' party from the 3rd Dismounted Brigade. Owing to the mist and to the fact that some of our troops were carrying out a relief, there was a certain lack of touch between different parts of the front line, and the Germans, about 7 a.m., managed to penetrate it. They then enfiladed with machine guns the line on either side of the gap; the 4th Hussars had to withdraw north-west to Mennessis and joined up with the 16th Lancers on the railway, whence they fell back later to Frières Faillouel.

The main force of the enemy attack was directed south-westwards; they drove some of our infantry details through Bois Hallot and got round the left flank of the French who had counter-attacked just previously. The Germans were checked for a time, but they came on in increasing numbers, and by about 11.30 a.m. the infantry of our 55th Brigade, and also the French, had fallen back in line with the 7th Dismounted Brigade along the eastern edge of Bois de Frières. By this time the mist had cleared, and soon after midday further German troops, advancing to the north of Vouel after a heavy machine-gun barrage, overwhelmed a French battalion and forced the 173rd Brigade (58th Division) to fall back

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23rd March Sketch 1

to the reserve line held by the 6th Dismounted Brigade[1] in front of Noureuil. Soon the enemy reached the north-east corner of Noureuil, which was the extreme left flank of the 6th Brigade, and actually captured the headquarters mess, but were then stopped by a party comprising several officers, orderly-room clerks, signallers, cooks and the mess waiter. The cavalrymen hung grimly on to their line, and officers of the three regiments, with those of the 3rd and 4th Londons, rallied parties of the French infantry who were falling back. A defensive flank was thrown out and Noureuil was held for the time being, but even so, the enemy was now getting behind the troops on the eastern edge of Bois de Frières. By 2 p.m. the various French and British units had fallen back, the last to leave being the 7th Dismounted Brigade[2] who then took up a line inside the wood. Here they had a short respite, but the line was very unsatisfactory, as the field of fire was much restricted by the trees and undergrowth, which also made it difficult to keep touch with units on the flanks. A few mounted orderlies, who were not available, would have made intercommunication much easier.

We must now turn to the left of the III Corps near Jussy, which village was held by the 9th Scottish Rifles and the 5th Lancer contingent of the 3rd Dismounted Brigade, both being under the 43rd Brigade (14th Division). Here the enemy put in a strong attack at about 7 a.m.; and owing to the fog and the fact that several bridges had been insufficiently demolished, managed to carry Jussy with a rush.

The 3rd Dismounted Brigade's narrative of the operations throws a vivid light on the nature of the fighting at this point. The fog was so dense that one could only see forty yards, and the Germans could be heard shouting and occasionally blowing a bugle. "Whenever shouting was heard, we gave them an intense burst of fire, and the shouting seemed to stop after each burst." "We" were the dismounted 5th Lancers, whose C.O.,

[1] 3rd D.Gs., Royals, 10th Hussars and 6th M.G. Squadron, under Lieut.-Colonel A. Burt of the 3rd D.Gs.

[2] 7th D.Gs., Inniskillings, 17th Lancers and 8th M.G. Squadron, under Lieut.-Colonel E. Paterson of the Inniskillings.

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Lieut.-Colonel Cape, was nominally in command of the 3rd Dismounted Brigade, but as already related, had been left with only his own regiment's contingent.[1] 23rd March Sketch 1

As regards the bridges, the 5th Lancers' right squadron had reported the previous day that there was a considerable gap between them and the nearest infantry on their right, and that in this gap were two intact bridges; yet no attempt was made to blow them up. Another bridge in the 5th Lancers' sector was supposed to be destroyed, but the damage was so slight that Lieut.-Colonel Cape remonstrated with the R.E. officer concerned, who replied that his orders were to render the bridges impassable for traffic, and that he considered he had done so. Lieut.-Colonel Cape describes this incident as "a lamentable exhibition of inefficiency," and the enemy did in fact cross this and other bridges in large numbers. Many officers gave it as their opinion that had the bridges been properly destroyed, not a German would have got across; but as we shall see presently, the III Corps would in any case have had to retire as a result of the withdrawal of the XVIII Corps on its left.

* * * *

The Germans having got into Jussy were checked for a time at the west end of the village by Lewis gun fire, but charged forward again, and by 8.30 a.m. were in complete possession of the place. A counter-attack by thirty Scots Greys (5th Dismounted Brigade), a platoon of 11th Royal Fusiliers and some other infantry details was not strong enough to retake Jussy and suffered considerable losses. Meanwhile the Germans had also managed to force the canal line west of Jussy, helped both by the mist and by the woods on the canal bank; and thus by 10.30 a.m. the whole of the 14th Division was back on the railway line from south of Jussy to Annois.

The 41st Brigade on the left of the division was soon driven back into Flavy-le-Martel, but on the right the 43rd Brigade,

[1] The 5th Lancer casualties on 23rd March are given in their war diary as: Officers, 1 missing, (believed killed); 9 wounded (including the C.O.). Other ranks, 10 killed, 50 wounded, 15 missing. The strength of their dismounted party on 21st March is given as 7 officers and 200 other ranks; so unless a mistake has been made, 3 more officers must have joined the contingent after it started.

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23rd March Sketch 1

with which was the 5th Dismounted Brigade, held out longer, the cavalrymen doing good work with their Hotchkiss rifles and enfilading the north side of the railway embankment on which the enemy had collected. At one point, Germans and British were facing each other for an hour, separated only by the embankment, both sides having run out of hand-grenades. About 12 noon a counter-attack was planned to regain the line of the railway, and two troops Oxfordshire Hussars arrived from the 4th Brigade; but it was not launched, as the mist lifted and showed large numbers of the enemy not only on the railway but also in and south of Flavy-le-Martel. Hostile machine guns began firing on the 5th Dismounted Brigade from the left flank and left rear, inflicting casualties on the Scots Greys and 20th Hussars. Major Little of the latter regiment therefore ordered the Oxfordshire Hussars to throw back their left flank, which they did; but this was in the air, and touch with the infantry was lost for the rest of the day. For an hour or more the 5th Brigade held a line along the Faillouel—Flavy-le-Martel road, but then had to retire to the high ground just north of Faillouel, where the 4th Dismounted Brigade[1] was already in position facing north.

The Canadian Dismounted Brigade[2] had also been drawn into the fight during the morning, having been sent to help the 54th Brigade (18th Division).

Until about 11 a.m. this brigade had managed to hang on to the canal line between Mennessis and Jussy; the Royal Canadian Dragoons' contingent was sent to reinforce it, half to each flank. By the time the Dragoons got there, however, the Germans were advancing in strength at Mennessis, necessitating a withdrawal which the cavalry assisted to cover, the Canadian M.G. Squadron's guns doing considerable execution. By 1.30 p.m. the 54th Brigade was back behind Frières Faillouel, where it was joined by the rest of the Canadian Dismounted Brigade who took up a position east and north of the village.

[1] Carabiniers, 3rd Hussars, Oxfordshire Hussars, and 4th M.G. Squadron, under Lieut.-Colonel A. Dugdale, of the Q.O.O.H.

[2] R. Canadian Dragoons, Lord Strathcona's Horse, Fort Garry Horse and Canadian M.G. Squadron, under Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald of the former regiment.

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23rd March Sketch 1

As the afternoon wore on the situation became increasingly serious. The Germans were across the Crozat Canal everywhere, and had driven our line back an average distance of two miles. For most of our men it was the third day of continuous fighting, and the III Corps had no reserves left. It was true that French reinforcements were reaching the scene, but so far they had made little or no difference; none of our troops could be relieved, and the enemy's attacks seemed to come on just the same. There was a constant rattle of machine guns on both sides, in which the Allies held their own well till about 5 p.m., when ammunition began to run short and the Germans began again to press forward.

It was just about this hour that the 6th Dismounted Brigade, owing to heavy pressure on its left flank, at last had to give up Noureuil and fall back west and south of it. Further to the north, the 4th and 5th Brigades hung on with great bravery to their Faillouel position, until it became clear that there was nobody on their left[1]; then, to avoid being completely cut off, they retired about 4 p.m., first to the edge of Bois de Genlis and thence through a line of newly-arrived French troops to a position west of La Neuville.

The withdrawal of these two brigades uncovered the left flank of the Canadian cavalrymen, who were holding Frières Faillouel. They had for some time been shelled both from the east and north, and now began to come under machine gun fire from the west as well. Their position with both flanks absolutely in the air became untenable and they accordingly withdrew through the northern edge of the Bois de Frières; almost at the same time, lorries full of German infantry, accompanied by field guns, were seen to be entering Faillouel.

At 6 p.m. Major-General Lee, commanding the 18th Division, received news that the enemy was approaching Ugny-le-Gay through the woods to the north. He therefore ordered Brig.-General Seymour (commanding 3rd Dismounted Division) to take command of various infantry and cavalry parties in Ugny, and occupy a position on the high ground north-east of the

[1] One war diary states that since 12 noon there had been no orders from Brigade H.Q.

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23rd March Sketch 1

village. By 8.30 p.m. some 2,000 men (600 from the 3rd, 4th and 5th Dismounted Brigades and the rest infantry) were digging in on the line indicated; an hour later, however, they were relieved by the French.

It remains to see what happened to the 7th Dismounted Brigade, which we left holding a line inside the Bois de Frières, in conjunction with various small parties of French and British (18th Division) infantry. This wood being very thick and about two miles long from south to north, made it very hard for anyone inside to keep in touch with the flanks outside; and the advance of the enemy through the wood was also slower than it was over the open fields to south and north, as observation was more difficult. Here there was little hostile shelling, probably because the enemy gunners could not tell how far their infantry had penetrated into the wood.

But between 5 and 6 p.m. it became clear to the commanders inside the Bois de Frières that the line both on the south and the north had given way, and there was nothing for it but to conform. Accordingly all troops retired slowly to the south-west edge of the wood, and by 7 p.m. the village of Villequier-Aumont was packed with retreating troops, including many wounded men on stretchers and limbers. Units were very much mixed up; shells kept crashing into the houses; and hostile aeroplanes were overhead. However, all ranks were in good heart, though naturally very tired, as they trudged through the village, to the north and east of which French troops had taken up a line.

Sketches 1 & 2

The brigades of the 18th Division, and the various dismounted cavalry brigades, bivouacked in the fields and villages, the cavalry being in the La Neuville-en-Beine—Villequier-Aumont—Commenchon area, a mile or two behind the front line. Fortunately it was a very fine night.

Harman's Detachment.

So far we have surveyed the events of the 23rd March in this sector from the point of view of the troops in the front line, especially the dismounted cavalry. Let us now go back

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a few miles to III Corps headquarters at Buchoire and see how the situation presented itself to General Butler. 23rd March Sketch 2

At 10 a.m., whilst his own divisions and brigades were heavily engaged as already described, the corps commander received most disquieting news regarding the XVIII Corps on his left; the enemy had forced the passage of the Somme at Ham and was reported to be advancing south. Now, a line drawn north and south through Ham is about 5½ miles west (or in other words, in rear) of a similar line drawn through Villequier Aumont, so that any southward advance from Ham would be likely to cut the communications of the entire III Corps.

Something had to be done at once, and orders were accordingly sent to the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions to form a combined mounted force of 750 men to watch the north flank; some infantry and guns were added and whole was placed under the command of Major-General A. E. W. Harman (3rd Cavalry Division) and called "Harman's Detachment."

As previously explained, the formation of the dismounted brigades on 21st March had left a number of led horses to be looked after by the remaining men of the two cavalry divisions, so it was by no means easy to form, at such short notice, the mounted force required; and when it *was* formed, there were fewer men still to look after the dismounted men's horses, which however had to be watered, fed and got along somehow.

The first order was for each regiment to supply 50 men, but the 2nd Cavalry Division was only able to send 100 per brigade, or 300 in all, under Major E. Bonham, Royal Scots Greys. The 3rd Cavalry Division's detachment totalled 450 under Lieut.-Colonel R. W. Paterson, Fort Garry Horse, each brigade finding about 12 officers and 150 men.[1] After proceeding first to corps headquarters at Buchoire, the whole force concentrated at 4.30 p.m. at Berlancourt, five miles south of Ham, its full composition being:—

[1] There were no cavalry machine guns with the force, for they were all with the dismounted brigades.

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23rd March Sketch 2

Mounted Troops :

From 2nd Cavalry Division..	300	men.
From 3rd Cavalry Division..	450	„
	750	

Infantry :

Corps reinforcements and men returned from leave under Lieut.-Colonel Theobald	600	„
8 Lewis guns from No. 13 Balloon Company	38	„

Artillery :

"O" Battery, R.H.A. (six 13-pdrs.).

Medical :

Light Section, 7th Cavalry Field Ambulance.
One lorry and one tender.

Officers' patrols were at once sent out as under:—

To Beaumont-en-Beine to get in touch with Major-General Greenly, commanding 14th Division;

To Brouchy, Eaucourt and Ollezy
To Muille-Villette and Ham
To Esmery-Hallon and Canizy
} To get in touch with the enemy.

Except the two last-named places, all were occupied by the Germans before darkness fell.

It may be noted here that during the next few days excellent work was done by the officers' patrols, four of which—each comprising a subaltern and 9 other ranks—were always on duty. Starting out just before dawn and remaining until dark, they sent in messages on an average every two hours, reporting not only the movements of the enemy but also the position, morale, etc., of our own and the French infantry, and visiting the various brigade and battalion headquarters. So well were the patrols handled that they had few or no casualties, although frequently working ahead of the front line.

The III Corps commander thus received a stream of valuable first-hand information which could have reached him in no other way. Aeroplanes would have been useless; they could not have gone about among the troops, and indeed, in such wooded country, would have seen very little at all, especially on the misty mornings which were prevalent at this period.

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Never in the whole course of the war was it more clearly proved that, under such conditions, the mounted man was the best and quickest method of transmitting information. 23rd March Sketch 2

* * * * *

Later in the afternoon of the 23rd, Harman's Detachment came under the orders of General Greenly, who about 7 p.m. directed General Harman to fill a gap in the line between Villequier-Aumont and La Neuville. The 3rd Cavalry Division contingent rode to Ugny-le-Gay to take over this duty, but on arrival there found the gap already filled by General Seymour's dismounted cavalry; the mounted party therefore bivouacked for the night at Ugny and returned to Berlancourt next morning. Colonel Theobald's infantry were, at 11 p.m., sent to block the western exits of Villeselve, whilst "O" Battery covered the village from a position north-east of Berlancourt.

To make the narrative as clear as possible, it must be borne in mind that each of the two cavalry divisions (2nd and 3rd) had now been split up into three separate parts, namely (1) the dismounted brigades; (2) the mounted contingent with Harman's Detachment; (3) the rest of the division, including divisional headquarters, the transport, and the dismounted brigades' led horses.

With regard to (3), the III Corps had about 1 p.m. ordered the 2nd Cavalry Division to lead back all horses from Quesmy and Grandru to Carlepont Woods, avoiding the roads as far as possible; Brig.-General Pitman now moved his headquarters to Couarcy. Similarly Brig.-General Portal with the 3rd Cavalry Division H.Q., transport and led horses, marched to the Carlepont area.

* * * * *

The general situation on the night 23rd/24th March was that the French had taken over the whole of the new front line in the III Corps sector,[1] though parties of our 14th Division were mixed up with them near La Neuville on the left. The

[1] There had been no German attacks south of the Oise Canal, and here the original front was still held by the 58th Division. This was the extreme right of the British Armies in France, joining up with the main French Armies near Barisis—see Sketch 2.

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23rd March Sketch 2

remainder of our infantry and dismounted cavalry was in reserve immediately behind.

Though it made no difference to the British troops who continued to take their orders from their own commanders, it should be noted that with the arrival of French reinforcements, the French took over responsibility for the general direction of the operations. During the 23rd, the III Corps had been placed under the French Third Army (General Humbert), the first batch of French divisions belonging to their V Corps, under General Pellé, who worked in close co-operation with General Butler. The idea was that the British divisions after handing over to the French, should join the main body of the Fifth Army further north; but in actual fact the French were unable to hold the line unaided, and kept our troops on as reserves.[1] Even so, the progress of the German attacks was quicker after the French took the line over.

24th March Sketch 2

Sunday, 24th March, 1918, was another beautiful spring day, and the operations with which we are dealing took place in a country of wooded hills and fields still unscarred by trenches or wire. It was "open warfare" with a vengeance, and the decision had already been taken to get the dismounted cavalry back to their horses as soon as possible. Let us follow the movements of the dismounted brigades first.

Lieut.-Colonel Burt's 6th Brigade party was, as will be seen from the sketch, holding a support line in a sunken road, north of Chauny, with infantry of the 173rd Brigade and some Oxfordshire Hussars from the 4th Brigade. Soon after dawn the enemy launched an attack on the French lines in front, broke them, and by 8.30 a.m. advanced through the mist against the British position.

Fierce fighting followed along the Chauny—Villequier Aumont road and the enemy was at first repulsed, though some Germans crept up in the fog to within 20 yards, speaking English.

[1] General Gough writes: "Now that the French were coming up, I hoped to pull out my III Corps and its divisions gradually, and to concentrate them behind my centre for the support, from my own resources, of the overstrained troops there. I could hope for little from elsewhere. But the French did not part with a man or a gun of mine for many days, and on the 28th . . . Butler was still away with the French."—"The Fifth Army," p. 282.

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The cavalrymen used their rifles and Hotchkiss rifles with effect, but when the mist lifted about 9.30 a.m., it was seen that the French were falling back, leaving the left flank in the air. Simultaneously the infantry on the right were being pressed back into Chauny, and a withdrawal was ordered to the Chauny—Caumont road where another stand was made. During the afternoon a further gradual retirement was made to Abbécourt, and at 4.30 p.m., both the 173rd Brigade and the 6th Dismounted Brigade, with numerous French troops, crossed the Oise Canal and took up a position on the south bank, facing north with their left near Manicamp.[1] 24th March

The 3rd, 7th and Canadian Dismounted Brigades, who were in reserve further to the north-west, at 5 a.m. marched to Caillouel, where there was a long halt, and several men who had got separated from their units and had been with others, joined up.

At this stage of the retreat there was considerable confusion and uncertainty. The enemy were reported to be already in the woods to the north and west of Ugny, and shells kept falling in the fields and villages, several of the latter being set on fire, whilst exploded ammunition dumps were sending up huge columns of black smoke. The roads were thronged with lorries, motor ambulances, British and French troops and civilian refugees, whilst small parties of stragglers and slightly wounded men were coming back across the open fields. After the halt at Caillouel, the three dismounted brigades moved south and spent the rest of the day in and around some huts just west of Dampcourt, where they were intermittently shelled. They now came under the command of Brig.-General J. E. B. Seely, (G.O.C., Canadian Cavalry Brigade, who had just returned from leave) with headquarters at Appilly, General Seely being himself under the orders of General Diebold of the French 125th Division. These three brigades did not come into action on this date, nor did the 4th and 5th Brigades, who accompanied the 14th Division in its withdrawal. These two formations

[1] As an example of the severe fighting which the 6th Dismounted Brigade had, it may be noted that the 6th M.G. Squadron had by now lost 6 officers (3 killed and 3 wounded) out of 7 with whom it started the battle. The only surviving officer was fated to be killed in October.

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24th March Sketch 2

marched during the afternoon to Buchoire, then to Crissoles, which they reached at 9 p.m., finally marching at Beaurains (2 miles north-west of Noyon) at 11 p.m. Here the tired men were cheered by the arrival of about 650 horses brought up under Lieut. Ainger, 3rd Hussars, and from this night the dismounted brigades of the 2nd Cavalry Division ceased to exist as such. As Lieut.-Colonel Dugdale wrote later, in his report of the 4th Dismounted Brigade's operations, "It is no use keeping cavalry as a mobile reserve if the moment the battle begins they are taken away from their horses."

The Charge at Villeselve.

Sketches 2 & 3

We must now turn to Harman's Detachment at Berlancourt, whose task was to guard the more or less open left flank of the III Corps. At 7.30 a.m. on the 24th, General Harman received orders from General Greenly (temporarily commanding 14th Division) to fill a gap which existed between the cross-roads, 1,000 yards east of Villeselve church on the right, to Hill 81 on the left—a distance of about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles. This task was allotted to the 3rd Cavalry Division mounted contingent (Lieut.-Colonel R. W. Paterson) with "O" Battery R.H.A. attached; the 2nd Cavalry Division's contingent stayed in reserve at Berlancourt, whilst Lieut.-Colonel Theobald's infantry were west of Villeselve.

During the morning, III Corps received reports of the enemy advancing in strength from the north, and telephoned to General Harman to "Clear up the situation between Golancourt and Esmery Hallon," and the 2nd Cavalry Division contingent was sent on this duty. At 11.50 a.m. the 14th Division notified Harman's detachment that their infantry was withdrawing through the French 9th Division, and two hours later this latter formation asked for cavalry to go quickly to the line Beaugies—Crepigny to protect their right flank. But there was no more cavalry to send.[1]

[1] The position as regards cavalry in the immediate neighbourhood may be expressed thus:—The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions contained in all 18 regiments and 6 machine gun squadrons. Of these, the mounted men in Harman's Detachment were equivalent to a regiment and a half, and the dismounted brigades were about equal to 4 infantry battalions. The remainder of the two divisions had so many led horses to look after that their fighting value was practically nil.

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About this time, the Germans were making alarming progress. Advancing from Cugny, they had practically wiped out the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, and heavy fighting was soon going on for the possession of Villeselve, which was attacked both from the north-east and north. Under this pressure the British and French infantry holding the village gave way, and the situation was extremely critical. 24th March Sketches 2 & 3.

It was relieved—for the time, at any rate—by a mounted charge, which deserves to be described in some detail.

We have seen that the 3rd Cavalry Division contingent of Harman's Detachment had been detailed to fill a gap east of Villeselve; but the 6th Cavalry Brigade portion of this contingent was still at Berlancourt, and was ordered about 2 p.m. by Lieut.-Colonel Paterson to attack some hostile infantry and machine guns in front of Copses A and B, west of Villeselve. The attack was to be made mounted and would, it was hoped, regain some of the ground lost and also restore confidence to the infantry who were obviously shaken.

The 6th Cavalry Brigade party was 150 strong, and was organized as a squadron of three troops, each regiment supplying a troop; Major E. H. Watkin-Williams (10th Hussars) was in command, with Captain C. W. Turner (Royals) second-in-command. The 3rd Dragoon Guards' troop was led by Lieut. A. P. B. L. Vincent, M.C., the 10th Hussars' troop by Lieut. Viscount Ednam, and the Royals' troop by Lieut. the Hon. W. H. Cubitt.

Moving out of Berlancourt on the main Villeselve Road, the squadron turned off down a sunken track leading to Collezy, and came under heavy fire from the direction of Golancourt; the three troops therefore got under cover of a large farm at the south-east exit of Collezy.

The plan of attack, which had been explained on the way, was that the 3rd D.G's troop should advance on Copse B, charge any Germans met on the way, and secure the right flank; the other two troops were to deliver the main attack towards Copse A.

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24th March
Sketch 3

Lieut. Vincent and his troop accordingly moved off at a steady pace, coming at once under machine gun fire; German infantry in small parties were soon encountered, but it does not appear that this troop actually sabred any Germans who seem to have run into the copse before they could actually be got at; many of them were shot at close range as they fled, and 12 prisoners were taken, which were handed over to our infantry.

Meanwhile the 10th Hussars' troop had started, followed by that of the Royals about 150 yards behind; both troops were in line in close order, but owing to the machine gun fire and the fast pace, they tended to open out and were considerably extended by the time the shock came.

On clearing the farm, the leading troop wheeled slightly to the left and passed through a few scattered parties of our infantry; the Germans were then seen some 600 yards ahead, in front of Copse A. There was considerable machine gun fire from the left flank and left front.

With drawn swords and a rousing cheer the two troops rode straight at the enemy, killing some, whilst others surrendered. After passing right through the parties of Germans, the Rally was sounded and the squadron after collecting the prisoners returned to the main Berlancourt—Villeselve Road, touch being gained with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade detachment on the right.

It was estimated that between 70 and 100 of the enemy were sabred, whilst 107 were taken prisoners by the squadron, though this number was really greater, as small parties of Germans gave themselves up to our infantry (of the 36th Division) who had followed up the charge.

Three hostile machine guns were captured, a fourth one on the left flank just escaping; it may be noted that the last 200 yards of the charge was over heavy plough, which slowed down the pace.

The squadron's casualties were 73 out of 150, but comparatively few were killed, including Lieut. the Hon W. H. Cubitt mortally wounded. No doubt this high percentage of casualties

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SKETCH 1

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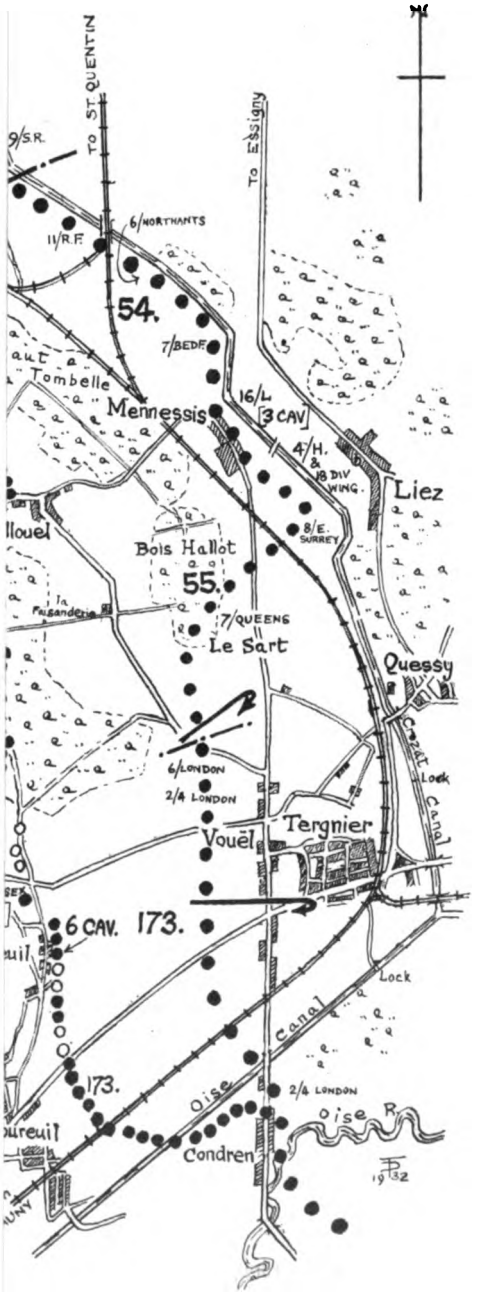
TUATION IN A.M.



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was largely because the attack was made without any covering fire, either from artillery or machine guns, which under the circumstances could not be helped. 24th March Sketch 3.

The moral effect of this small affair was considerable. It put new heart into our tired infantry, who were able to push forward and re-form their line well beyond the limits of the charge, at any rate for the time being. The enemy at this point was stopped for at least two hours.

At 4.55 p.m. Harman's Detachment was ordered to cover the retirement of the French and British infantry in a south-westerly direction towards Guiscard. This task was successfully carried out during the evening, the 2nd Cavalry Division contingent then assembling at Freniches and the remainder of the Detachment, with its headquarters, coming into reserve at Muirancourt. In the early hours of the 25th it moved to Lagny (4 miles north-west of Noyon).

(*To be continued*).

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THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, LONDON

By Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R. Hist. S.

At the present moment much interest is centred on the rebuilding scheme of the Royal Veterinary College in Camden Town, London, and very naturally the interest is a paramount calibre with all horsemen.

For some considerable time the precarious state of the College has been regarded with no unmixed feelings of anxiety which reached a culminating point last year when the buildings of the establishment were condemned as unsafe by the London County Council.

It should be stated that the Royal Veterinary College at Camden Town in the oldest veterinary teaching institution in this country and in the Empire, having been built in the year 1791. Its first principal was that great pioneer of Veterinary Science, Charles Vial de St. Bel, who fell a victim to his profession, dying from glanders contracted in the course of his research work two years later.

Recently at the invitation of the Principal, Professor F. T. G. Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., the writer was afforded a most interesting morning within the precincts of this venerable establishment.

Standing in its own grounds of two and a half acres, at Camden Town, N.W.1, the College, it should be stated for those who intend paying a visit to this seat of learning for Veterinary Science, is easily accessible from the West End by tube to Mornington Crescent Station, and is also within five minutes of the three main termini of King's Cross, St. Pancras and Euston. Ireland and Scotland have their own Veterinary Colleges at Dublin, Edinburgh and Glasgow respectively, and there is also a small Veterinary Faculty attached to Liverpool University.

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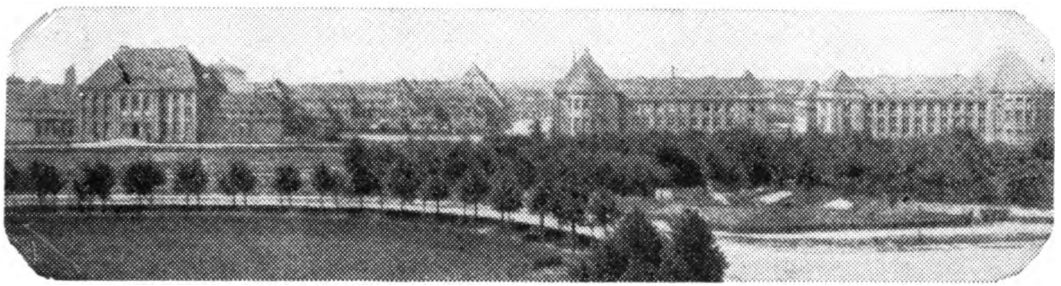
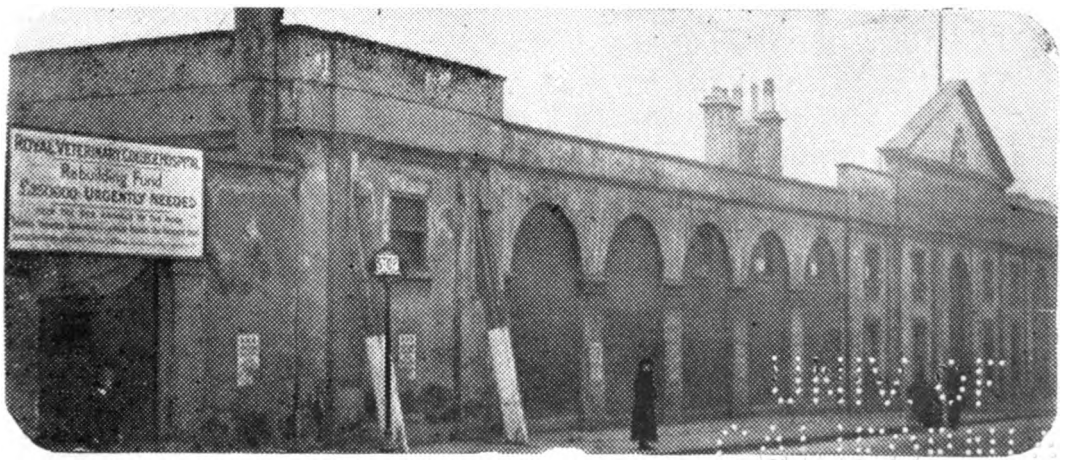


Compare this photograph of Germany's palatial looking Veterinary College at Leipzig



with this photograph which shows the dilapidated façade of our Headquarters for the study of Veterinary Science:—The Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, London. Note the girders which prop up the walls.

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Thus the study of Veterinary Medicine in Great Britain and Ireland is confined to these five Colleges. At present the course for students is four years, but it is proposed to extend the course in the immediate future to one of five years' duration. Candidates who graduate from these Colleges are awarded the diploma of M.R.C.V.S. (Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons), and are then fully qualified to practise their profession. In view, therefore, of the scarcity of Veterinary Colleges where students may be trained for this very noble profession of alleviating distress and suffering amongst animals and where veterinary science can be exploited, there would seem to be all the more reason, particularly as we are a horse-loving nation, that we in England should be represented by the finest and most thoroughly equipped Veterinary Institution in the world.

Unfortunately, the Royal Veterinary College at Camden Town, which is the Senior Veterinary establishment in the British Isles, is definitely the most dilapidated and ill-equipped seat for Veterinary medicine functioning to-day. Verily it is a national disgrace.

In order that readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL may realize the true state of affairs and not be under a delusion as to the prevailing conditions at Camden Town, or consider that there have been any exaggerated reports published in the press regarding its derelict state, the writer intends to give a *resumé* of his visit to the College the other day.

Entering Great College Street, Camden Town, one finds a mouldering building whose walls are actually supported by vast wooden supports from the main road. The ravages of time are everywhere in evidence; even the words "Royal Veterinary College" which surmount the entrance gates are almost obliterated.

The crumbling façade of the College is sufficient to prepare the uninitiated for the complete state of dilapidation and decay which will meet the eye throughout a tour of the establishment. The main buildings which form four sides of a quadrangle comprise lecture halls, laboratories, operation theatres, the museum, a forge, and the infirmaries. Then comes the Principal's office,

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where Professor Hobday will extend to one a cordial welcome, and will endeavour in his very limited time to explain the rebuilding scheme for the new College. The writer was privileged to be conducted over the complete premises by the Principal himself, so that he can claim to have had everything explained from the best possible source.

Professor Hobday needs no introduction to horsemen, for who has not heard of his celebrated operation for Roaring?

One goes through the various departments of the establishment with a feeling of depression. Everywhere the walls are crumbling, the floors worn away by time, whilst the roofs are reminiscent of billets in Flanders which had been raked by shrapnel fire.

Behind the main block the stables are situated, wherein some dozen equine inmates were undergoing treatment, or being kept under observation for instructional purposes for the students.

Then came the infirmary for cattle, which included a cow which was recovering from a successful operation which had removed a piece of steel some three inches in length from her rumen.

The kennel section was very full indeed, as canine patients are naturally in preponderance to all other animal patients. There is also an "outpatients" department for the treatment of sick animals belonging to poor people who are unable to pay for the services of a veterinary surgeon. Daily one can witness a queue of impecunious owners lining up with a motley assortment of pets ranging from the coster's donkey to the slum child's cat.

The very nominal fee of 1s. is charged for those who can pay for a course of treatment at the Out Patient's Clinic, which may last from a few days to a fortnight, but, as is invariably the case, barely 20 per cent. of their owners pay or are even asked for the fee. These out patients, however, provide excellent material for teaching the students of the College the practical side of their would-be profession. To-day the muster roll of the students at Camden Town totals 231, which includes 56 lady students and 44 Indians.

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In view of the fact that we are in the throes of the era of mechanization with everything fostering mechanical transport, and with tarmac roads cammed on either side to impede the horse and render his very existence on the modern arteries dangerous, the question: "What is the future of Veterinary Medicine?" may well be asked.

Statistics prove that there has been a decided increase in the number of horse-moving vehicles in London within the past few years, and in fact the majority of the large firms who went in for motor transport have now reverted to horses as they proved more economical for short stage journeys and for deliveries with constant stopping, which proved costly on petrol. The London Mounted Police force are now about to augment their establishment by the formation of an auxiliary mounted branch for the purpose of assisting the regular mounted force at all times. A mounted policeman is invaluable in directing modern traffic and in case of emergency in dealing with strikes, and with unlawful assemblies his value is said to be equal to ten foot police. Hunting and racing still flourish, and always will while England is England.

Although there have been drastic reductions in the Cavalry regiments since 1922, due to the development of mechanical transport and the evolution of the mechanical arm, which has accounted for a decrease of 11,300 horses on the establishment of the Army to-day, yet, in the event of war, particularly should the theatre of operations be located on terrain typical of the South African veldt or Palestine, there would be an immediate expansion of the Cavalry arm of the Service.

For ground reconnaissance aeroplanes cannot be depended on. Surprise is still a predominating factor in warfare. Therefore silence and secrecy are essential, and aircraft can be heard droning for miles distant. Mechanical contraptions such as tanks cannot reconnoitre woods. However mechanization may revolutionize warfare yet it will never, and can never fulfil the rôle of the cavalryman in reconnaissance.

For reliable information regarding the enemy's position and movements, the commander of the force will always rely on the horseman who can move steathily across any kind of country

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with mobility. This fact is being continually demonstrated on manœuvres.

Animals were used in the last war on an unprecedented scale. Horses, mules, camels, oxen, and even donkeys were employed under fire. Animal casualties were considerable. Of the horses with the B.E.F. in France 250,000 were killed, gassed, or destroyed.

As the horse undoubtedly will continue to take his place in the modern battlefield, is it not all the more essential to provide the most up-to-date surgical and veterinary treatment possible, and foster the study of veterinary science and so alleviate his lot in warfare?

In spite of the decrease in horseflesh with the army within the last ten years, hostilities would instantly see a sudden expansion of cavalry and it is, therefore, very necessary to train candidates for commissions in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. There is a very flourishing branch of the Officers' Training Corps functioning at the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College, Edinburgh, which provides equally with the Headquarters College at Camden Town a certain number of graduates for the Service annually.

The X-ray is naturally a most important feature in Veterinary Science, and is used considerably in examination of the numerous casualties which are incurred on the streets of London daily. Deplorable to relate this valuable apparatus has to be installed in a converted loose-box at Camden Town, for the risk would be too great to place it in one of the main theatres of the College with the possibility of the roof caving in bodily. This section proved to be of absorbing interest, and the writer was shown some excellent skiographs which included the split pastern bone of a horse and the compound fracture of the thigh-bone of a greyhound.

The cinema plays an important rôle in the instruction of students, and two operations on horses were flashed on the screen and explained in detail by Professor Hobday.

The castration of a rig, which was performed on a Pecheron in Sussex, proved a most interesting subject. Likewise the insemination of a mare in which a zebra sire had been used for

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the purpose of proving the genuineness of the experiment, which was later borne out by the stripes which were clearly defined across the foal's gaskins.

The film method of instruction is greatly exploited by the Principal, who advocates the cinema as an excellent medium for drawing attention to some vital point which a student may have omitted to observe in the actual operation. Five hundred and fifty operations were performed at Camden Town between the months of July and September last, which included 80 castrations, and 2,478 animals passed through the Clinical Department during the same period.

Another department of the Veterinary College to which great importance is attached is that of farriery, and the theory of shoeing for the healthy and unhealthy hoof is carefully studied.

Two hundred and fifty horses were shod in the Veterinary College forge during a period of three months last year, which included a number of the horses belonging to the Metropolitan Mounted Police of the Northern Division, which owing to the distance, find it inconvenient to use their own forges at Imber Court and in East London.

The College boasts some very interesting relics and records of Veterinary Science in its museum. A most ancient collection of bits and horse shoes of both European and Eastern origin are preserved and also the skeleton intact of the mighty Hermit, the Derby winner of 1867, and the cannon-bone of Holocaust, who came to grief in the Derby with Tod Sloane. The progress of veterinary medicine is indeed astonishing when it is considered that up to the year 1791 the treatment of animal diseases, so far as it was practised at all, was then in the hands of farriers. These well-intentioned but ignorant horse-leeches administered most drastic treatment in the form of most repugnant drenches, and firing with red hot irons was a most prevalent cure for all leg trouble. The veterinary surgery was allocated to the local forge.

The strides which veterinary science has made within the last thirty years are quite amazing. Dealing with glanders: statistics prove that this disease was very prevalent in England

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up till twenty years ago, and that in London alone some 1,800 horses were destroyed annually suffering from the disease, and that approximately ten men used to fall victims to glanders contracted from horseflesh every year.

Only one case has been diagnosed in the last five years. The eradication of glanders has been indeed very remarkable. In 1913 some 500 cases were reported. So highly skilled in dealing with this malady were the veterinary surgeons in the Great War that this disease, which had ravaged the horse lines in all preceding campaigns, gave comparatively little trouble.

The practically infallible Mallein test by injection for diagnostic purposes for preventing infection by the segregation of suspected cases, was accountable for glanders being so rarely encountered with the B.E.F. France.

Unfortunately, glanders is one of the diseases of animals communicable to man, and although a rarity, a stableman did succumb to this malady last November in London. How he contracted the disease, which is so highly contagious amongst the genus horse, was never proved, as not one of the animals which he was tending was suffering from glanders.

Again, the eradication of foot and mouth disease from England is entirely due to the efficiency of our veterinary profession. There were no outbreaks reported during the first eight months of last year in England, compared with 3,700 in France, 18,000 in Germany, and 1,800 in Holland during the same period.

The situation which presented itself to the Governors of the College last year when it seemed as if the establishment would fall into the hands of the house-breakers was indeed desperate. The Government, however, stepped into the breach with a promise to make a grant of £150,000, on condition that the Governors of the College raised £100,000. Fortunately, the College is now only £5,000 short of the total sum which will allow it to claim the Government grant. Yeoman service was given to the cause by the majority of M.F.Hs., and practically every pack has already had a special "cap" in the interest of horse and hound this season. Quite recently the College had a pleasing windfall in the shape of the Grove-Grady legacy of £25,000, which but for the timely intervention of Professor

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Hobday might have been appropriated by some of the many societies which have, in their own estimation the interests of the animal world at heart to a much greater degree than the Governors of the Royal Veterinary College.

Professor Hobday has recently returned from a tour of the European and American Veterinary Colleges, including those of Soviet Russia, throughout which he has gleaned many valuable ideas for the proposed plans for rebuilding his College; and he showed the writer photographs of the Veterinary Establishments in other countries which can be described as "palatial" looking premises. (Soviet Russia boasts 14 Veterinary Institutions). The Veterinary Colleges which the writer himself has visited on the Continent, and the Royal "Dick" College at Edinburgh, are all most admirable and up-to-date establishments.

It is proposed to rebuild the Veterinary College on the same site at Camden Town and to have an infirmary some twenty miles outside London, where animals can recuperate in pastures green after operations and treatment.

The Governors have decided to start the reconstruction of the clinic, part of the hospital, and part of the college this year, in spite of the Government grant having been postponed owing to the financial crisis, and in spite of the sum of £5,000 being still deficient.

One departs from a visit to the Veterinary College at Camden Town thoroughly depressed by the deporable state of the buildings, but full of admiration for the staff of the College, who so patiently and indefatigably carry on their great work of alleviating distress and suffering amongst animals under such adverse conditions.

A War Memorial for the horses which fell in the Great War has been suggested from time to time, but no more befitting memorial could be made to perpetuate the heroism of our horses than that which would take the form of providing the most up-to-date surgical and medical treatment possible, and to foster the study of veterinary research in order to conquer animal disease and suffering; and so ameliorate the lot of the horse in any future campaign.

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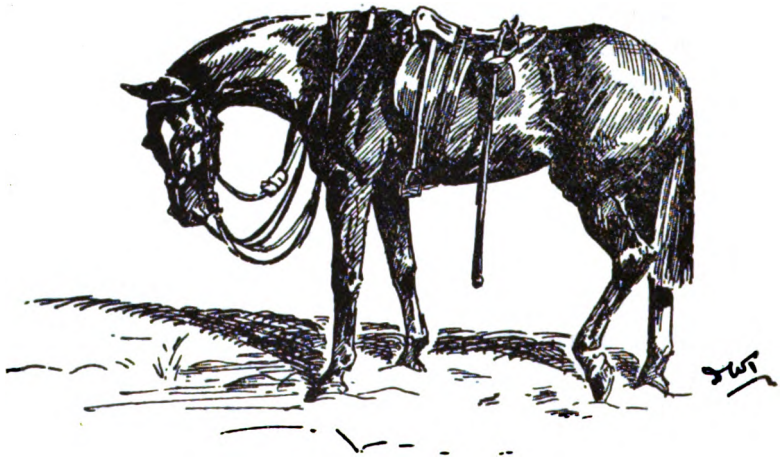
Under the rebuilding scheme of the Royal Veterinary College, London, it has been proposed, if funds permit, to provide and endow a range of loose-boxes bearing the name of that great horseman, Field-Marshal Earl Haig, in recognition of his constant thought and care for his noble animals on active service.

All donations should be sent to the Treasurer, Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, London, N.W.1.



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"*LAKE AND VICTORY*"

By Colonel E. B. Maunsell, *p.s.c.*, Late 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse.

Result of Laswari.

The Begum Sumru.

The fruits of the victory of Laswari became manifest almost immediately, for the whole of the chieftains in the neighbourhood, although vassals of Scindhia, now decided on which way the cat had jumped. The Rajput chiefs, prominent among whom were Alwar, Jeypore and Jodhpore, were, in truth, glad to welcome the British who could protect them against Mahratta exactions, for Holkar as well as Scindhia made claims on them. The bulk of other chiefs, judging from their subsequent conduct, merely followed the stronger party. Included in this number was our old friend, the Begum Sumru, the good lady whom Lake is said, by Robert Skinner, to have embraced with such undue fervour in his after-dinner enthusiasm. Defensive alliances—worth about as much as the paper they were written on—were concluded all round, and the Begum, in accordance with the general form of Treaty, was compelled to give the *congé* to all French adventurers in her service, for the lady had an army, officered by the refuse of Europe. At this juncture her four battalions were in the march back from the Deccan. Their commander, Saleur, a Frenchman, had been unfortunate in that a fifth battalion had got involved in Assaye and had been destroyed by a charge of the 19th Dragoons. To engage in battle had been entirely contrary to the traditions of this army, although it had been in existence for nearly twenty years. It was now placed at Lake's disposal.

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As the Begum Sumru was one of the most remarkable characters of her day and as the lady's vagaries of policy within the next twelve months were to prove a considerable source of embarrassment to the British, it is as well to know something of her history. She derived her name from an adventurer, Walter Reinhardt, a German ruffian known to the natives as Sombre. He had come out to India in the French Service during the wars of Clive and Dupleix. The European personnel on either side, at this period, were the very refuse of the earth, and a trifle such as British fighting under the fleur de lys, or French under the Union Jack, was not deemed as of much account. Clive himself, it will be remembered, all but fell a victim to a regenade British officer with his rapscallion compatriot following. As might be expected, the men—and even officers—changed sides as often as they deemed propitious, varying this with taking service with native chiefs or turning pirate. Reinhardt acted in accordance with these principles and, when in the service of a native chief, was responsible for one of the worst atrocities committed on the British in India, namely, the cold-blooded massacre of a number of British prisoners at Patna in 1783. The native soldiery, other than Reinhardt's own following, had refused to undertake the job, but had offered to fight the prisoners if the latter were given arms.

Reinhardt, in company with a collection of brother gaol birds, then succeeded in assembling a "campo," or brigade of natives, which they hired out to such chiefs as were desirous of its services. It gives some idea of the extraordinary confidence placed in European leadership, even when the leaders were the vilest of the vile, that this "campo" was in constant employment, though the Jeypore raja, a Rajput, was so disgusted with these ruffians that he summarily ejected them from his territory. A still more extraordinary feature is the fact that, according to Smith, the adventurer who came in just before the siege of Agra, Sombre's invariable rule was to avoid close combat and delay action until he saw which way the battle was going, when he would either intervene—at a safe distance—with his artillery, or take his command over to the other side

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in a body. Having acted on this last principle in a fight against the Moghul, he was rewarded with a grant of land at Sardhana, not far from Delhi, and here the "campo" had its headquarters for many years.

Reinhardt had taken unto himself a subsidiary wife, hereafter known as the Begum Sumru, and, on the ruffian's departure from this earth—in the odour of sanctity if one is to judge from the magnificence of his tomb at Agra—the lady inherited the army and the district. The Begum's extraordinary astuteness, knowledge of men and capacity to trim her sails according to the wind of the moment, all point to the successful member of the demi-monde. She affected Roman Catholicism, a point worth noting and a further point denoting her personality, for the normal assumption would be that only a Hindu or Mussulman could rule, particularly with the country in the state in which it then was. From time to time certain adventurers or good repute were to be found in her service, George Thomas, upon whom she cast an amorous eye, for he was fair to gaze on and a nature's gentleman, and Dudrenec, who, it will be remembered, had surrendered to Vandeleur at Muttra. Thomas, however, disliked the predominant French element, went off on his own account and became an Irish raja.

The Begum, thanks largely to Thomas, had assisted the Moghul with her army—about the only occasion her troops ever really fought—and she was rewarded with the title "Zeb ud Nissa," or "Ornament to her sex," and it is by this title that she is known in the Wellesley Despatches.

On the British assuming power the lady made the discovery that the Pope of Rome was held by them of little account. She had already presented that dignitary with a lakh and a half of rupees. She at once deemed it advisable to propitiate English dignitaries nearer home, so the Bishop of Calcutta was given a lakh. The Archbishop of Canterbury not being deemed as of much account, came in a bad third with only half a lakh. This full-blooded Christian would sit at table with Europeans and, in 1806, dressed in European style, and rode about the camp. She, like other women, had her peculiarities, and noting that one of her slave girls was diverting a male protegé of her own,

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had the damsel buried alive. In order still further to punish the unfortunate girl, she had her bed placed over the place of interment. The Begum Sumru Bagh is a famous garden close to the Chandni Chouk made by her, and there are other gardens at Deeg and Bhurtpore.

Ambaji. Sheppard and his Campo.

Among other chiefs who joined the British was a peculiarly shifty gentleman named Ambaji, a Mahratta. He had been appointed Subadar of Hindustan in supersession of Perron at the very outbreak of the war. This would have counted for nothing had Perron's own French officers not played him the traitor, but Bourquien, a low pastry cook, declared for Ambaji and caused the troops to mutiny against Perron in his absence. Ambaji had succeeded in working the oracle with Scindhia by a combination of intrigue and bribery, for he backed his intrigue with a douceur to his prince of £300,000, and Scindhia was short of cash. This sum was merely an investment, for the annual revenue of Hindustan amounted to £1,700,000 and Ambaji calculated on recouping himself within a year or so. Lake's victories, unfortunately for this Oriental financier, caused a slump, but Lake consoled him by making him an independent chief of certain territory near Gwalior, though that fortress was to be surrendered to the British. In connection with this form of farming out revenues, Colonel Welch, marching south to Madras after the Mahratta War halted at Sholapore with his detachment. He found two rival "armies" before the place, each claiming that their masters had bought up the district from the Peishwa, while the gentleman inside stated that he also had paid cash for the billet. Welch was requested by one of the parties to camp close to his particular army "so as to overawe the other chap." History does not relate how the matter ended, but Welch tells us his conduct in using unparliamentary language to the individual who had approached him was regarded as most unreasonable.

Ambaji, of course, had an army, and, like that of every other self-respecting chief, it was commanded by a European,

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Sheppard by name. Sheppard is spoken of in a most honourable terms and was a man who had started as a ship's boy. On war breaking out, though not joining the British direct, Sheppard had kept his district quiet and had prevailed upon his shifty master to hold aloof. It was the case, not unusual, of a man, popular with the troops, really controlling the situation, and, for this reason, the employment of British adventurers was often "arranged" by the Honorable Company, especially in cases where there was a possibility of Frenchmen being employed. Although the force was chronically in arrears of pay it was extraordinarily efficient and happy, numbering some 4,000 horse, foot and artillery, "with European officers." Probably in view of the pay factor, Sheppard, on his own initiative, brought the whole over to the British, and it subsequently did most excellent work before Gwalior and in Bundelkand. The force had been started by a very fine young officer of the Bengal Engineers, Bellaisis by name, who had quitted the Company's service in the general discontent prevailing in 1796. Bellasis had got himself into trouble with Ambaji owing to his refusal to abandon his wounded, a factor which the troops greatly appreciated, but the poor fellow was subsequently shot through the head leading the stormers in a petty war with a rival chief. Ambaji, though penurious to a degree, was enormously rich. After Bhurtpore, in 1805, Holkar had taken shelter with Scindhia, and the two, being short of cash, connived with Amir Khan, the "fides Achates" of Holkar, to bleed Ambaji. Scindhia, who was Ambaji's liege lord, kept well in the background. Ambaji was seized and "put to most exquisite torture," as the despatches put it. In other words, he was placed on a hot gun for external "exquisiteness," and this not sufficing, a favourite form of native torture, the insertion of hot chillies, followed. Behaving, doubtless, like the purser who had been wounded in Midshipman Easy's famous triangular duel, Ambaji at once ran down to his treasury and disgorged some £100,000. None the less, he appears to have taken a dislike for Holkar and, being a past master in the art of intrigue, so worked up Scindhia that the latter, who had, "sub rosa" gone half shares in the booty, now

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turned on Holkar and forced him to quit his dominions, contributing, thereby to finishing the Mahratta War.

Gwalior.

In accordance with the treaty concluded with Ambaji, a detachment, under White, "The God of War," who had so distinguished himself at Seringapatam, where he had saved Cornwallis' life, and also at Agra and Laswari, was sent to take over the fortress of Gwalior. The killadar refused to give the place up and the upshot was that nearly half the infantry and artillery of the Grand Army, reinforced by troops from Bundelkand, including Sheppard's "campo," became absorbed in the siege. Those who have seen Gwalior will realize the formidable nature of the place, built on a sheer cliff with only two approaches which can be climbed, the main approach, on the north eastern face (nearest the present railway station) being defended by seven gates. A most indifferent breach was made on the secondary approach, on the north western face, where, in 1779 it had been escaladed by Captain Popham in a most brilliant manner at night. White was about to assault—both he and everyone appear to have deemed that it was of the nature of a forlorn hope—when, for some obscure reason, the garrison surrendered. It marched out with the honours of war, matches lighted, dhols beating and banners waving. White, with his attendant British officers, watched it march out with those feelings of relief some of us have experienced at having been shut of a very bloody business. The killadar, a very fine native officer "who had every appearance of a veteran," and White shook hands with each other and parted on terms of the greatest mutual respect, while the native officers of the garrison conducted themselves with the dignity usual among the fighting races of India. It then transpired that Ambaji had instructed the garrison to hold out, while, almost simultaneously, a letter was received by Lake from this perfect gentleman congratulating him on the successful siege! The British garrison suffered greatly from the intense heat during the following hot weather, and Pester, who was White's Major of

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Brigade, tells us that the temperature in the officers' quarters, at eleven at night actually stood at one hundred and twenty-five, all the candles on the mess table having fallen. Extraordinary as it may seem, a Lieut. Griffin, of the 11th Native Infantry, had his wife with him during these operations, and the lady dined in the fortress on the occasion referred to, "the first white lady to dine on the Rock of Gwalior."

Suspicious Attitude of Holkar.

While the sundry alliances were being contracted, the Grand Army remained in the neighbourhood of Fatehpore Sikri, making easy marches to facilitate supply. Lake learnt that Scindhia, although his cause was lost, was dallying with Arthur Wellesley in the Deccan, despite Assaye and the loss of the fortresses of Asirgarh and Broach. It was not until mid-January that news finally arrived that Wellesley had compelled both Scindhia and the Berar raja to sign a treaty of peace, and this was only brought about eventually by the Berar raja's rout at Argaum—for Scindhia did not take part in this battle, having agreed to an armistice just prior to it—and the fall of Gawilgarh, near Ellichpur. The Grand Army, by now, had taken station near Biana, for the political situation, after the erratic manner of the Orient, had become ominus, despite the sweeping victories. Holkar, who had kept clear of trouble hitherto, was now becoming a menace. He had watched, with satisfaction, the humbling of his two rival chiefs, whom he hated. None the less, he hated the English more.

As an individual, Holkar differed materially from both Scindhia and the Berar raja in that he was an extremely brave man—courage has never been lacking in the house of the Holkars, ruffians and savages though most have been. He was, moreover, a most astute man and was, without question, the most formidable opponent with whom the British had had to cope, with the exception of Hyder Ali of Mysore. It is possible that the comment of one of the Mahratta chiefs on Scindhia's disciplined troops may have impressed him. "Our fathers, the first founders of Mahratta power, made their homes on the backs

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of horses; gradually the house became to one of cloth, and now you are making it one of mud. Take care that it does not turn to mud, and is never rebuilt." The whole essence of Mahratta war had been the blow struck at a great distance, the lightning foray and the lightning withdrawal. Pitched battles never made the Mahratta nation, though the Great War abundantly proved that the Mahratta as fighting man was second to none in India, despite his insignificant appearance. Holkar had seen the overthrow of disciplined troops by the British and may have deemed that the methods of his fathers had advantages in coping with them. That he still believed in regular troops, on the other hand, is shown by the very formidable force he collected late in 1804.

Correspondence had been intercepted showing that he was actively intriguing with chiefs in Hindustan who were, after the manner of natives, at this juncture occupied in signing treaties with Lake.

As early as November, 1803, an atrocity of Holkar's had given rise to the gravest suspicions. Three unfortunate adventurer officers in his service, Vickers, Ryan and Todd, all half-castes, had warned him that they would not fight their own people. Holkar, in a fury, accused them of treachery and had them executed, their heads being, in accordance with his custom, paraded round the camp. A fourth adventurer, Gardner, had got away before, but as the result of having been insulted by the chief when in his normal post-prandial drunken mood. This is the officer who, in 1809, raised the regiment now known as the 2nd Bengal Lancers. He had been a King's officer and was a thorough gentleman, though possessed of an extraordinary capacity for narrating the marvellous—in vulgar parlance he was a thundering liar, for his tremendous adventures will not bear careful investigation. He is credited with being the original for Thackeray's swashbuckling Major Gahagan. Gardner, in 1804, was given employment under Jeypore, and we shall meet him later.

The murder of Vickers in particular, was an abominable one, for this officer had rendered Holkar brilliant service in the

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LIEUTENANT JOHN SHIPP

The Hero of Bhurtpore.

Rose twice through the ranks to be an Officer. Six times wounded.

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past. He had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Poona in October, 1802, against Scindhia and the Peishwa. This action was fought with the British Resident as spectator, and the graves of two British adventurers, Harding and Dawes, who were killed on opposing sides can be seen near Government House at Ganeshkind.

While the Army was about Biana certain small reinforcements joined it, notably the Experimental Battery of Horse Artillery, now "F" Battery, R.H.A., the flank companies of the 22nd Foot and of the Bengal European Regiment, a Company's corps in contradistinction to King's, the future Munster Fusiliers. The advent of the 22nd flank companies is remarkable for the fact that a certain Sergeant John Shipp accompanied them. Shipp is probably the only man who has risen twice from the ranks to the King's Commission, and is, most certainly, the only British soldier who ever formed part of four Forlorn Hopes out of five in the space of two months. He was an orphan boy and joined at the age of thirteen. The 22nd, and certain other units had returned from the West Indies in the decimated state usual among corps which served in those salubrious spots, and the politicians were at their wits end to find food for powder—the expedient of bettering the condition of the soldier had not occurred to them. A ray of light suddenly shone from the darkness. Why not recruit boys from the poor-houses? The British public, the ratepayers in particular, became suddenly afflicted with most astounding zeal for recruiting, and the wags of the day went so far as to state that aged paupers were being taught falsetto in order to attain a similitude of youth. None the less, the boy battalions proved a huge success, for they did not proceed on service for some considerable period, and no regiment held a higher record than the 22nd Foot. Shipp tells us that the advent of his detachment was the signal for one of those foul debauches in which the British lower orders revelled until very recent years. The men drank arrack, for beer was then but little known in India and was enormously expensive. For three days the white soldiery lay about like drunken hogs, the disgusting effluvia of the arrack pervading the whole atmosphere.

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War with Holkar.

The negotiations with Holkar dragged on after the manner of dealings with native chiefs, it becoming more and more manifest that he was bent on war, which the Governor-General, at that juncture, that is the very beginning of the hot weather, was reluctant to embark on. He had established himself on the southern borders of Jeypore territory, and, as might be expected, was occupying himself in ravaging the country. At length, on April 16th, that is when the hot weather had really commenced, the Governor-General had no alternative but to order Lake to start operations. This order took thirteen days to reach the general, who was nearly 1,000 miles away. In other words, the message travelled at the rate of some sixty or seventy miles a day. In order to protect Jeypore City, Lake had, in the meantime, sent on a detachment under Monson, unfortunately, of the 76th, and not a Company's officer who knew natives and sepoys. Lake had marched in close support, Monson being directed to remain within a forced march of the army. By the beginning of May, Lake had reached Nawai, about thirty miles west of Jeypore and one hundred and fifty south west of Agra. Holkar had fallen back, ravaging the country as was his wont. The heat by now was intense and Lake did not deem it advisable to follow with the main army, particularly with white troops.

Some sixty miles south of Jeypore and thirty-five from the Grand Army at Nawai is a strong fort, the property of Holkar, Rampura by name, shown on modern maps as Aligarh. Lake determined to seize it and despatched the 3rd Cavalry, 2/8th and 2/21st Infantry under Don for the purpose. Don was one of the ablest officers in the army though, extraordinary to relate, he had seen no service whatever although he had been in India twenty-six years without going home. He will now become prominent. The place, though immensely strong, was carried in a brilliant manner by surprise and proved to be of great value in subsequent operations. About the same time that Don took Rampura, Lucan, the adventurer hero of Aligarh and Lake's adviser before Agra and elsewhere, now an officer in the

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74th Foot as a reward for gallantry, though commanding a corps of Hindustani Horse, captured the walled town of Tonk, about fifty miles south of Jeypore. This was a very fine piece of work, in full accordance with the dash and daring of this Irishman.

By mid-May, 1804, the situation was that Holkar had fallen back to over one hundred and twenty miles south of Jeypore in what, from every report, appeared to be a very distressed state —"Holkar's pecuniary resources were at their lowest ebb, his army was filled with terror and dismay, and his troops, who, before had been mutinous and discontented, were now deserting in great numbers." Lake, knowing that an army such as Holkar's must wage a successful war, for it was hardly ever paid and the country to the south of Jeypore had been so thoroughly devastated that plunder had ceased, gave credence to these reports, though making allowances for the usual exaggeration.

Holkar was followed up in this withdrawal by two bodies of irregular horse, one commanded by Lucan, and the other by Gardner, now in the service of Jeypore. That Lake's estimate of the enemy fighting value had some very sound basis is indicated by the fact that, shortly after the Grand Army started its return march, these two adventurers captured three whole battalions, together with half a dozen guns at a place called Baloo Kheri. From what one can gather they appear to have suffered little or no loss and the battalions were only too delighted to be captured. It should be observed, however, that the casualties of irregulars were not usually published, one of the only known cases at this period being that of Skinner's corps at the indecisive cavalry combat of Afzalgarh against Amir Khan in 1805.

None the less, when irregulars were engaged on both sides as in the case of Baloo Kheri, casualties would, almost inevitably, be negligible, particularly if the surrendering party still retained its arms, as it doubtless did. Many of us have witnessed the terrific battles between tribesmen on the Frontier, or between Catch 'em alive O's and raiders, and we venture to think that the resultant killed and wounded can hardly be

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described as numerous. It is amusing to note that a Calcutta newspaper threw cold water on the despatch describing Baloo Kheri, and Gardner, writing sixteen years after, states: " 'Twas this that some fellow doubted in the 'Calcutta Journal,' but as it was on public record I did not think it worth while contradicting." It would appear that Gardner's predilection for the marvellous was already well known.

Lake had been in hopes that pressure on Holkar would be obtainable from the Deccan, but famine ruled this out. Another force, however, was in Guzerat where supplies were sufficient. This was under the command of Murray, the future Sir John, who proved such a failure in Spain. In the war with Scindhia Murray had had but little to do beyond keeping the peace. He was in May, 1804, and until the beginning of June, at Baroda. Arthur Wellesley being at Poona, could only issue instructions based on a very inaccurate knowledge of the country and of distances. Thus, he estimated the distance from Poona to Ujein as six hundred miles, it being really under four hundred. None the less, he very rightly suggested Ujein as being the best direction in which Murray should march, leaving him a free hand and bidding him march immediately, move rapidly and attack Holkar wherever he could find him. There is no evidence to show that Wellesley was aware that Holkar had succeeded in collecting a very large force in southern Malwa—a point of which Lake was also unaware. This only came to light in early July. Murray had, directly under his hand and available for offensive purposes, at least two British and four Bombay sepoy battalions, Wellesley having strongly reinforced him at the first threat of war with Holkar. Unfortunately he had no cavalry—there were no Bombay Cavalry beyond an experimental troop of about seventy sabres. It would appear that this troop was not with Murray at the time. In addition to Murray's force, some slight assistance was to be expected from Scindhia, provided that chief had the menace of a renewal of war with the English constantly before him. The British Resident, though he succeeded in playing on his fears and preventing direct hostility, was unable to get much beyond promises " made with every demonstration of satisfaction," as might rather be expected under the circumstances.

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In view of the fact that Lord Lake's fame has suffered eclipse largely owing to the events of the next few months it should be explained that the true facts have hitherto remained obscure, and certain very important despatches have never yet been made public. The Wellesley Despatches, as distinct from the Wellington Despatches, are abominably indexed, and it is only by reading deep into them that many matters are made clear. Thorn, the historian, had only seen a proportion of these when he wrote his History in 1820, and the despatches as a whole, or in bulk, were not published for another fifteen years. Sundry other works, such as Skinner's memoirs and Pester's journal, did not see the light until many more years had elapsed. Lake's very important despatch of July, 1805, written when the facts were available, has never been referred to by any historian, including Fortescue, who bases most of his criticisms on the Wellington Despatches, and Arthur Wellesley himself was not in possession of the full facts. The latter's letters are based on sundry, but not all, reports sent to the Governor-General at Calcutta by Lake, and the future Duke fell into many errors in his comments. For instance, he writes, in May, 1804, when Lake was still in Jeypore territory: "If General Lake attacks Holkar vigorously, and with activity, the war will be over in a fortnight. If the general acts defensively, the war will be long, and may lead us to unpleasant consequences." That unpleasant consequences did ensue has been taken to indicate that Arthur Wellesley's comment was correct.

In order to attack Holkar it is obvious that the first thing to do was to get near him. Now he was the best part of two hundred miles from the Grand Army. It was the height of the hot weather, in one of the hottest parts of India. The country intervening was a desert, consequent on the state of war since the memory of man, for, by nature, there was much rich land if only cultivators could have worked it. The wells were short of water and limited in number and the rivers merely a series of pools, the minor streams being dry. Fodder was, to all intents and purposes, non existent. Behind Holkar the country was in a better state and he could fall back on supplies whereas Lake would have had to carry everything with him. In Hindustan

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itself, the base of the Grand Army, supplies were scanty owing to the failure of the rains of 1803. This failure, incidentally, had favoured Lake's moves hitherto as the army had been able to move with facility over ground which, in the rainy season in the Doab, becomes so slippery as to render marching extremely difficult.

Briefly put, the supply factor dominated the situation with the Grand Army just as it did Arthur Wellesley's army at Poona, where the shortage was such that the cavalry horses were being fed on rice, and rice brought from the Konkan. This factor has been completely overlooked.

The intense heat, of itself, prevented all serious moves with British troops, for the men were dropping off daily as it was. "They are taken suddenly ill, and die within the hour. The thermometer has been, for many days, in the tents under tatties, at 110 degrees. If so high in the officers' tents you can easily imagine what it must be in the men's. The sepoys feel the heat most exceedingly, and many have died." Thus writes Lake on May 18th, the day the Grand Army started its return march to cantonments. "Tatties" in officers' tents on service should be noticed. In 1858, while columns were in pursuit of Tantia Topi in this same district, an enormous casualty list from heat-stroke resulted, and Tantia, far harder pressed than Holkar could have been, continually got away.

A further factor was the near approach of the rainy season. In six weeks an army might be almost unable to move owing to the bottomless bog the black cotton soil of the district degenerates into, and the rivers would all be in flood. Arthur Wellesley had given it as his opinion that the Mahrattas should be fought during the rains, basing his views on his pursuit of Dhoondia Waugh in the rainy season of 1800, but evidently ignoring the fact that most of the ground he worked over was hard soil over which troops could move. By remaining in its present station during the rains, on the other hand, the supply factor, already difficult, might have resulted in starvation.

As matters stood, moreover, the features of the country favoured a defensive attitude until the rains were over. Holkar was to the south of the passes of Bhundi and Lakhairi in the

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Bhundi Hills. These were the sole routes whereby wheeled artillery could move. Nothing short of rivers in flood could prevent incursions of hostile horse in small numbers, though large numbers would be gravely hampered by the blocking of these passes. When the rains broke such incursions would be almost impossible for any distance, for the whole district is traversed by streams and rivers, and the heavy black cotton soil would prove most difficult to pass over. In view of the demoralized state of Holkar's forces—there is no ground for supposing that Lake was seriously in error in supposing them to be demoralized—no move north on his part was to be expected. That such a move did take place was brought about by a combination of other circumstances which could not be foreseen, above all by the incompetence of Monson. Lake, indeed, was thoroughly "let down," and with a Company's officer, who knew natives, like Macan, White or Don in command, the disaster which ensued would never have occurred.

Lake, having appreciated the situation on the above lines, now decided to withdraw the main army to cantonments, and we deem that few will disagree with his decision. Monson was to block Holkar's return into Hindustan and the line of the Bhundi Hills was indicated as an "instruction," though not an "order." Fortescue is incorrect in stating that his orders were to pursue to Ujein. In order to do this effectually Don's two battalions from Rampura were directed to join him, and Monson's detachment would now consist of "five and a half battalions of excellent Bengal sepoys, a full compliment of artillery, ample stores and a full treasury" as the despatch puts it—"enough to march through India" as an indignant officer wrote, "if resolutely handled." In addition were sundry contingents from the Rajput chiefs, including Gardner's irregular horse in the service of Jeypore. The 3rd Native Cavalry, however, rejoined the Grand Army, presumably for supply reasons, though this proved to be an error, for the irregular horse, when Monson commenced his retreat, promptly deserted after their normal custom. The 3rd was an exceedingly good regiment with a very fine lot of British officers, great sportmen and hard riders after pig. It is believed that it was this regiment which

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made the present race course at Bareilly in 1804. As fate unfortunately decreed, it was the 3rd which started the Mutiny at Meerut in 1857. On the other hand, Monson had a very fine irregular corps under Lucan, and Lake may have deemed this sufficient. It probably would have been had Lucan not been killed at the first encounter. Such corps being entirely dependent on the personality of their commander, would, in nine cases out of ten become useless on his becoming a casualty. Arthur Wellesley fully recognized this, and, on hearing of Monson starting his withdrawal, promptly suggested, *via* his elder brother, that Lake despatch regular cavalry forthwith as reinforcements.

Hot Weather Campaigning.

The army commenced its return march on May 18th, in the very height of the hot season and in an appallingly hot part of India. We have a most graphic picture of this horrible march from Thorn, of the 29th Dragoons, the horrors of which were closely approached in the return march from the Chambal the following year, described by Pester. There were officers with the army who had endured the hardships, bitter cold and starvation of the terrible retreat through Holland in 1794, and others who were to take part in that to Corunna. We would like to hear their preferences.

"On May 29th we marched along exceedingly bad roads, suffering indescribable misery from the hot wind. It blew literally a hurricane of flames and it was with difficulty that we pitched the tents. On other days, when the wind did not blow, we marched along amid a stifling cloud of dust. On the last four days of the march we buried daily some ten to fifteen Europeans. Young men who set out in the morning full of spirits and in all the vigour of health dropped dead on reaching the encampment ground, and many were smitten on the road by the overpowering force of the sun. Even when encamped the sufferings of the soldiers were indescribable, for the tents in general were ill adapted to afford shelter against the solar heat at this season, when the thermometer often exceeds one hundred and thirty degrees. The misery was further accentuated by the scarcity

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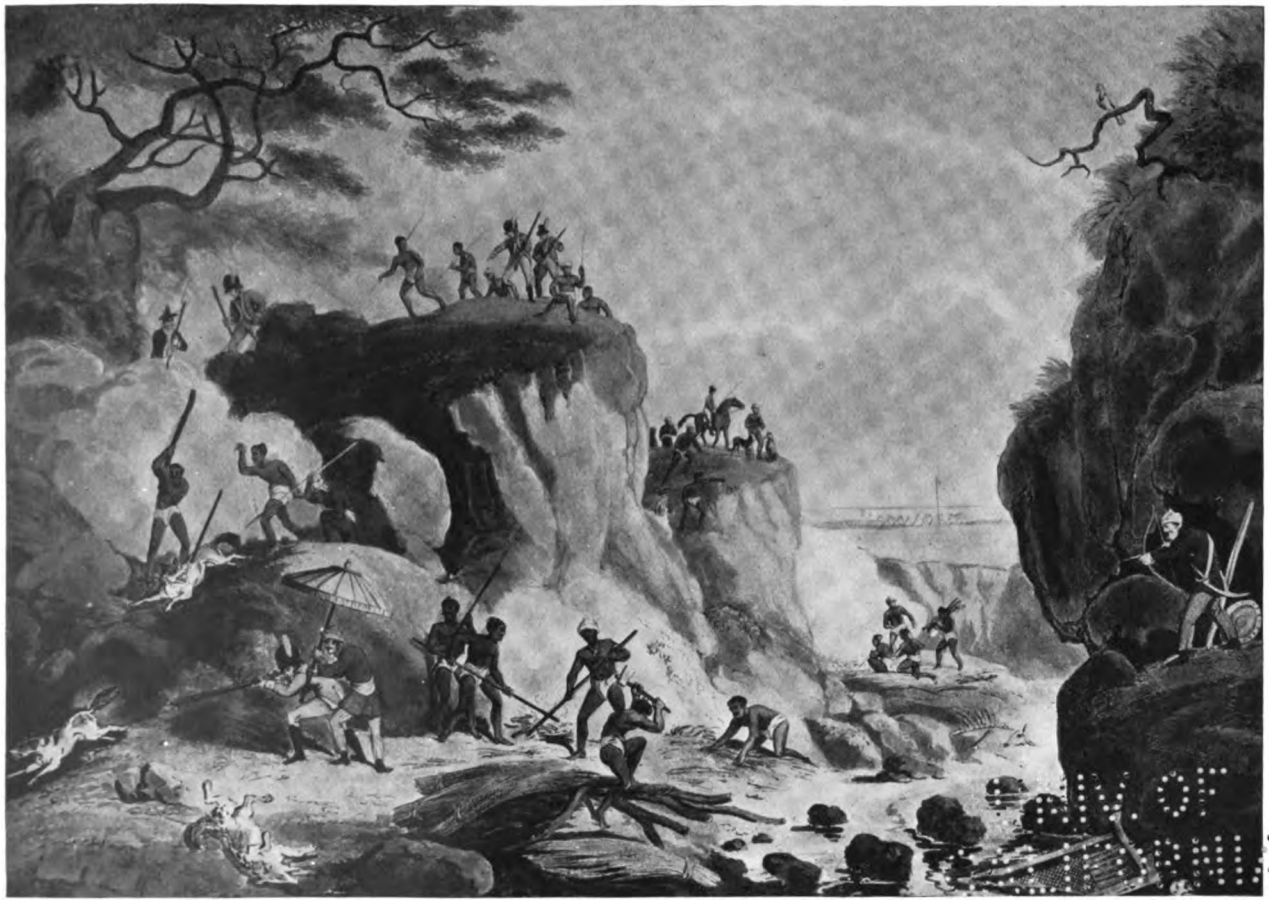

OFFICERS SMOKING OUT WOLVES, 1810

By permission of Major Weldon 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars

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of water owing to the appalling debility and mortality among the beasties, or persons employed in procuring this inestimable article.

Numbers of these water carriers perished through the fatigue they underwent in their fiery climate when natives suffer even more than Europeans themselves when called upon to any extraordinary exertion. Many of our sick were carried on the common bullock carts of the country, without any covering, and were consequently exposed to the sun the whole day, the vehicles often not reaching camp till evening. On May 30th, nineteen Europeans were struck down by the heat, and melancholy it was to see the route of our army traced by heaps of earth, giving cover to the remains of so many gallant soldiers, who, having escaped the flame and steel of battle, fell pitiable victims to the climate."

Over two hundred and fifty wretched followers died on June 2nd, when the cavalry commenced a series of forced marches. The reason for this had been that news had come in of a disaster in Bundelkand brought about by the incompetence of a certain Colonel Fawcett, who had a strong force under his command. A large body of Pindaris—a generic title for mounted banditti—had cut off one of his detachments, commanded by an equally incompetent young officer. There was a threat of an incursion across the Jumna into the Company's territory, but the Pindaris were driven off by a couple of companies only, and Sheppard, the adventurer, coming upon them with his Campo drove them completely out of Bundelkand. The Marquis Wellesley, very justly alarmed and annoyed at the incident, directed Fawcett's trial by Court Martial, but this, seemingly, did not come off and the officer was merely superseded. None the less he ended up a lieutenant-general—a most glaring example of the fatuous seniority system in the Company's service.

Fawcett, even prior to the disaster, was known to be incompetent, but, as ill luck would have it, two very able senior officers became casualties, and he found greatness thrust upon him, both to his own disgust and to that of everyone near him. As a contrast was the conduct of one, Baillie, a Civil Servant in

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a small isolated station, who resolutely maintained his position. He was rewarded by being made Resident at Lucknow, and it was this officer who built the immortal Baillie Guard, or Residency. The Marquis Wellesley presented him with a ring, inscribed "Public Services in Bundelkand," a much-prized family heirloom. The dismounted portion of the army reached Agra after three weeks horrible march, the men dropping off daily. The British troops then continued on to Cawnpore, to their own lines, for there was no accommodation for Europeans either at Agra or Muttra, and there was shortage of water at Futtypore Sikri, where they spent the hot weather of the following year.

That the casualties from heat were heavy is granted, but they would have been immeasureably more so had an attempt been made to pursue Holkar, or had the army kept the field in tents, *pace* Fortescue and other critics of Lake in this connection.

The sepoy corps stationed at Futtygarh and Bareilly returned there, while the remainder were distributed between Agra and Muttra. Given the situation as it appeared to Lake at this juncture the distribution was sound enough, though the event proved that it was an error to have sent the white troops as far back as Cawnpore. Bad luck and utter incompetence of Monson alone were responsible for the disaster which was now to bring plague, pestilence and famine on Central India for the next fifteen years.

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HUNTING IN PALESTINE

By Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Hamilton, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

"Oh, The vigour with which the air is rife,
The spirit of Joyous Motion;
The fever, the fullness of animal life
Can be drained from no earthly potion.
The lungs with the living gas grow light
And the limbs feel the strength of ten,
Whilst the chest expands with its maddening might—
God's glorious Oxygen."

—*Lindsay Gordon.*

My Regiment had the good fortune to be stationed in Palestine in 1920-21. Our headquarters were at Jenin in the Vale of Esdraelon. The 10th Cavalry Brigade headquarters were in Jenin itself, whilst another cavalry regiment and ourselves were encamped outside the town, close by the road and railway from Haifa to Jerusalem.

In a letter about hunting you would hardly expect the latter town to be mentioned, but you may be surprised to hear that it is not the first time it has been mentioned in that connection. I have heard that in the eighties a famous Master of foxhounds in England was frequently much annoyed by the presence of two fat and prosperous Hebrew gentlemen who came out with his hounds. They were given to making facetious remarks, and comparing the way things were done there with the procedure in their own country, generally to the advantage of the latter. The Master held his peace, until one cold and misty morning he got his opportunity. As he was passing, one of them accosted him and said, "Extraordinary thing, Mr. C., that the foxes won't break this morning! Now in our country there is never any difficulty in getting foxes away." "Your country, Sir," said the infuriated M.F.H., "I know your country—where the jackasses

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hunt the jackals round the walls of Jerusalem!" This silenced the malefactors.

Mr. C. was a very fine huntsman, and didn't like being interfered with in any way. He was dearly loved by all his own followers, farmers and country people, and many a story is told of him. One day, one of his field, on a young horse, kicked two of his best hounds over, right and left into the ditch. The Master was so overcome that he could find no word to express his indignation. At last he went up to the culprit, with tears in his

"—He was no good for the hunting business!"

eyes, and said, "My dear Sir, would it not give you far more pleasure to kill them one at a time?"

But I am straying from my subject—"Hunting in the Holy Land."

At Jenin, like the wise man in the Bible, we had built our huts and pitched our tents on a rock—a stony, rocky hill, some hundreds of feet high; which was as well, for the rain when it fell was terrific, and the plain became a quagmire. From the

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mess hut we could see the snow-clad Mount Hermon, the mountains of Gilboa, Mount Tabor and the blue hills in which Nazareth is set. On a clear day we could see Nazareth, and in the plain below Jezrael, El Afuli, Magiddo, and other places mentioned in the Bible. Away to our right front lay the Jordan Valley, the Sea of Galilee and Tiberius, the brook Kishon into which Ahab's army was driven, now a narrow winding stream, jumpable in most places, and good for duck and snipe on the clear bright winter days, the fertile plain of Esdraelon, the scene of many battles, and Mount Gilboa where mighty Saul was slain! What a romance hangs over it all—the people dressed the same, and doing as they did in the days of David and Jonathan!

In the spring time, and on into the early summer, this plain and the hills around are a carpet of wild flowers. The side of Tabor is a flash of blue delphiniums, anemones of every kind and colour, cyclamens, hyacinths, and squills; other of the smaller bulbs also abound. Olive groves are dotted here and there, and in the winter are a sure find for woodcock. The hillsides are covered here and there with a low brown scrub which, in the distance, gives them the appearance of being heather clad; patches of myrtle and ever-green oak relieve the eye. It is a truly beautiful country, and a sportman's paradise.

For this country, which I have inadequately described to you, was our hunting country—our happy hunting ground! the ground over which Esau, the hairy man, and the mighty Nimrod followed the sports of the chase! where David shot Goliath, the giant, with a well-directed stone from his catapult, and gained for himself the heaviest bag of the day. And where at the command of Jehu, Jezebel, the painted lady, was thrown down from the walls of Jezreel and worried by the local pack; where the Crusaders, mighty men of valour, fought and died for their faith! The same Crusaders used to hunt with long dogs, which, hunting by sight, I have heard, were called "gaze hounds." These gaze hounds, in some cases, accompanied their masters to England, and were the origin of our greyhounds—grey being derived from gaze, and not from the colour of the hounds, which were by no means always grey. 'Tis related that

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in the intervals of fighting Richard Cœur De Lion and Saladin, with their respective staffs, spent many pleasant days together hunting with their long-dogs on the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon and that some of our hunting terms originated from those days. For instance, it is said that "Tally Ho" comes from words of encouragement used by the Saracens to their hounds on viewing the quarry, when they invoked Allah to their aid much as the Moslems do now when fighting, hunting, or tent-pegging. "T'Alee'o" or "T'Alah'o" or something similar gives us our "Tally Ho." The last rites of the chase, when a stag is killed by hounds, in France to-day, is called the "Halali," derived from the "Halal" of the Mohammedans. A rite performed when an animal is killed; the throat being cut with a sharp knife before,

"... had five times gone to ground with him..."

or just as it is dying, without which it is not lawful or "Halal" (Arabic) for it to be eaten. The French rite of the "Halali" is accompanied by a fanfare of hunting horns and dates back to the time of the Crusaders, as also other hunting words To return to more modern times and a description of the pack with which we hunted. We bought from a sporting General eight of these gaze hounds, or Salukis as they are called in Palestine. These, with another couple from Haifa, and a priceless terrier called Whisky, made up our pack They were exceptionally good hunting dogs, with much experience in hunting gazelle, jackals, foxes, and hares. One old veteran, Dhole, had a very unusually independent nature. He would always hunt on the outskirts of the pack, well out, had an unusually good nose for a Saluki, and

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never missed anything. I have seen him pick up a jackal out of some rough stuff and shake it like a rat! In the hilly country he would always go for the top of the hill, and from there have a look round. He would spot his quarry, and off like lightning, the rest of the pack after him. They hunted like that and needed no help; our only job was to keep with them—no easy matter. "If we kept them in sight we were proud of the feat, rum 'uns to follow, bad 'uns to beat." They generally killed any jackals, foxes or hares that they went after; but they seldom actually caught a gazelle, unless they could come in on them by surprise. The real treat was to see them hunt a good Palestine hare! They would twist and turn as a pack, racing like fire, while all the time a sheet would have covered them! Last, but not least, was "Whisky," the fox terrier, who had belonged to the same owner and always hunted with these hounds. He took the nearest short cuts and was always in at the death, and was the dog who really gripped the jacks or foxes by the throat. In high grass or rough stuff he would stop every now and then to get on his hind legs to have a look-see, and then go by the shortest way. Out shooting he was invaluable: he never failed to nose out a woodcock, hill partridge, or quail. He only retrieved once, but he would stand over the bird till you came up. The one occasion on which he retrieved I shot a woodcock, which fell in front of a friend. His servant went to pick it up, but Whisky wasn't having any, got there first and brought it back to me. I thought he was a made retriever, but no, never again! I think he disliked the feathers in his mouth.

I have described the country, the pack, the quarries, but not the field. I was Master, and my whipper-in was Fruity Palmer, a great character, and very popular with us all. He was a yeoman farmer from Lincolnshire—mad on horses, hunting and racing, and anything to do with them. He was Quarter-Master, and over a bottle of beer or two in the mornings he could wangle anything out of the hardest hearted departmental officer—an extra tent from one, some kidneys for the Mess from another; nobody seemed to be able to resist Fruity; with his jolly red face, he had such a persuasive manner The field was composed of the General and Staff, and some of us in the Cavalry Brigade.

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including our Parsee doctor, a first-class chap with somewhat quaint sayings. When he first came out he did not choose as good a horse as he might have done and after a good hunt was nowhere to be seen. When we got back to the Mess he complained of his horse which he said, "Had five times gone to ground with him." "At last," said he, "I let him go, and leaving his safety to God, who is always a competent fellow, I walked home; he was no good for the hunting business." He had, however, many a good day afterwards. He got an M.C. with a bar in the War, and was a really stout fellow!

We took the whole pack with us to India, but the tick fever and other diseases killed them by degrees. Dhole, the old red dog, outlived them all. He was a typical Saluki, built for speed, with a longish coat of a rich bay tint; his ears were cut short, but the hair round them had grown long, and when the sun shone through them, it gave them a copper chrysanthemum effect which was very attractive. We always called him "the old gent." Poor little Whisky died of the same disease.

The season ended with a Point to Point Race Meeting, open to the 10th Cavalry Brigade. The course was chosen to include the brook Kyshon twice, and with its grassy banks a very useful obstacle it made. The Lancer Cup especially was a well-filled race with twelve starters. We were lucky enough to get 1st, 2nd and 3rd with my stable. Fruity Palmer rode the winner "Geraldine," beating my mount "Dick" by a short head; Birch, who was shortly afterwards killed playing polo at Saugor, rode the third. So ended a very sporting season in Palestine.

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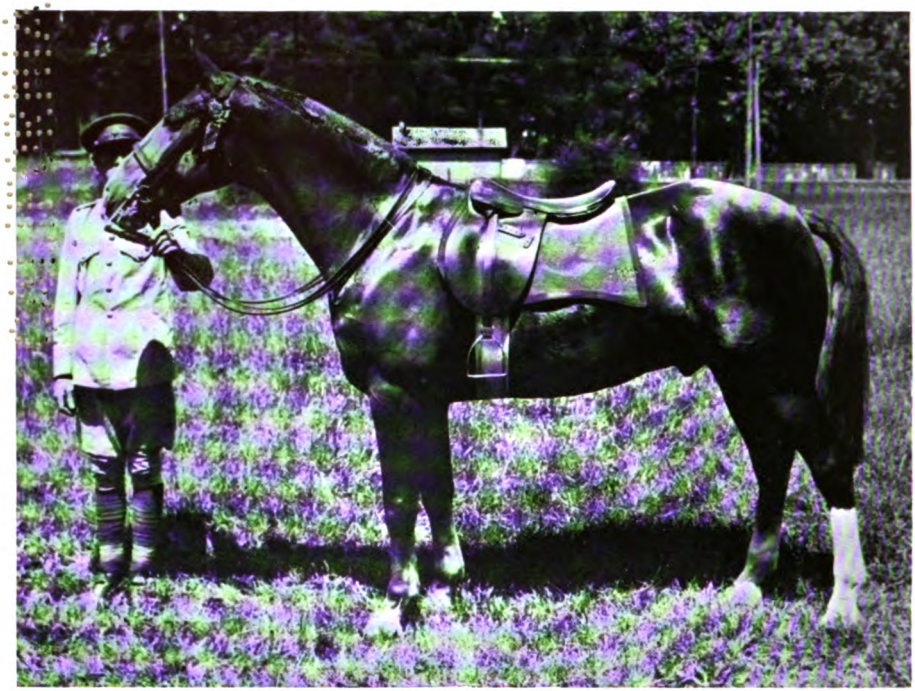

Officer's Charger, Royal Canadian Dragoons.
Winner of Charger Class at "Royal" Toronto, 1931, and many other Shows

Troop Horse, Royal Canadian Dragoons.
Winner of Remount Class at "Royal" Toronto, 1931, and many other Shows

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HORSE TRAILS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

By R. M. PATTERSON.

THE traveller across Canada by train sees very little of the Rockies. Coming from the East he passes through the beautiful foothill country by one of its three widest, most wind-swept and uninteresting valleys—those of the Athabasca, the Bow and the Old Man. From the gap of this river in the outer wall until the great range lies behind him, he is down in the hole, sharing a valley with a motor road, catching only tantalizing glimpses of the side valleys and unable to see, over the mountain wall on either side, all the marvellously varied country that runs northwest and southeast for hundreds of miles. To see this country and to become acquainted with all that squeaks, grunts and roars in the Canadian bush one must forsake the observation car of the train and the hotel terrace, take to the cayuse and his brother, the pack-horse, and ride out into what is probably the finest mountain horse country in the world.

This does not include all the ranges of the Cordillera. The term "Rockies" is very definitely applied in this article only to that mountain system which rises out of the prairies and falls away on the West into that great trench that runs away northwest to the sources of the Liard in the Yukon Territory. For the purposes of the average rider who has only a limited amount of time, the Rocky Mountain Trench means the valleys of the Kootenay and the Columbia and, heading northwest, of Canoe River and the South Fork of the Fraser. Westwards lie other mountain chains with other conditions of climate and forest growth—the great limestone ranges that guard the backbone of a continent will have been left behind, and far to the northwest conditions change. The Peace and the Liard Rivers cut through

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the Rockies and the continental divide swings westwards and closer to the coast.

Large stretches of country are classed in the vernacular as "miserable," i.e., hardly fit for wild animals, to say nothing of horses. On the other hand, the Grand Lake Indians in far Northern British Columbia, west of the Fort Nelson River and close up to latitude 60°, winter horses out regularly without hay or any provision, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Divide, in a "country of rolling, grassy hills," and the writer, going downstream by canoe in early May of 1928 saw, not without astonishment, an encampment of Indians on the south bank of the Liard, and grazing around the tepees, an undoubted horse. The river was so wide there that field glasses were necessary to ascertain the nature of the beast, and it was impossible to give any guess as to its condition. But there it was, a horse, in the Northwest Territories, that must have arrived there on its own legs, and the nearest horse country—the Peace River—hundreds of wet and difficult miles behind. However, generally speaking, anyone who wishes to make an exploring or hunting trip into the mountain northwest should make careful enquiries beforehand, both at Ottawa and at the jumping-off point—usually a railhead or trading post—from trappers and prospectors who come in for supplies in the spring time, and, if it is proposed to use the horses throughout the trip, the trapper's information should be weighed with care. Many of them are in the habit of setting out in late autumn for their traplines, using strings of old worn out pack and saddle horses—purchased for a few dollars here and there in the Peace or Northern British Columbia—to carry the outfit. There is no hope of wintering them, it is their last journey—and on arrival they are shot, frozen, and hung in the cache—food for the huskies who trotted easily alongside them on the way out. Again, most trappers are poor horsemen. They have a saying that it is "softer to fall from the dog cariole than the saddle." Going into a country with little natural grazing, they try to make long days, and, with badly fitting saddles and loads of nearly 200 pounds.

Travelling in Northern B.C. in company with a B.C. policeman the writer—henceforth, for brevity's sake, referred to as I

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Travelling on the Ice of a Mountain Stream.
Opal Range. January.

The Mid-day Halt. Highwood Pass.
October.

Close under the Great Divide. Fording River Pass.
British Columbia side. June.

On the Atlantic-Pacific Ocean Divide.
The Low Elk River Pass. October.

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—came on a packhorse that had been abandoned by outgoing trappers. He was so badly galled about the back and withers that the ravens were sitting on him and feeding on the living flesh while the horse pawed the autumn snow for his scanty feed and paid no attention to the birds. We shot him, and later, it transpired that the owner was furious, he was very fond of the animal—it was his favourite horse—and he had turned him loose in the hope that he would graze his way back to the nearest settlement and recover. The police should give a compulsory course in the folding of blankets and the fitting of saddles.

On the other hand, in the true horse country of the Rockies, I have seen an old trapping cabin close to a wild hay meadow at an altitude of about 6,500 feet and in a country close under the high glaciers, where, in some winters the snowfall attains a depth of six to eight feet. There was a minute horse shelter and corral up against the sunny bank and in the cabin was an old decrepit scythe. The hay had been cut by hand and raked, probably by a sort of impromptu bull rake—possibly a spikey log with a horse at each end. Those horses had been cared for as far as possible—one should weigh one's trapper very carefully.

At one of the mountain resorts in the din and rush of July, 1926, a man on sick leave from the China Coast spoke to me. "It's beautiful," he said, "but what on earth is there to do?" "I can't everlastingly stand these prices—probably even the view is an extra. The nearest I ever get to the mountains is at breakfast, when some big-hatted heathen in woolly trousers clanks up and badgers me to go for a ride, I daren't—I'm convinced it would complete my ruin. "Now tell me, how can I see something of the life of these hills?"

At that time the south country was strange to me and I couldn't help him, but I should like to meet that man again. I think now that I could set him on the way to more pleasant memories of Canada.

One is not always happy with the large guiding and packing outfits and companies. The sportsman owner of a lean purse finds the pace too hot—his days are numbered from the outset. The prices are usually higher—set to the standard of the American tourist. They are high, even for Canada, where the

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type of man who can take charge of a mountain party has always been able to get a good wage. Furthermore, many of the guides are not mountain men at all and would be useless with a hunting party, though well enough with a camping party on the main trails. They have their own rounds and their known camping places and are really good, capable packers and horse wranglers—not mountain guides.

Suggest following some dim trail into the unknown—and remember that over the hill or up the tributary stream into the high alp or hanging valley, anywhere away from the main trail, the odds are there will be Indian country as it was in the beginning—suggest this and your guide may jib. The horses are not his and he doesn't know enough to venture them with safety. The choice of an unusual, but perfectly sound camping place on some high alpine meadow will, if possible, be tactfully negatived, and down you go. The horses are securely and humanely picketed on ground that has been grazed to dust, and you yourself camp on that most objectionable of all things, someone else's camping ground, not yet sweetened by the winter snows.

Horses are cheap and good men are to be found—white and Indian. The maps of the southern portion of the Rockies can usually be relied upon—the sectional sheets being good, and the sheets of the Alberta—British Columbia boundary atlas, excellent. Part of the country is still unmapped and scarcely known, but the trails of the Stoney Indians and the trapper thread through it and can be followed, though often with difficulty. There is excellent hunting to be had in this unknown territory, particularly bear and goat, while the streams are full of fish and there is all the joy that comes from feeling one's way through a strange country, and living off it into the bargain.

A complete network of Stoney Indian trails (some of them now forgotten) runs through the Southern Rockies and the country belongs to these Indians by treaty "as far west as the Grey Rock (the limestone) goes." They call themselves "Yetzkábi," and were originally a war party of the Sioux, cut off from the parent stock by the Blackfoot Nation. Sir William Butler met them at Rocky Mountain House in 1870 as the

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"Stoneheaters" or "Rocky Mountain Assiniboines," and says of them that "they will take a horse over rougher ground than any man in creation." They will, and still do. Cut off in the Alberta Foothills from the plains of the Dakotas, they turned with a wonderful adaptability towards the mountains, and with an eye for country and all the engineering sense of the Indian they made the main trails and the hidden trails that are used to-day. All this happened about 300 years ago, as far as the old men can tell. They also say that they could have returned through the Blackfoot country but they preferred to stay, finding easier hunting in the hills—game more plentiful, and pleasant tasting animals that were new to them—sheep and the much maligned goat. So they contrived a second "Rape of the Sabine Women" and won themselves wives from the Crees and stayed—The Retzkábi.

There you have the men who made your hunting trails in the Rockies. The trails in the main valleys and over the travelled passes are cut out and maintained by park and forestry services. Along them one can travel at a good pace, making, if need be, over 50 miles in the day, even with pack-horses, but for steady day after day travel, anything from 20 to 30 is a good average distance for a light outfit. The distance varies with weather, the nature of the ground and the distance apart of the meadows or the high grazing alps in which camp is to be made, also with the number of the party. In my opinion a party of three men is ideal. At night, one man waters, bells and pickets the horses, and then cuts wood. The other two set up the tent or tepee, unpack and cut and lay spruce tips for beds. One of these then cooks the supper while the other degenerates into a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and is at the beck and call of the cook, upon whose high efforts the night's happiness depends. In a small and more or less intimate party it is well for the "owners" to help with the making and breaking of camp—unless, of course, they have something definite to do in the way of fishing, etc. In that way one gets better service from the men, and, in any case, it is to everyone's advantage to have things done as quickly as possible. However, nobody wishes to waste more of a leave than need be in the routine duties of camp.

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Probably the ideal party is one of two friends with one good mountain man, one horse wrangler and eight horses. Every increase in the number of horses limits one's camping ground more and more to the large meadows.

And, for the end, a jumble of oddments.

There are things to find and see yet, down in that unmapped country. There salt licks of such size and potency that to camp near them is to experience life as it is on the Mappin Terraces in Regent's Park. There is a place where a river comes out of the face of a precipice with such force that the water is fully thirty feet out from the rock before it starts to drop hundreds of feet.

There is Imnéto—the mysterious "Blue Lake" of the Stoneys—blue as the deepest winter sky and full of fish. There are the Stoney trails. The Stoney's poetic name for a horse is Soonga Waká—the Dog of God—and all their trails must have originally been dog trails in the days when the Indians packed dogs and before the first horse had drifted up from Old Mexico. Some of them should have remained dog trails to this day. The one I particularly have in mind we call the "Pass in the Clouds"—a thread of a track across a scree of treacherous broken rock, disappearing through a nick in a mountain top, a sheep trail in the beginning, then a dog trail. "Pass" in this connection being merely a courtesy title. Then, the Stoneys decided that the change from dogs to horses would not justify any change in their normal routes of travel, and lastly, having achieved the inconceivable, they named the place "I am afraid of the Stones"—adding a rider, "Horse, him sometimes roll over, kill him."

There is one dream I should like to have come true. The South Nahanni River of the North West Territories flows through a deeply eroded tableland—the Mackenzie Mountain Range of the Rockies. The Nahanni Indians call them the Tlogo Tshó—the Big Prairie Mountains—and their summits are level prairie land of short, sweet grass and innumerable flowers—the grazing lands of the white sheep. If only one could get horses to it there indeed is a horse country from June to September, and with all its wonders still to be found. Four

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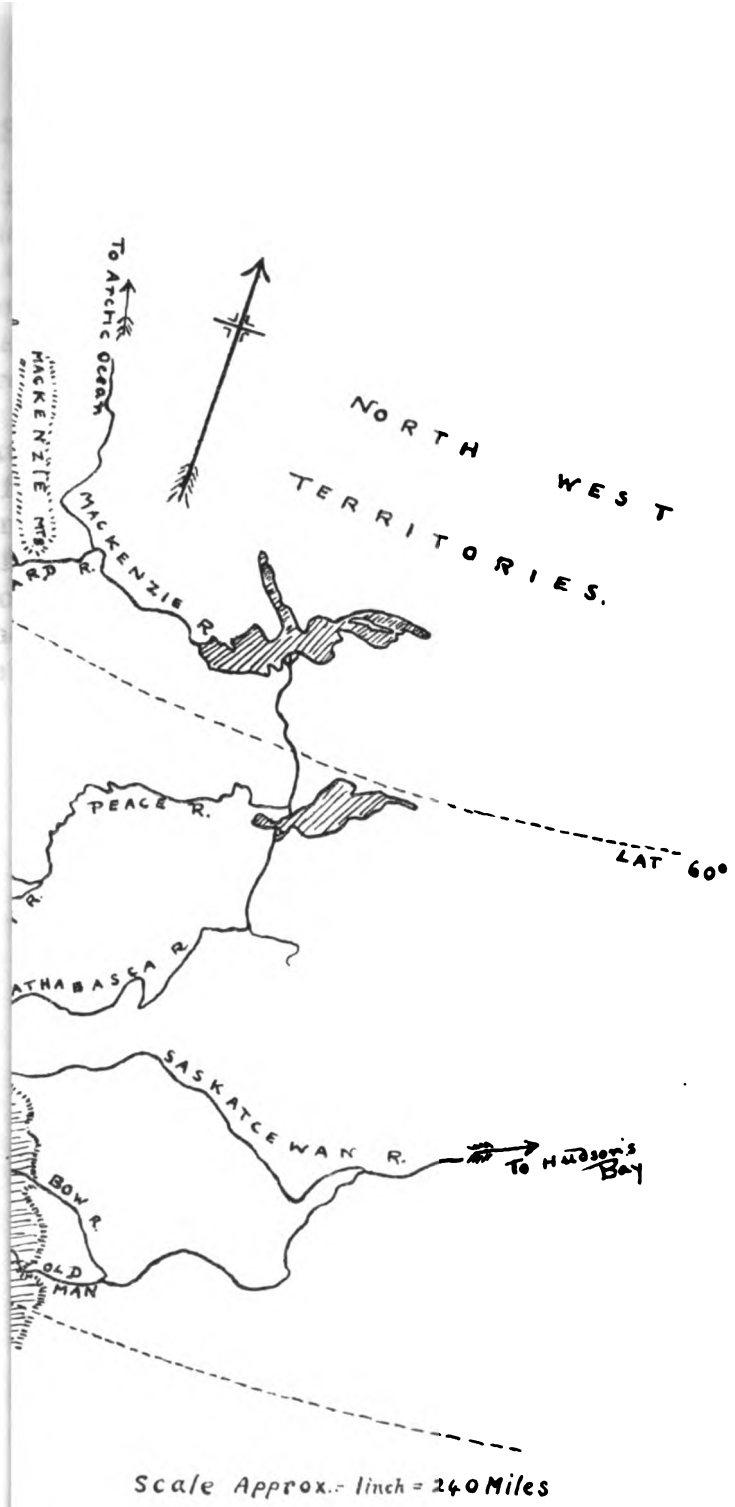

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thousand feet above the world with the forested plain to the east and the mountains of the Yukon to the west—the whole upland rent by 3,000-foot canyons and South Down turf beneath you.

And one desire—to see a horse on its wooden snow shoes in the deep snow valleys of British Columbia and the Yukon. I have heard of this often, so often that I almost begin to have faith in it—but the ordinary imagination boggles at any attempt at mental visualizing.

And finally, if it comes about that you set out into the Rockies on some jewel of an August morning—pray that it may be just after rain—and the horse offered you approaches more nearly your conception of Eohippos, the creatures own ancestor, than of the horse as we know it to-day—take it and say nothing. It may be a Stoney horse and it can probably climb.

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THE RAID ON KOZIATYN

By Brevet-Captain Eugen Hinterhoff, F.A., Polish Army.

No operation of large units requires such moral worth and skill on the part of the commander, and fighting efficiency on the part of his men, as a raid on the enemy's rear. Separation from the main force for the space of several days, with a weak liaison with Headquarters and sometimes none at all; lack of exact information as to the dispositions of the enemy to meet the raid; consciousness of the importance of the task in hand; the necessity of being able to fight a way back through the ever-increasing resistance of the enemy; losses in men and horses, to say nothing of the difficulties of regular supplies, especially munitions—all these factors tend to make the raid one of the most difficult of cavalry operations.

A raid executed by a dashing and skilful commander with the help of adequate force may have a tremendous influence on the whole course of an operation.

Military history gives us many examples of a successful raid having a decisive influence on the result of a campaign. Leaving aside the famous raids of Stuart, Morgan, and Sheridan, the Great War provides some striking instances; for example, the raid of General Allenby in Palestine, of General Henrys in Macedonia, and the raid of the German cavalry under General von Poseck on Molodeczno and Swieciany.

Wars in Eastern Europe, such as the Polish-Soviet War, and especially the civil wars in Soviet Russia, give extensive material for study in this respect, owing to the scope given for cavalry action by the vast theatres of war and comparative paucity of the troops engaged.

The history of the Polish-Soviet War records some examples of brilliant cavalry action in the form of raids, which must undoubtedly interest every cavalryman in the West.

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We may remark here, especially if we take into consideration the English reader, that the modern English doctrine of armoured forces envisages for the future the extensive use of large mechanized units on the principle of the cavalry raid.

Experimental exercises of large mechanized units in England, for example the Experimental Mechanized Brigade in 1927, give us several examples of independent action on the flanks and rear.

One of the most famous modern raids, both from the point of view of execution and results obtained, was the raid of the Polish cavalry on Koziatyn.

General Situation.

At the end of 1919 and in the beginning of 1920 the Bolsheviks had managed to overcome the armies of the "White Generals" Yudenitch, Koltchak and finally Denekin, and in the Spring of 1920 the Polish front became the scene of their main activities. For this reason with the beginning of 1920 the Bolsheviks gradually began to reinforce their western front against Poland. Instead of 8 divisions of infantry, strength about 50,000 bayonets on this front, on 1st January, 1920, by the 25th April, 1920 (the beginning of the Polish offensive), they disposed of 20 divisions and 5 brigades of infantry together with 2 divisions of cavalry amounting to 121,000 bayonets and sabres in all.

Simultaneously with the reinforcement of their front the Bolsheviks began a diplomatic game on international ground, by initiating a series of peace negotiations with Rumania, Esthonia and Latvia, which aimed at separating Poland from her allies. They also offered peace to Poland on conditions impossible of acceptance.

The peace negotiations with Poland were accompanied by a series of calumnies in the foreign press which created in Europe a hostile opinion against Poland, and made it impossible to conclude the peace which Europe had so long desired.

In view of this double-faced diplomatic intrigue carried on by the Bolsheviks with the sole aim of gaining time to reinforce their front, Poland found herself face to face with an armed struggle for her independence and her Eastern frontier. The

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Commander-in-Chief, Marshal Joseph Pilsudski, realizing the ever-increasing strength of the enemy from information furnished by his intelligence staff, was preparing to strike on the Northern front, thus changing his former decision for a later offensive. Owing to the existence of the vast bogs in Polesia, the Polish Eastern front fell into two independent areas of operation, the northern and the southern. On account of a large concentration of Bolshevik forces in the south, the better state of roads and railways, the earlier spring, the greater facility in getting supplies for men and horses, and information of constant risings of the Ukrainians against the Bolsheviks, the Commander-in-Chief now decided to start an offensive in the south.

Plan of Action.

The main plan was, while holding the line in the north, to attack in the south with the left flank the line Korosten-Zytomierz-Koziatyn, followed by the offensive of one group in an eastern direction; the remaining forces wheeling to the right, were to advance south having two tasks in view :—To push the 12th and 14th Soviet Armies towards the Dniester (Roumanian frontier), and in case of losing touch with them to attack their flank simultaneously cutting off their retreat across the Dniepr. This last manœuvre, viz., the cutting off, was to be entrusted to a strong cavalry group.

After the achievement of his tactical plan in the Ukraine, the Commander-in-Chief intended, in view of the reported concentration of the Soviet forces in the north, to throw the bulk of forces in that direction.

Thus success depended on the rapid execution of the plan and particularly on forcing the enemy to maintain their positions in the Ukraine.

As a result of the above, the Polish groups (see Sketch I) opening hostilities on the 25th April had for their task the reaching on the second day of the railway line Korosten-Zytomierz-Berdyczow; and in the third day, if possible, the vanguard was to reach the line of the river Teterew.

The group of General Rydz-Smigly including a cavalry division, was allotted the following task :—

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A. INFANTRY.

1. By a forced march, infantry in lorries, to reach Zytomierz, if possible, on the first day, capture it and occupy the bridges on the Teterew.

2. To prepare the way through the front line for the cavalry division for its raid on Koziatyn.

B. CAVALRY.

The Cavalry division was in a two-days' march between the road Zwiahel-Zytomierz and the railway line Miropol-Berdyczow, later turning south, to reach and capture Koziatyn from its north side and to hold it until the arrival of infantry.

PREPARATION OF THE RAID.

Organization of the Cavalry Division.

In view of the possibility of using a large cavalry formation orders dated 13th of April had come from Headquarters, just two weeks before the raid took place, to form a cavalry division out of the already existing two brigades. Within a very short space of time the Staff of the Division was organized. As commander of this formation the Commander-in-Chief appointed General Romer, a man known for his great energy, and as chief of the staff of the division the then Staff-Major Piskor, at present General of Division and Chief of the General Staff. Within less than a fortnight the division, brought up to its war establishment—96 officers, 3,000 cavalry, 65 heavy machine-guns, 16 field guns—by forced marching managed to concentrate itself at the starting point.

Tactical Considerations.

In working out the plan of the offensive, the Commander-in-chief to some extent based the success of the intended offensive on the success of the raid.

Operating with comparatively small forces over large areas, the offensive might attain a result not by pushing back the enemy and occupying his ground, but by destroying him, which was only possible by the co-ordination of a frontal attack with an attack on his rear, thus cutting off his retreat and communications.

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Furthermore, in working out the plan for the offensive in the Ukraine the Commander-in-Chief had to reckon with the necessity of capturing the largest possible amount of broad-guage rolling-stock, which would ensure the further supply of the army on the whole area of operations in the Ukraine. The chief aim, however, was the capture of an important railway junction in the enemy's rear so as to prevent an orderly retreat.

As a result of the above considerations, the Commander-in-Chief chose, as the objective of the raid, the important railway junction Koziatyn.

Choice of the Direction of the Raid.

In making his appreciation the Commander-in-Chief took into consideration the following routes:—

(1) *The Northern Route.*—This led through dense woods, marshy in parts. The lack of roads would force the division to march in one column, thus leaving it more open to attack. This route, though enabling it to surround Berdyczow from the east, increased its march to 145 km., which the division would have to cover in two days. This route, however, had the great advantage of assuring the possibility of concealment until the last moment, since it was screened from observation both from land and air, thereby giving the division the possibility of surprising the enemy in the rear.

(2) *The Central Route.*—Much shorter, with better roads, it led along the flank of the Northern route. Its course, however, lay too close to the enemy, and besides the division would have found Berdyczow on its line of march, which would have necessitated fighting, or on the other hand a difficult détour.

(3) *The Southern Route.*—The shortest by 70 km., it led through a terrain with good roads and no natural obstacles.

The disadvantage of this route was, that it rendered surprise impossible as an encounter with the enemy in this region was unavoidable.

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After weighing the above considerations, the Commander-in-Chief chose the Northern route, and so the longest, the most difficult and perhaps the most dangerous, for in case of the road through the woods being held by the enemy, the manœuvre would be a difficult one; but it gave the possibility of that all-important factor in victory—a surprise.

The Conduct of the Raid.

Passage of the River Slucz.

In accordance with the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, General Rydz-Smigly's group of infantry was at dawn on the 25th to attack the region of Ostrozecki Mills for the purpose of breaking through the front line to open the way for the cavalry.

The enemy on receiving information of our intentions, and expecting an attack in the region Zwiahel-Barenowka on Zytomierz ordered the retreat of its group to a distance of 15-20 km.

He also began to reinforce his second line of defence.

Thanks to the above there was no necessity for making a breach or fording the river with its marshy banks.

25th April.

At 4 a.m. the division of cavalry marching past the Commander-in-Chief crossed the bridge on the Slucz, and its long column plunged into the dense woods, thus beginning its historical raid. On account of the peaty ground, thick undergrowth, and deep pits the march of the division promised to be a difficult feat.

At 7 a.m. the vanguard consisting of two regiments plus one battalion encountered enemy fire and opposition near the village of Prutowka.

On account of the fact that a strong resistance by the enemy might threaten the advance of the whole division, General Romer himself took over the direction of the action, ordering 2 squadrons to attack the rear and flanks of the enemy in Prutowka.

The enemy (1 brigade of the 17th cavalry division) retreated in a northern direction opening the way for the Polish division. During the day the division, encountering no further enemy,

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had only to struggle with the difficulties of the march; however, thanks to the great energy of the Commander the division together with artillery managed to make 73 km. along very heavy roads and forest paths, and reach the village of Wierchnaja Rudnia for the night.

26th April.

At 4 a.m. the division started on its march to Wielopole (see Sketch II). By taking this direction the division left Berdyczow with its garrison to one side, utilizing the splendid oak forests for its further concealed march on Koziatyn.

At 1 p.m., after having traversed 50 km., the division reached Wielopole, where during a three-hours halt, General Romer assembled the senior officers for the purpose of issuing orders and instructions to the brigade and regimental commanders as to the conduct of the raid itself.

Further on, the division met with an unpleasant incident. While the transport, being 6 km. behind the division, was crossing the railway track near the station of Reja, a Soviet armoured train appeared from the direction of Berdyczow, and by shelling the transport caused a certain amount of confusion. Just at that moment a Polish aviator whose duty it was to keep in touch with the division, seeing the effect of the Soviet armoured train on the transport, neglected to descend sufficiently low to examine the matter more thoroughly, and returned and reported the defeat of the division.

At 4 p.m. the division started for the village of Jankowce, 12 km. distant from Wielopole, whence (in accordance with orders of the Divisional Commander), after having emerged from the southern boundary of the forest, the cavalry was immediately to attack the nearest buildings met with in the vicinity of Koziatyn.

These mounted detachments were to rush through the town and attack the railway station. Unfortunately the clear and categorical order of the Commander was not executed with due precision; a part of the regiments, instead of beginning a cavalry attack, immediately on emerging from the forest began to form dismounted detachments, thus losing precious time. It was only when the personal intervention of General Romer had taken

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place that the regiments started at a sharp trot, and rushed into the streets of Koziatyn, already after dark.

A night battle, a difficult operation especially when carried on in a strange town and against heavy odds, began.

The desperate resistance of the Bolsheviks massed in the passenger and goods station, supported by the armoured train fire, and the difficulty of carrying on a struggle in darkness in a completely unknown place, caused General Romer to break off the attack until dawn of the next day.

27th April.

On the 27th at 5 a.m. the regiments of the Cavalry division stormed the railway station with fresh vigour. There was urgent necessity to hasten the capture of these stations, for in case of the arrival of the retreating Soviet detachments from the west, the joint enemy forces might make a counter-attack and break their way east.

After several hours the Polish squadrons, fighting hard with hand grenades among railway carriages and station-buildings, succeeded in driving the enemy south. While the fight was going on, the field guns placed on the railway lines repulsed a Soviet armoured train that arrived from the direction of Winnica.

The morning's work resulted in the capture of the Koziatyn junction.

Then orders were issued by the divisional commander as to the measures to be taken against the enemy retreating under pressure of the Polish offensive from the west.

By midday, following the report of the appearance of the Soviet detachments in the region of Wielopole, one cavalry regiment sent to meet the enemy, captured 200 men, 2 motor-cars, and 3 heavy machine-guns after a short skirmish.

Sallies of regiments in the west and south-west directions brought rich spoil in the form of a large number of prisoners of the 44th Soviet infantry division, and the 1st Ukrainian brigade; the total number of captured men amounted to 1,560, besides 7 field guns and 44 heavy machine-guns.

During the afternoon the Polish infantry marched into Koziatyn, relieving the Cavalry division, and in the evening,

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notwithstanding the bands of straggling Bolshevik soldiers on the roads, the Commander-in-Chief arrived in a motor-car.

Thus ended the raid on Koziatyn.

Value of the Raid.

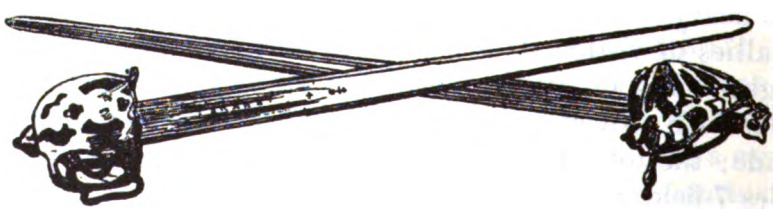
It served to show :—

(*a*) The fighting worth of the cavalry division, which in less than two days crossed a distance of 140 km. without losing its capacity for a whole night of fighting.

(*b*) *In relation to the achievement of the task.*—The task was achieved in co-ordination with the frontal attack of the main force; the capture of an important railway junction supplied us with such necessary items as the railway rolling stock amounting to 120 engines, 26 per cent. of which was fit for immediate use, 3,000 railway carriages, large railway workshops, an armoured train, 7 hospital trains and so on.

(*c*) *In relation to the enemy.*—The retreat and the rear of the enemy were utterly disorganized; moreover, a considerable part of the enemy forces, both those garrisoned in Koziatyn and those retreating under Polish pressure were taken prisoners to a total number of 8,000 men, 27 guns, 170 heavy machine-guns, 3 aeroplanes, and a large amount of war material.

In this way one of the most famous of Polish raids, the two days' raid on Koziatyn, was achieved and was crowned with great tactical and material success.



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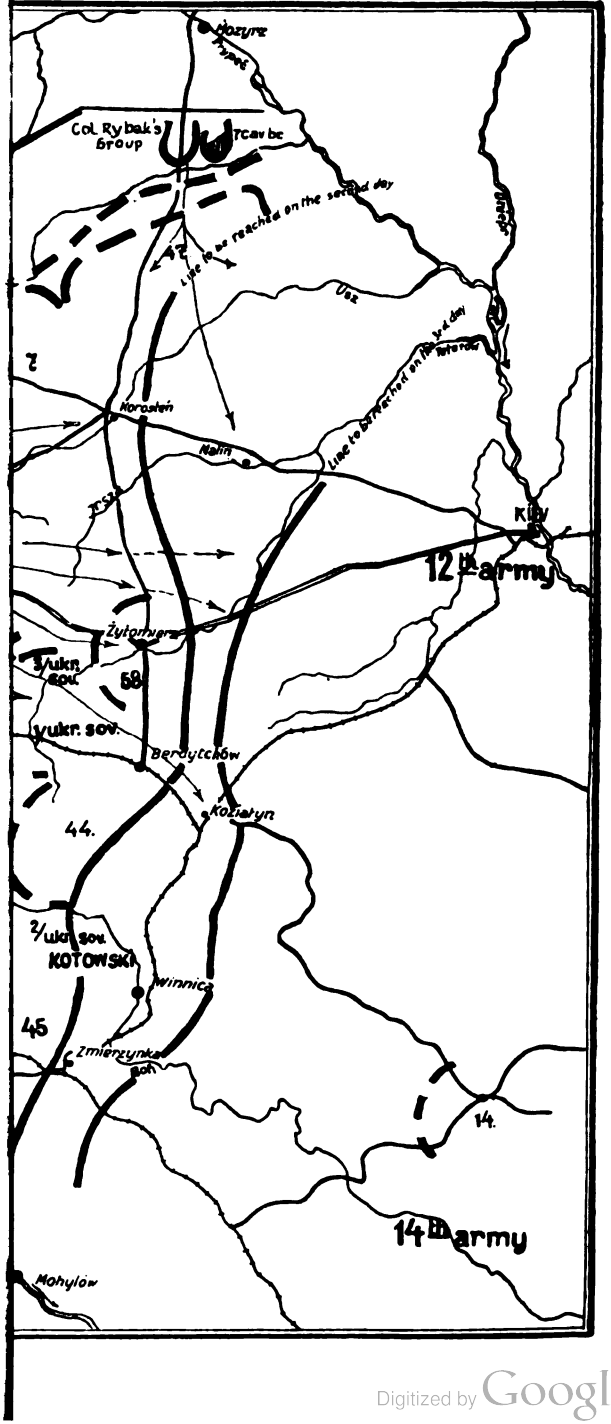
Sketch №1



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POLO TEMPERAMENT

By Lieut.-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt.

Polo temperament is a loose phrase purporting to describe some magical quality possessed by the best polo ponies. Its consequencies as painted in the imagination are far-reaching. The possession of it is supposed to enable a pony to take almost naturally to his schooling for polo which he learns to play in the shortest possible time; his rider can pull him up on his hocks and make him spring into his stride over and over again without upsetting him. He will face ponies galloping towards him and he will not flinch from waving sticks. He will push and ride off even when in a disadvantageous position. When a pony will do all these things and continue to do them willingly and loyally he is said to have polo temperament. So anxious is the search for this quality that breeders will use for the stud, mares that have proved themselves brilliant players in the hopes that they will transmit to their offspring their acquired knowledge of the requirements of polo.

Actually conformation, education and stable management are so intimately connected with a pony's so-called temperament that it is impossible to separate it from these considerations. It is therefore interesting to consider what undesirable traits are attributable to faulty methods of breaking and schooling and how far the "ideal temperament" is affected by a pony getting the better of an unskilled rider.

A horse, even the most willing and docile, is always prepared to resist domination if he is given a chance. He has an intense desire to please himself. For this reason he will welcome cessation from work and hanker after those places associated with ease and food. There is one countervailing advantageous quality, viz., his love of the chase, so that the making and subsequent riding of a hunter is something quite different from the schooling and playing of a pony.

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Secondly, feeding beyond the point necessary to get a horse fit and to keep him so affects his mind and reacts on his manners and disposition, in other words over-feeding adversely affects his temperament.

In this connection there is another problem, one that puzzled me for many years and while I have solved it to my own satisfaction, I am not always able to convince others. It must be within the experience of all horsemen that a pony grows fat and begins to take kindly to his schooling at one and the same time. Now which is dependent on the other and which is cause and which effect? With one pony it would appear that because he is becoming more amenable he is therefore improving in condition. With another the groom will say, "This pony has begun 'to do' the last few days," and if the rider will cast his mind back he will realize that there has been less resistance during the same period. I am now certain that improved condition signifies that state of eupepsia on which peace of mind, content and general health so largely depend and consequently a pony becomes less irritable. Therefore if a pony is difficult, that is if his polo temperament appears in abeyance and if at the same time his condition is poor and there is no tendency to thrive, I would advise that he should be thrown out of work until he is again big and well. If the weather permits, a run at grass will be the cheaper and quicker way, otherwise a large loose box must suffice.

Thirdly, conformation and soundness are of great importance in considering what a pony's temperament will ultimately turn out to be, because if we ask him to perform some exercise for which he is unsuited by his make and shape or which he finds painful because of some unsoundness, there will be resistance apparently so unreasonable that it is often put down to a temperament unsuited to polo.

For the same reason polo temperament is adversely affected by a sore place anywhere and no work should be attempted until this is completely healed. The most usual places for sores are the corners of the lips, the bars of the mouth, the withers, the back under the cantle, behind the elbows and where the martin-

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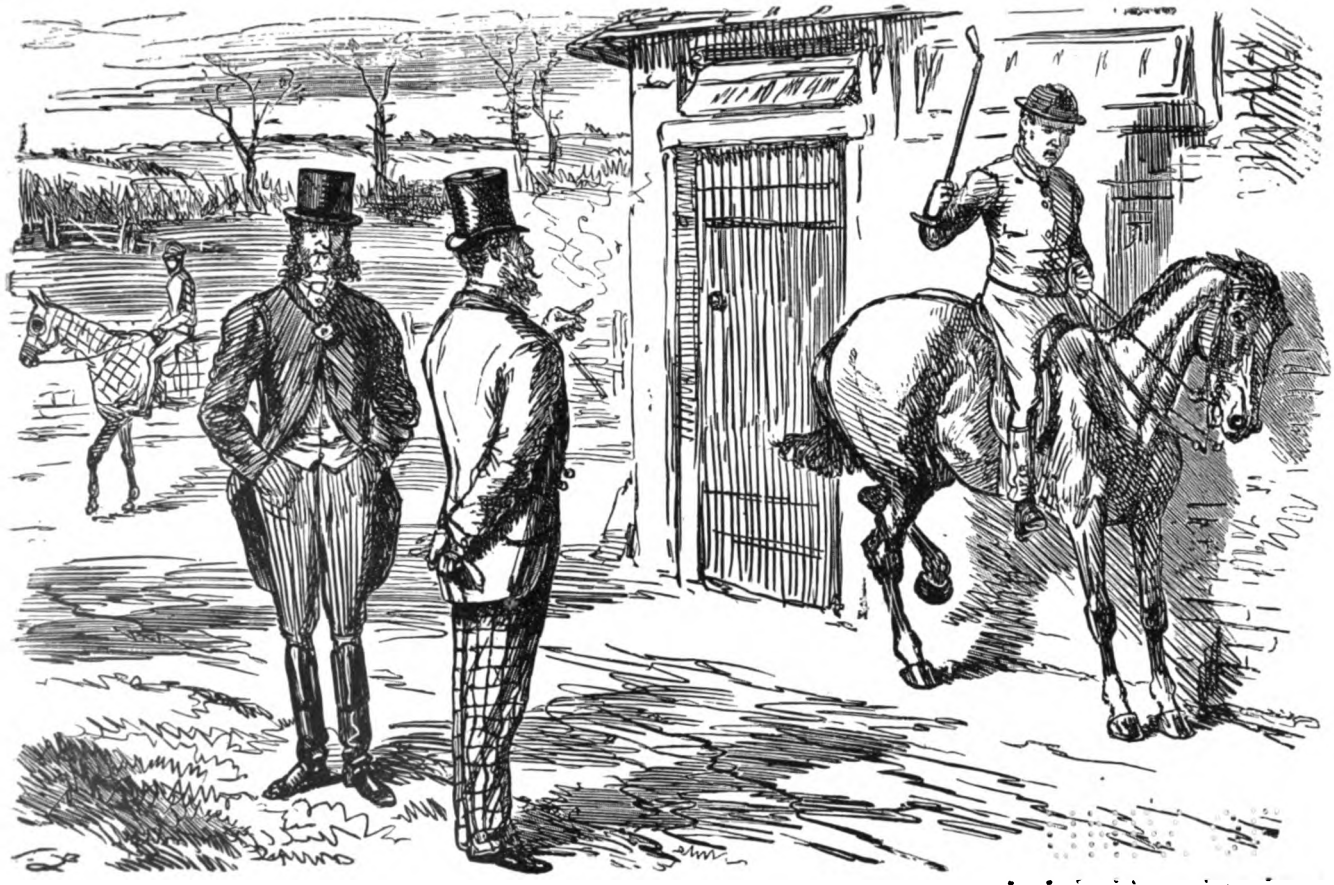

TEMPERAMENT

CUSTOMER: "Why, you don't call that a hunter, do you?"

DEALER: "Well sir, I'll tell you all I know about the 'orse. Had him down from 'Orncastle Fair last week—put Jimmy on him, would'nt 'ack a yard—put him in the break, would'nt draw a hounce. Now the 'orse never could have been created for nothing, so he must be a hunter."

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gale touches the breast. But a sore of this sort is really an unsoundness also.

But even given a pony of exceptionable conformation, breeding and parentage, trained on the most scientific lines we have only to over-feed him and he becomes a pulling, excitable, irresponsible fool, and where is his temperament then?

We can do no harm if we start out with the assumption that there are no bad horses, but that some are made refractory by unskilled and unsuitable treatment. If we prefer to be sentimental we can describe this as unsympathetic treatment. We cannot compare the horse in this connection with a human being. The temptations that govern the actions of the bad man induced by envy, acquisitiveness and sex are absent in the life of the working horse, so the only inherent qualities that remain to be combated are dullness (stupidity) as apart from poor condition and ill-health, an irritable disposition, a fiery temper and excessive fear. The effect of alcohol is also a point to consider in judging many human misdeeds and irresponsibilities, and the definite analogy with the horse is an excess of oats which has exactly the same effect on his mental reactions. I maintain we may as well look for polo temperament in an overfed pony as for the soul in a drunken man.

Inherent dulness is a difficulty and I doubt if it can be combated, but irritability can be overcome by feeding, skill, tact and determination.

Excessive fear should be an avoidable state of mind, but all good horses should be afraid of man up to a point. They must fly from a threat rather than resist or resent it, but if they are made unreasonably afraid they become as unmanageable as the animal whose temper is roused. What becomes of the polo temperament if the rider has failed in tact and provoked a struggle from which he does not emerge victoriously? His horse will have gained a knowledge of his power which will never be wholly eradicated, and the polo temperament suffers a corresponding impairment.

When we come to the question of food and exercise, we have to consider the principal secret of stable management, and a

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point that affects temperament to a greater extent than any other factor.

I call it a secret because few owners are sufficiently interested to study feeding and its bearing on health, condition, manners and therefore on temperament. The groom who is a "good feeder" must not only be a close observer, but in addition he must be a highly experienced practitioner with an orderly, appraising mind. But he has seldom the opportunity of explaining his methods, because as said before his employer is too uninterested to welcome the information. He may complain if a horse is too fresh or if he fails to stay out a hunt of reasonable length or play his two chukkers; he may point out that he is getting thin, but the groom has to devise the means of correction. If a polo pony is sent on to the ground over-fed and under-exercised the pulling about that will be necessary to keep him playing will destroy for the time being his polo temperament, while if this pulling about fails to get him under control he again gets a dangerous knowledge of his power. There are only too many instances of injury to the bars of a pony's mouth, from a too severe use of the bit, and the result is a loss of sensitiveness to the permanent impairment of his temperament.

With conformation, we are embarking on the widest consideration of all. The old-fashioned saying that ponies play polo in all shapes is misleading and is responsible for men schooling and persevering with animals which will never make polo ponies. While there are certain points which militate definitely against a pony learning polo of the highest class there are undoubtedly many *apparently* odd-shaped animals acquitting themselves quite creditably. I use the word "apparently" advisedly as conformation often only proves itself faulty (except to a few of the finest judges) when the pony is put to work and the weakness declares itself by the appearance of some unsoundness or by inability to perform some difficult exercise.

In this connection it will not be out of place to emphasize the importance of "quality." Failing a thoroughbred the nearer we can approach to an authentic stud-book pedigree the better, not only in our ponies but in all our saddle horses. Polo is played at such a pace now-a-days that any pony that cannot

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gallop at racing pace is out of it, however well he may be schooled. What is the result? When other ponies are galloping well within themselves the underbred animal is going at top pace. His rider will be letting him all out all the time even if he is not actually using whip or spur. Under these conditions an honest, willing pony will soon lose any polo temperament he may have possessed.

I should like to finish this article as I began it, with something constructive and helpful, to draw a moral as it were. This can best be done by means of examples as typical as human and equine natures allow.

One winter I broke a thoroughbred, weight-carrying pony. He was only 4/5 years old and we did not want him for hunting, so his work was in the riding school and hacking about the countryside interspersed with stick and ball practice to vary monotony. Early in the spring there was a local show with a suitable ladies' hack class and one of my daughters decided to enter him. He was so well schooled by this time that one or two dress rehearsals in a ring of suitable size were all that was necessary. Alas, the pony never reached the show and exactly what happened will never be known, but some mismanagement is clearly indicated. The groom reported that as soon as he got beyond the confines of his home district he had reared, wheeled round, jibbed, and when struck had " turned it up " altogether. Thereafter he proved to be a rogue of the deepest dye, almost unridable except in company. What had become of his polo temperament after this momentary mismangement? A season's hunting cured him and from his first appearance in a game of polo he played well.

I once sold a brilliant, easy pony to a man who explained that he was a weak rider. A fortnight later I heard that the pony was a failure. He could not be stopped under six or seven lengths, and half way through a chukker he took complete charge. I discovered on enquiring that the pony had been given about twice the quantity of oats that he had been used to; as soon as his diet was regulated he gave no further trouble, in fact proved a great success. I should add that this pony had

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not the best of forelegs so that exercise had to be somewhat restricted.

Then there is an example in "Fellowship of the Horse," and I cannot do better than quote it *in extenso*:—

"A bay mare, 15 hands, six years, broken to ride and drive. This was a typical case of mismanagement, although her schooling for polo seemed to proceed on quite normal lines. She carried herself perfectly, was balanced and took to stick and ball without any trouble, but she was apt to become unmanageable at the end of a lesson. I was anxious to give her a rest and start afresh, and if I could have got a ride out of her without a battle I should have done so. Even on the road she was nappy and would try to turn up every lane towards home. A friend to whom I described her asked me to lend her for the winter because she felt sure she could cure her. The following spring she wrote to me that she had a good offer for her from a polo player, which I accepted. I was curious to know how she effected a cure, and it proved to be nothing more complicated than a complete rest, during which her mouth regained its freshness and an insignificant sore on her side got well."

Finally, there are such delicate points of stable management as the selection and adjustment of bit and curb chain to suit both pony and rider, and the length of martingale to give the best results.

So it will be seen that suitable conformation, soundness, skilful breaking and riding, judicious feeding and stable management all play their part, and as without *all* of them there can be no polo temperament, I maintain there is no such thing.

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A STALK IN THE NILGIRI HILLS

At 4.30 a.m. on 3rd January, 1929, I left my bungalow at Wellington with the intention of trying for a big sambhur stag which I knew of on the hills west of the Red Hills tea estate, or possibly for a saddle-back (Nilgiri ibex) if I were lucky enough to come across one.

Being disgusted with the rapacity and unreliable behaviour of the Ootacamund shikaris I decided to see what I could do by myself with just a coolie to carry my lunch.

Getting on to the bridge over the Emerald Valley River, I left the car and started the 1,500 feet climb to the top of the hill on which I wanted to be by dawn. There had been a hard frost; the ground was white and the air like champagne. Halfway up the hill the coolie said he could go no further, so I told him to stay at the foot of a big crag and not to move away. Reaching the top just as the sun was showing signs of rising, a wonderful sight met my eyes as peak after peak was lit up, and an icy breeze started blowing from the east, which was the wrong direction from my point of view. Being clad in khaki drill and shorts, there was not much temptation to stand and admire the view.

The country I was in was the top of a high-lying plateau of rolling grassy hills to the west and north. On my left (south) the hills dipped down steeply to the valley of the Avalanche River. Towards the bottom of the hills were big *sholas* (evergreen woods), some of them running up the nullahs towards the top.

These *sholas* were the natural habitation of the sambhur and occasionally of the tiger. The ibex lives on the crags on the hill-tops and on the great cliffs overlooking the Silent Valley and Malabar, on the west of the Nilgiris.

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Moving cautiously round the hill-sides, I suddenly found myself almost in the middle of a flock of ibex, but there was no saddleback to be seen, and by a stealthy retreat I managed to get round them *viâ* some cliffs without disturbing them. Further on I saw a small sambhur stag and three hinds grazing about 400 yards to my right, but the stag was not worth bothering about, and I contrived to pass them successfully.

For another mile the country was blank both on the heights and down the steep hill to the south along the top of which I was moving, when I saw a hind feeding away from me towards the top of a ridge. This was just about the place where the big stag was expected to be; so waiting until she had disappeared, I worked carefully round the south till I could look behind the hill the hind had fed over.

There in a shallow depression were five hinds and the stag himself. Owing to the wind there was only one possible line of approach, and this entailed creeping up a grassy slope in view of the deer 200 yards away. Watching them carefully out of the corner of my eye, the task was almost accomplished when up went a hind's head. I lay there motionless as I thought, but I must have moved, for suddenly she bolted, and the whole lot dashed over the edge of the hill towards the *sholas* below.

Hurrying to the edge, I looked over expecting to see them on the steep slope, but could see no sign of them. Sitting down under a rock, I took out my telescope and examined the ground thoroughly, but not a sign could I see. But what is that brown thing showing over the ridge to the south-east (up-wind)? It is like the hind-quarters of a sambhur. It cannot be a rock as they are all grey; it is not a bit of scrub, and there are no cattle about here. It is about 300 yards away, and although I have a very powerful telescope I cannot make it out.

Suddenly it appears to be getting taller, and I see appear the broad head and white-centred ears of a tiger, which is looking away from me towards the *sholas* below. It is apparently sitting on a ledge on the steep hill-side warming itself in the sun.

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Here is a nice predicament. Here am I alone on the hills with a rifle (.355 Mauser) quite unsuitable for tiger shooting. On the other hand there is a tiger, of which I have never shot one before and which, if it will only stay where it is, offers a good chance of a successful stalk. I therefore decide to see how near I can get to it so as to make sure of a deadly shot. To do so I have to go right down below the tiger, to get over a steep nullah and up the other side in dead ground, and keeping out of sight of it owing to the shape of the hill, come down on top of it.

Trembling with excitement I get across the nullah and creep up the other side, which is so steep that I have to go on my hands and knees (not very pleasant in shorts). Having got well above the level of the place I saw the tiger from, I move over the ridge to get above it when, to my perplexity, I see there are two ridges beyond, on either of which it may be. I decide to descend the nearer one, for if the tiger is on this one and I go to the further one and dislodge a stone, it would be heard, as I would be almost a cross-wind of it.

Sitting down, I let myself slide slowly down the steep hill (keeping an equal watch on the edge in front and on that of the ridge on my left), and presently I see something through the waving grass straight below me.

Lying flat on my back I push myself a foot or two lower with my elbows, and slowly sit up. There is the tiger's head plainly visible through the waving grass; it is looking three-quarters away from me to the left, and is about 30 yards distant.

Lying down again, I take off my rifle cover and leave it on the ground. I creep down another three or four yards with the rifle at full cock and the butt into my shoulder. I gradually raise myself up—there is its head just above the grass. Resting my elbows on my knees and taking a careful aim at the base of its left ear, I slowly press the trigger.

In response to the shot the tiger's forelegs are raised in the air and it disappears sideways down the hill. I move across to the parallel ridge from which I can see the dead ground into

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which it has fallen, and there I see it lying in a grassy hollow some 150 yards below where I shot at it.

I get out my telescope and watch it very carefully for a quarter of an hour or so; seeing no movement I collect some stones, move towards it and hit it several times without response. Gradually I get close to it, and holding the rifle at the aim with my right hand, with finger round the trigger, I pull the tiger's tail with my left hand. There is still no movement and I see its head almost doubled under its body.

I stretch it out and having put in two pegs broken off a neighbouring bush, I roll the body over and measure the distance between the pegs—8 ft. 2 ins. A tigress with a beautiful dark orange coat, a big ruff, and hair 4 inches long under the belly.

This is all very well, but here am I two miles away from, and 1,000 feet above, the nearest possible inhabitant—a forest guard at Avalanche bungalow. I shout and whistle, but to no effect; so taking off my jacket and putting it on the tiger with the rifle-sling and telescope to keep off vultures and jackals, I set forth for help.

Luckily the forest guard is at home. He has no knife but brings a small axe, also his two wives with sacks. We return to the tiger and proceed to skin her with my pocket-knife according to the diagrams in Colonel Stewart's book "Tiger and Other Game," which I had luckily been reading recently.

I did not attempt to skin the feet but pulled the skin over the knee and hock joints and cut them off with the forest guard's axe; and similarly with the head. The forest guard's wives collected two sacks full of fat off the carcase.

We then set forth for the car, the forest guard carrying the skin. Walking through *sholas* and over very rough ground we arrive at the Avalanche track, where the forest guard sits down completely exhausted and soaked through with grease from the skin. Luckily the car is visible from here, and after shouting for some time we attract the driver's attention and he brings the car along.

There being no sign from the coolie, I have to send the driver up to the rock where I had left him, and where he is found

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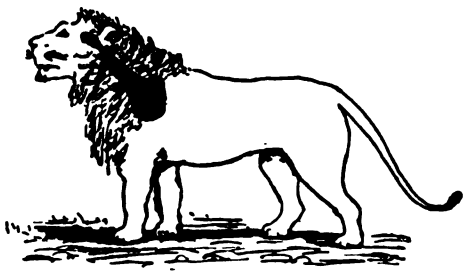
sleeping peacefully. By two o'clock we are back in Ootacamund and I hand over the skin to Van Ingen, who made an excellent job of it. So ends a red-letter day.

* * * * *

The effect of the bullet (soft-nosed Mauser) may be of interest. The skull was in a pulp and both jaw bones were broken at the points of juncture, though not a fragment had come out. The only mark on the skin was the tiny hole under the left ear where the bullet had entered.

"S."



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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

Part IV.*

The War of the Spanish Succession (*Continued*).†

"Oudenarde."
11*th July*, 1708.

At the beginning of 1708 Marlborough had designs upon the French at Charleroi, but as Prince Eugene could not join him this was abandoned. "Lewis XIV (of France) encouraged by the events of 1707, had raised a great army for the invasion of Flanders. It was headed by his eldest grandson and heir, Lewis, Duke of Burgundy, who was to be advised by Marshal Vendome, the best officer in the French service. They crossed the Lys into Flanders and captured Ghent, but Marlborough soon concentrated his forces and fell upon them at Oudenarde."‡ It was undoubtedly the most hazardous action that Marlborough ever fought.§

Oudenarde is on the River Scheldt just below Ghent, and after Burgundy had taken the latter place he moved southward on the east of the river to Oudenarde. Marlborough also was making for the same place, hoping to catch the French before they crossed into safety. "If Vendome and Burgundy were allowed to pass the Scheldt and move up the left bank unhindered nothing could prevent their taking up a strong position in front of Lille. The Duke knew that at French

* Part I dealt with "Tangier, 1662-80"; Part II dealt with "Blenheim"; Part III dealt with "Ramillies."

† The works consulted are the same as on p. 95 of the January, 1932, number.

‡ "History of England," by Sir Charles Oman, p. 470.

§ Fortescue, Vol. I, p. 503.

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Headquarters relations were far from harmonious, Burgundy resenting Vendome's advice, the Marshal fearing to be made the scapegoat for the errors into which he saw his Royal colleague was likely to plunge."* "Burgundy was obstinate, and Vendome brutal and overbearing; they gave contradictory orders to the troops, and were caught in disorder by Marlborough's sudden advance."†

At daybreak on 11th July, 1708, Cadogan, with his advance guard of 15 squadrons, 12 battalions and 32 guns and all the pontoons moved towards Oudenarde to secure a passage over the river, which they reached about 10.30 a.m. The pontoons were at once placed in position and the slopes on the far side of the river occupied. A little later the head of the French advanced guard was seen approaching them in perfect ignorance of their presence. They had crossed the Scheldt leisurely at Gavre, six miles further down the river. Cadogan's cavalry charged a French foraging party whereupon the whole of their advanced guard came into action and reached Eyne, where their Commander, the Marquis of Biron, was astonished to see British and Dutch battalions established between Eyne and Bevere protecting the crossings. He reported this intelligence at once to Vendome who, wishing to attack at once whilst the major portion of the Allies were on the wrong side of the river, gave orders for seven Swiss battalions to occupy Heurne on the allies right flank. As soon as Burgundy heard of it he changed the plan and ordered the French to occupy a position behind the River Norken, between Huysse on their right and Asper on their left. The seven Swiss battalions did not hear of the altered plan and were either captured or destroyed.

Meanwhile Marlborough had dashed forward with the Prussian horse and "passed through the town (of Oudenarde) and drew up between Vendome and home (i.e. France), who begun now to wish he had never undertook his fine project."‡ Meanwhile Marlborough's infantry was moving forward to the Scheldt which it reached about 2 p.m. About 4 p.m. Burgundy

* Atkinson, "Marlborough and the Rise of the British Army," p. 336.
† Oman, *op. cit.*, p. 470.
‡ Kane, *op. cit.*, p. 73.

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determined upon a general attack and pushed his right forward to the high ground above Oudenarde. Their left was intended to advance at the same time but it was apparently overlooked in the squabbling between the leaders. To counter this move Marlborough pushed forward Cadogan's infantry to Groenewald, and as fresh battalions came up they extended the line towards Schaerken. The French fought with great stubbornness but were gradually forced back to Diepenbeck in the rear of Schaerken.

Running westward from Oudenarde is a ridge called Boser Couter, about 3 miles long. The French right did not reach this ridge and it was therefore commanded by anyone in occupation of this point. Marlborough directed Marshal Overkirk to take several battalions of Dutch and Danes and all the cavalry of the left wing, and move under cover of Boser Couter and fall upon the French right from the direction of Oycke. This he did very thoroughly. "The position of the French was now almost desperate. The Maison du Roi made gallant but ineffectual efforts to check Overkirk (Auverquerque) but many of their cavalry cut but a poor figure, for they made a poor shameful fight of it and saved themselves by their horses' heels."* Overkirk's troops pressed rapidly on; and the French right was fairly surrounded on all sides. At length at 9 p.m. Marlborough and Eugene, fearful lest their own troops should engage each other in the darkness, with some difficulty enforced the order to halt and cease firing. Vast numbers of the French seized the moment to escape, but presently all the drums of the Allies began with one accord to beat the French retreat, while the Huguenot officers shouted "A moi, Picardie! A moi, Rouissillon!" to gather the relics of the scattered regiments of the enemy around them. In this way some thousands of prisoners were gleaned, though the harvest which would have been reaped in another hour of daylight was lost. In the French army all was confusion. Vendome tried in vain to keep the troops together till the morning, but Burgundy gave the word for retreat; and the whole mass ran off in disorder towards Ghent."†

* Atkinson, *op. cit.*, p. 342.

† Fortescue, Vol. I, p. 502.

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The Allies lost about 3,000 killed and wounded, the British infantry, though early engaged, suffering but little, while the British Cavalry, being employed on the right to watch the inactive French left, hardly suffered at all.* The French lost 6,000 killed and wounded and 9,000 prisoners only, but they were thoroughly shaken and demoralized for the remainder of the campaign.

Oudenarde is remarkable among Marlborough's victories because it was "encounter battle." There was no forming up and Marlborough had shown his promptitude and tactical insight in his judicious handling of the successive detachments as they arrived. By pushing forward Cadogan to Groenewald, so as to prevent the French from getting out of the enclosed country into the open, he had checked their main body of infantry with a weaker force and had given an example in tactics of the principle of "economy of force,"‡ as well as a proof of his eye for ground and his capacity to turn to good use obstacles and broken country.§

Marlborough was far from fit in health during the battle, in fact he had been ill of a fever for some days, but this did not interfere with his usual energetic action.‖

An interesting feature in connection with Oudenarde is the Order of Battle. Fortescue states¶—"So ended the battle of Oudenarde, presenting on one side a feature rare in these days, namely, a general engagement without an order of battle." There was, however, an Order of Battle, but it did not come to light until 1914, when it was discovered by Major (now Colonel) C. T. Tomes, D.S.O., M.C., The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, in an old deed box mixed up with some family

* British losses: 4 officers and 49 men killed, 17 officers and 160 men wounded. (Fortescue, Vol. I, p. 504).

‡ "Field Service Regulations." Vol. II (Operations) 1929. Sec. 8.

§ Atkinson, *op. cit.*, p. 343-344.

‖ He did not write a despatch of this action, but sent Lord Stair home to give the Queen all details—*vide* Marlborough's Despatches, Vol. IV, p. 104, letter to "Mr. Secretary Boyle," dated "Camp at Oudenarde, 12th July, 1708."

¶ Fortescue, Vol. I, p. 503.

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papers.* A summary of the Order is as follows:—

1ST LINE.

Cavalry

4 squadrons Foreign Dragoons.
3 " Royal Britain " (R. Scots Greys).
3 " Royal Ireland " (5th Lancers).
3 " Foreign Horse.
3 " Lumley's " (1st K.D.G.).
2 " Palme's " (6th D.G.).
2 " Cadogan's " (5th D.G.).
2 " Wood's " (3rd D.G.).
2 " Schomberg's " (7th D.G.).
Orrey's Foot (raised 1702 disbanded 1713).
2 Foreign battalions.
Evan's Foot (raised 1703 disbanded 1713).

Cavalry 26 squadrons Foreign Cavalry.
Gardes Britton (Grenadier Guards).
Royal Britton (Royal Scots 1st Bn.).
Temple's (raised 1702 disbanded 1713).
How's (East Yorkshire Regt.).
Royal Britton 2nd Bn. (Royal Scots 2nd Bn.).
Lalo's (Royal Scots Fusiliers).
Preston's (The Cameronians).
North's (The Lincolnshire Regt.).

Infantry

Argyle's (The Buffs).
Primrose's (The South Wales Borderers).
Godfrey's (The Beds. & Herts.).
Weeb's (Webb's) (The King's).
Sabine's (The Royal Welch Fusiliers).
Meredith's (The Hampshire Regt.).
Ingoldsby's (The Royal Irish Regt.).
25 Foreign battalions.
Tullybardine's.
Hepburn's.
Colyear's.
8 Foreign battalions.

Cavalry 33 Foreign squadrons.
Murray's.

Infy. Albemarle.
2 Foreign battalions.

Cavalry 11 Foreign squadrons.

The 2nd Line was composed of Foreign troops.

* An interesting article on this Order of Battle will be found in "Fighting Forces," Vol. I (1924) pp. 487-497, by Captain C. T. Atkinson, the author of the oft-quoted work on Marlborough. The Order of Battle is reproduced in facsimile in that article.

One noticeable omission from the Order is the Coldstream Guards who were certainly present at the battle and bear the honour for it. With the British Cavalry is shown Lieutenant-Generals Lumley, Ross and Wood, Major-General Cadogan and Brigadiers Stair, Kellum, Sibourg and Evans.

REGIMENTS BEARING THE HONOUR "OUDENARDE."*

Granted under the authority of Horse Guards letter, dated 29th April, 1882.

Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.*	*Title when honour was granted.*
1st King's Dragoon Guards	Lumley's Horse ..	1st Dragoon Guards.
3rd Carabiniers	Wood's Horse ..	3rd Dragoon Guards.†
	Palme's Carabiniers ..	6th Dragoon Guards.†
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards	Cadogan's Horse ..	5th Dragoon Guards.‡

* Notes † and ‡ same as below "Blenheim" table on p. 104.

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Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.*	*Title when honour was granted.*
4th/7th Dragoon Guards..	Schomberg's Horse ..	7th Dragoon Guards.‡
The Royal Scots Greys ..	Royal British (or Lord Stair's) Dragoons	2nd Dragoons.
16th/5th Lancers	Royal Irish (or Ross's) Dragoons	5th Lancers.‡
Grenadier Guards.. ..	First Guards	Grenadier Guards.
Coldstream Guards ..	Coldstream Guards ..	Coldstream Guards.
The Royal Scots	Orkney's Regt. ..	The Lothian Regt.
The Buffs	Argyle's Regt. ..	The East Kent Regt.
The King's Regt.	Webb's Regt... ..	The Liverpool Regt.
The Lincolnshire Regt. ..	North & Gray's Regt.	The Lincolnshire Regt.
The East Yorkshire Regt.	How's Regt.	The East Yorkshire Regt.
The Beds. & Herts. Regt.	Godfrey's Regt. ..	The Bedfordshire Regt.
The Royal Irish Regt.§ ..	Ingoldsby's Regt. ..	The Royal Irish Regt.
The Royal Scots Fusiliers	Lalo's Regt.‖	The Royal Scots Fusiliers.
The Royal Welch Fusiliers	Sabine's Fusiliers ..	The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
The South Wales Borderers	Primrose's Regt. ..	The South Wales Borderers.
The Cameronians	Preston's Regt. ..	The Scottish Rifles.
The Hampshire Regt. ..	Meredith's Regt. ..	The Hampshire Regt.

Notes ‡ and § same as below "Blenheim" table on p. 104.
‖ See Note * on p. 104.

"MALPLAQUET."

11*th September*, 1709.

After Oudenarde Marlborough pursued the French over the frontier and laid seige to the fortress of Lille which fell on 9th December, 1708, Marshal Boufflers and 15,000 men laying down their arms. Louis of France was brought very low but still refused to treat with the Allies on their terms. "So protesting that the continuance of the war was no fault of his, he sent his plate to the mint, sold his costly furniture and pictures, and made a desperate appeal to the French nation to maintain the integrity of its frontiers and its national pride. By a supreme effort nearly 100,000 men, under Marshal Villars, were collected and ranged along the borders of Flanders. With this army Marlborough had to deal next year. He was proceeding with the siege of the fortress of Mons, when Villars came up to hinder him and took post on the heath of Malplaquet.†

† "History of England," by Sir Charles Oman, p. 471.

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"Our Generals finding that Villars had posted himself so near to them, did not think it proper to suffer him to remain there, while they were carrying on the siege, whereupon they marched up to him, and would have engaged him that evening, had all the army come up in time enough. They therefore deferred it till the next morning, and in the meantime the armies cannonaded each other till night came on."* This took place on the 9th September, 1709, and the battle was not fought until two days later.

"Few things in Marlborough's military career," says Atkinson,† "have been more adversely criticised than the delay in the Allied attack at Malplaquet," and he goes on to discuss the pros and cons of the situation. It appears that the allied commanders, except Marlborough, did not consider they were strong enough to attack the French until General Withers with his troops had joined the army from the west of Mons.

The area of operations lay between the River Haine, which runs due west from Mons, and to near Maubeuge on the River Sambre. Across this area is a belt of forest with an opening towards the northern end and another towards the southern in which was the hamlet of Malplaquet. Through the northern gap "the road from Valenciennes runs now through the buildings and slag heaps in which the 5th Division made their great stand in 1914" (Atkinson).

Villars feinted as though he intended to reach Mons by the northern gap hoping to draw the Allies towards it and then to slip in through the southern. He did, in fact, move at daybreak on the 9th September from opposite the northern gap towards the southern, screened by the forest of Sars. But the Allied generals had anticipated him and were actually reconnoitring the position when his leading troops arrived. He immediately took up a position covering the gap, with both flanks resting on the woods, and commenced "digging-in." Actually he had on his right in the Bois de la Laniere and the adjacent entrenchments, 37 battalions under d'Artagan, with another eight in

* Parker, *op. cit.*, p. 161.

† *Op. cit.*, p. 395.

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support. His right centre, separated from his right by a battery of 20 guns, was held by 17 battalions including the famous Gardes Suisses and Gardes Francaises. The left centre stretching to the edge of the Bois de Sars was entrusted to 13 battalions in front line, among them the 5 battalions of the Irish Brigade, with the 4 battalions of the Bavarians and Cologne Guards in reserve. Twenty-three battalions held the edges of the Bois de Sars, among them some of the most famous in the French service, Le Roi, Provence, and Royal Marine; another 17 were posted in the second line entrenchments behind the wood. The Cavalry, a total of 260 squadrons, were massed in rear of the centre in readiness to pass through the gaps which had been left in the entrenchments and fall upon the enemy as they climbed the slope. Eighty guns were judiciously posted at intervals, mostly in front of the entrenchments but some in the woods to flank the approaches. Boufflers was in command of the right, Villars reserving to himself the special supervision of the left.*

Fortescue† says the French position was formidable but it had its defects; a small coppice (Bois de Tiry) in front of the entrenchments masked the movements of the Allied centre; on the left the Bois de Sars extended beyond the French salient position and therefore masked the Allied movements on that flank. Finally, the French cavalry, being massed in rear of the entrenchments, could take no part in the action until the defences were forced, and was thus incapable of delivering any counter-stroke. Marlborough and Eugene accordingly decided to make a feint attack on the French right and a true attack on their left front and flank. Villars would then be obliged to reinforce his left from the centre, which would enable the defences across the open to be carried, and the whole of the allied cavalry to charge forward and cut the French line in twain.

The opposing forces were just about equal in strength. The Order of Battle for the Allies was as follows :—‡

* Atkinson, *op. cit.*, p. 397.
† Fortescue, *op. cit.*, p. 520.
‡ Fortescue, *op. cit.*, p. 527.

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LEFT. 1st *Line.*	RIGHT WING ONLY.		RIGHT.	
		Orrery's Brigade.	Kelburn's Brigade.	Sybourg's Brigade.
8th Foot.	27 squadrons of foreign cavalry.	26th Cameronians.	1st Dragoon Guards, 2 squadrons.	Scots Greys, 3 squadrons.
24th Foot.	1 Batt. 1st Guards.	Two foreign battalions.	5th " " 2 "	5th Royal Irish Dragoons, 2 squadrons.
21st Royal Scots Fusiliers.	1 " Coldstream Guards.	Prendergast's Foot.	7th " " 2 "	
18th Royal Irish.	1 " Royal Scots.		6th " " 1 "	
	37th Foot.		3rd " " 2 "	
	10th Foot.			
	2nd Batt. Royal Scots.			
	23rd Royal Welch.			
	Orrery's Foot.			
	3rd Buffs.			
	Temple's Foot.			
	Evan's Foot.			
	16th Foot.			

No British troops in the 2nd Line; but the 15th and 19th Foot were also present at the action of Malplaquet.

At 3 a.m. on the morning of 11th September, 1709, prayers were said in the Allied camp and then the artillery moved into position. There was a dense mist which did not clear until 7.30 a.m. when the guns of both armies opened. The French salient in the Bois de Sars on their left was attacked and the allies met with the greatest resistance. No headway could be made until Villars noticed Marlborough bring up a mass of cavalry on which he withdrew some reinforcements he had sent to his left. The fighting in the wood was terrific but "slowly and with a horrid carnage" the French were pressed back.

The Prince of Orange, who was in command of the allied left wing, "lost patience and without waiting for orders, opened not a false but a real attack against the French right" (Fortescue). The Prince lost heavily and was beaten back at all points, "in fact, his precipitation had brought about little less than a disaster."

On the Allied right Villars had sent the Irish Brigade (the "Wild Geese") in the French service against Withers' Brigade, and by an irony of fate it fell to the 18th Royal Irish to wipe them off the field of battle with three volleys.

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Villars was soon afterwards struck on the knee by a musket shot, and for a while continued to conduct affairs from a chair until he fainted and was carried insensible from the field. Gradually the French centre was weakened to reinforce their left, and this was the movement for which Marlborough had waited. The guns were moved forward and Lord Orkney, leading the British infantry, captured the first line of redans at the first rush. The Prince of Orange advanced again and cleared his front. The allied cavalry followed close behind him and were promptly charged by the French. Boufflers put himself at the head of the French Gendarmerie and drove back the Dutch cavalry, but he was checked by Orkney's men. Three times the Gendarmerie charged the Dutch in an attempt to annihilate them but our infantry fire drove them back each time. Then Marlborough at the head of the British and Prussian horse fell upon the Gendarmerie but Boufflers brought up fresh troops and charged Marlborough, crashing through his first two lines. Then Eugene advanced at the head of the Imperial cavalry and drove the French back. The allied cavalry on the left also met with success and isolated the French right from its centre.

Orkney writes with admiration of four squadrons of British who played a great part in the struggle :—" Jimmy Campbell at the head of the grey dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) behaved like an angel and broke through both lines. So did Pandon with little Lord Lumley and the head of one of Lumley's (K.D.G.) and one of Wood's." (3rd D.G.)

About 4 p.m. Boufflers seeing that the day was now lost ordered a general retreat to Bavay which was carried out in admirable order.

The French lost about 12,000 and the Allies 20,000, the latter due chiefly to the madness of the Prince of Orange.

Commenting on the action, Denison,* writes :—" At Malplaquet Marlborough again employed his cavalry to break the enemy's line of battle, and here again the attack was made in the centre. This charge of cavalry is the more remarkable as it

* " History of Cavalry," p. 242.

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was made against a strong line of entrenchments which the French had thrown up to defend the position.†

† Marlborough's despatch to the Queen gives no details of the fighting. Here it is:—

"TO THE QUEEN.

CAMP AT BLAREGNIES, 11*th September*, 1709.

MADAM,

Since we marched from Tournay, the army has been in continual motion. Upon the approach of the enemy this way, and for the last two nights, the troops have lain under their arms in order to attack them, which we did early this morning, and after a very obstinate battle, wherein great numbers have suffered on both sides, God Almighty has been pleased to give Your Majesty's arms such a victory as, if your allies please, may give you quiet for the rest of your life. I send Lieut.-Colonel Graham express with this good news, and humbly crave leave to congratulate Your Majesty upon so great a success, being with the utmost respect,

Madam, Your Majesty's
Most Dutiful, most obedient and most faithful subject and servant,
MARLBOROUGH."

REGIMENTS BEARING THE HONOUR "MALPLAQUET."*

Granted under the authority of Horse Guards letter, dated 29th April, 1882.

Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.*	*Title when honour was granted.*
1st King's Dragoon Guards	Lumley's Horse ..	1st Dragoon Guards.
3rd Carabiniers	Wood's Horse ..	3rd Dragoon Guards.†
	Palme's Carabiniers ..	6th Dragoon Guards.†
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.	Cadogan's Horse ..	5th Dragoon Guards.‡
4th/7th Dragoon Guards ..	Schomberg's Horse ..	7th Dragoon Guards.‡
The Royal Scots Greys ..	Royal British (or Lord Stair's) Dragoons	2nd Dragoons.
16th/5th Lancers	Royal Irish (or Ross's) Dragoons	5th Lancers.‡
Grenadier Guards	First Guards ..	Grenadier Guards.
Coldstream Guards ..	Coldstream Guards ..	Coldstream Guards.
The Royal Scots	Orkney's Regt. ..	The Lothian Regt.
The Buffs	Argyle's Regt. ..	The East Kent Regt.
The King's Regt.	Webb's Regt. ..	The Liverpool Regt.
The Lincolnshire Regt. ..	North & Gray's Regt.	The Lincolnshire Regt.
The East Yorkshire Regt.	How's Regt. ..	The East Yorkshire Regt.
The Beds. & Herts. Regt.	Godfrey's Regt. ..	The Bedfordshire Regt.

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Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.*	*Title when honour was granted.*
The Royal Irish Regt.§ ..	Ingoldsby's Regt. ..	The Royal Irish Regt.
The Green Howards ..	Erle's Regt.	The Yorkshire Regt.
The Royal Scots Fusiliers	Lalo's Regt.	The Royal Scots Fusiliers.
The Royal Welch Fusiliers	Sabine's Fusiliers ..	The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
The South Wales Borderers	Primrose's Regt. ..	The South Wales Borderers.
The Cameronians	Preston's Regt. ..	The Scottish Rifles.
The Hampshire Regt. ..	Meredith's Regt. ..	The Hampshire Regt.

* Notes †, ‡ and § same as below "Blenheim" table, on page 104

Notes on the Cavalry Regiments which took part in the War of the Spanish Succession.

Present Title.	*Date of Raising.*	*Changes in Title.*
1st King's Dragoon Guards.	6th June, 1685, by Sir John Lanier.*	Raised as the 2nd Regiment of Horse and designated :— "The Queen's Regiment of Horse." "King's Regiment of Horse," 1714, on the accession of George I, there being no Queen Consort. "1st or King's Regiment of Dragoon Guards," 1746, on re-organisation as a Dragoon regiment. "1st King's Dragoon Guards"—1920.
3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards).		Formed by the amalgamation of 3rd Dragoon Guards (Prince of Wales's) and The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards) under Army Order 133 of 1922 as "3rd/6th Dragoon Guards," which was changed to present title under A.O. 238/1928.
(*a*) 3rd Dragoon Guards.	23rd June, 1685, by the Earl of Plymouth and others.*	"Fourth Horse"—Rank on raising. "3rd Dragoon Guards"—1746, on re-organisation as a Dragoon Regiment. "3rd, or Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards"—1765. "3rd Dragoon Guards (Prince of Wales's)"—1920.

* To meet the rebellion headed by the Duke of Monmouth.

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Present Title.	*Date of Raising.*	*Changes in Title.*
(*b*) The Carabiniers	30th July, 1685, by Lord Lumley.*	"9th Horse"—Rank on raising and designated:— "The Queen Dowager's Horse." "The Carabiniers"—1691. "3rd Irish Horse"—1746. "6th Dragoon Guards" (Carabiniers)—1788.
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.		Formed by the amalgamation of the 5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) and The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons) under Army Order 133 of 1922 and designated "5th/6th Dragoons"; changed to present title by Army Order 179/1927.
(*a*) 5th Dragoon Guards.	29th July, 1685, by the Earl of Shrewsbury.*	"7th Horse"—Rank on raising. "6th Horse"—1690, on disbandment of a senior regiment. "2nd Irish (or Green) Horse"—1746. "5th Dragoon Guards"—1788 on re-organisation as a Dragoon Regiment. "5th, or Princess Charlotte of Wales's Dragoon Guards"—1804. "5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales's)"—1920.
(*b*) The Inniskillings.	1st Jan., 1689, by Sir Albert Cunningham from the Inniskilling Forces, raised during the seige.	Did not take part in the Campaign.

* To meet the rebellion headed by the Duke of Monmouth.

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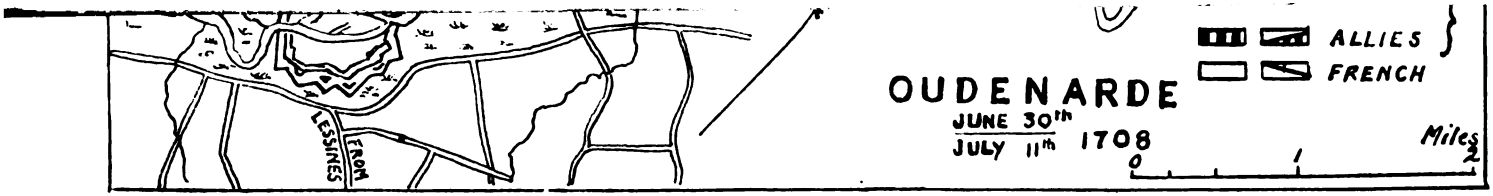

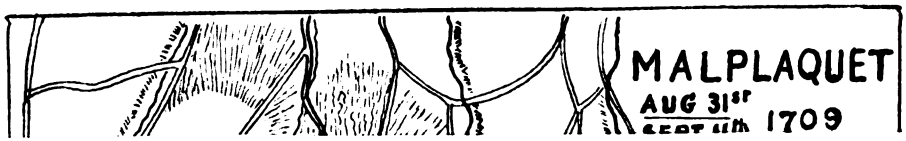

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Present Title.	*Date of Raising.*	*Changes in Title*
4th/7th Dragoon Guards.		Formed by the amalgamation of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards and 7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's) under Army Order 133 of 1922.
(*a*) 4th Dragoon Guards.	28th July, 1685*	Did not take part in this Campaign.
(*b*) 7th Dragoon Guards.	31st Dec., 1688, by the Earl of Devonshire.†	"10th Horse"—Rank on raising. "8th Horse"—1692, on disbandment of two senior regiments. "4th Irish (or Black) Horse"—1746. "7th Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards"—1788, on re-organisation as a Dragoon Regiment. "7th Dragoon Guards" (Princess Royal's)—1920.
The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons).	Regimented in 1681 under Lieut.-General Thomas Dalziel.	"The Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons"—1681. "Grey Dragoons" or "Scots Regiment of White Horses"—1702, about. "The Royal North British Dragoons"—1707. "2nd, or Royal North British Dragoons"—1751. "The 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys)"—1877. "The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons)"—1920.
16th/5th Lancers.		Formed by the amalgamation of the 16th The Queen's Lancers, and 5th Royal Irish Lancers, under Army Order 133 of 1922.
(*a*) 16th Lancers.	11th Aug., 1759.	Raised subsequent to the Campaign.
(*b*) 5th Lancers.	1st Jan., 1689, by Captain James Wynne from the Inniskilling forces raised during the siege.	"The Royal Irish Dragoons"—1704. Disbanded 1799. Restored to establishment—1858, as "5th Royal Irish Lancers."

* To meet the rebellion headed by the Duke of Monmouth.

† Raised by William III to assist the rebellion against James II.

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IBEX SHOOTING IN BALTISTAN

By WEGH.

I CAME to India for the first time rather later in life than most soldiers do, and I quite made up my mind that big game shooting would occupy little of my time and thoughts; fortunately for me, there were keen shikaris in the mess, and it was not long before I changed my way of thinking. The lure of a holiday tramping, discovering, and climbing in the distant Himalayas, in a cold and bright atmosphere, could hardly be repressed in the fetid and stagnating summer climate of a plain's station. And what finer excuse, if any were needed, to give object to the expedition, and to take one from the beaten track of civilization, than the pursuit of the wily ibex. Widely distributed, but attaining the best maturity in the more distant ranges, this handsome goat, reputed to be endowed with the finest senses of sight and smell, and to inhabit the high, wild and steepest places of the mountains, seemed naturally to be the ideal quarry.

I tried in British Lahaul, and I got experience, but no ibex. In August and September a good head was only likely to be encountered at 17,000 or 18,000 feet; the work was strenuous, and the climbing hard, and, although my native shikari did his best, we never saw a shootable animal. On one occasion all my provisions and most of the kit had to be abandoned on the top of a pass owing to a sudden and heavy snowfall, and I existed on rice and dahl for three days until my provisions could be recovered.

In the pursuit of big game, ill-fortune seems to provide a greater spur to further effort than success, and the following year I determined to try again for ibex, this time turning my

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attention to Baltistan, in Northern Kashmir, resolved to wipe out the stain of such a signal failure.

The first marches of the route from Srinagar are familiar to many; the crossing of the Wular Lake, the largest in India, by native boat just after dawn; the climb of 6,000 feet over the Tragbal Pass; and the march up the beautiful and well timbered valley of Gurais, until one comes to the foot of the next pass at Burzil. Here the path leaves the main route to Gilgit and crosses the Deosai Plateau. For forty miles the traveller walks or rides over this well-grassed plateau, at a height of over 13,000 feet, without seeing a tree or bush, or the sign of any human habitation, or work, except the path worn by coolies and ponies, and even this in many places is difficult to trace. The chief inhabitant is the marmot, who sits up over his burrow and screams at the intruder.

It was early September when I reached this locality and an exceptionally early fall of snow had blocked the route for several days. We were lucky, and most of it had cleared when we arrived; however, a threatening sky with a promise of more snow made us hurry our steps and we crossed the plateau in two marches, reaching the final pass of 15,900 feet, upon which there was still nearly three feet of snow, just before dark.

There is complete change of scenery when one reaches the summit of the pass, whence the path leads within six miles to the valley of the Indus some 8,000 feet below. Baltistan, which is now before us, is gaunt, barren, and rugged. Splendid in its massive outline of snow-capped peaks and immense glaciers, but not beautiful.

We camped that night near the top of the pass and early next morning a herd of sixteen ibex passed within half a mile of the camp. The best ram in it had a head of about 35 inches, which is the shootable limit in Baltistan; he had a game leg, but this did not prevent him butting his confreres, in fact he seemed particularly pugnacious. All very pretty to watch through the high-powered telescope, which, in the wonderful light of that country, enables every detail to be seen.

The same day we reached Skardu, which is on the banks of the Indus and, like all habitations in Baltistan, is an oasis

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formed by careful irrigation, using the water from a glacier stream, the rainfall there being only three or four inches a year. The remainder of the valley is rock and sand, with a little sparse grass on the hillsides.

I watched a game of polo at Skardu, which I think is one of the first places at which the game was played. The Rajah and his retinue arrived in regal state, escorted by an extremely vicious band of three local instruments. With some ceremony, in which the owners' whips appeared to be the chief medium, the teams of six a side were chosen, and the gaunt hillmen, variously attired, mounted their twelve-hand shaggy ponies. The ground is about two hundred yards, by sixty yards, and is surrounded by a rough stone wall. The rules are rather different from the polo we know, but of the players some rode hard and some were less zealous, as in other games of polo. The game lasted three quarters of an hour without a pause, although each rider had only one pony.

At Skardu one leaves behind the ponies, which until now have carried the kit, and transfers the loads to the slower but surer coolies. We crossed the Indus by ferry and marched up the Shiggar Valley making for the Chogo Lungmia Glacier, which is five marches up the river, and from which the Shiggar River issues. For the last three marches the going is very rough, and during the spring months there is considerable difficulty in crossing the streams and rivers. The water was low in September and we were not delayed, though the sight of the rifles and kit crossing the Shiggar River by skin raft was an anxious one to a person unaccustomed to these frail craft. Several journeys take a long time as the raft, propelled only by stout staves, lands more than half a mile further down stream than where it started, whence it must be dragged back for the next journey, and the skins again blown up.

At the foot of the Chogo Lungmia Glacier is the last human habitation. From there we crossed the glacier and moved a day's march up its left bank. That day we saw the tracks of red bear, wolf, and shapoo. The camp was pitched at a height of about 12,000 feet in the mouth of a side nullah, where it was well concealed from view. Late that evening my shikari

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spotted ibex on the far side of the main glacier, some two miles away. It was a fine piece of work, and, although we could not see, even with the telescope, the size of their heads, the shikari was convinced that they were good ones.

At dawn next day the ibex were feeding in the same locality, but the wind was in a bad quarter, and so we left them and worked up our side of the main glacier instead. At 10 a.m. we spotted a herd of sixteen ibex feeding on the hillside about 1,000 feet above us, but the two heads in it were each under 40 inches, and in consequence we did not molest them. Snow and mist obscured the hills at midday and so we returned to camp. In the evening the weather cleared up, and we got a view of the ibex on the far side of the glacier. There were eleven of them, all males, and my shikari thought that several of them carried heads of over 40 inches.

At dawn the following day the weather gave greater promise of settled conditions, which would mean a steady, dependable wind, and so we decided to try for the ibex which had already been seen. The Chogo Lungmia Glacier is about a mile broad at this point, and takes some little time to cross. By the time it was light we were halfway across the glacier and saw two herds of ibex at the mouth of a subsidiary nullah, but the herd of good heads could not be picked up with the glasses or telescope.

We continued the crossing of the glacier, and later, when the light in the subsidiary nullah had improved, we saw the herd we were after, grazing away from us, about two miles distant. We were up against a hard proposition, for it would be difficult to pass the two herds of small ibex without them giving the alarm to the others. Their shrill whistle, if we were noticed, would immediately warn the herd we were stalking, even if none of the frightened animals actually made off up the nullah. We decided to try to pass the two herds, as the glacier we were at present in, and the one in the subsidiary nullah, afforded a very fair chance of concealment.

Two hours were spent passing these herds, the nearest members of which were at one time only 400 yards distant. Then the wind shifted and we were compelled to halt for two hours. During this time our quarry continued to graze away

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from us, until just before noon they lay down for their midday rest. A storm at the head of the nullah gave us a suitable wind and, thinking it was sufficiently late in the day for it not to be likely to change again, the stalk was decided upon. Moving along the bottom of the nullah we had a good covered line of approach, though the going was steep and rough and rather treacherous. We covered two to three miles at our best pace, and I took over the rifle for the final stalk. Then the wind, fickle jade, blew a gust from our backs, and the ibex got up and made off. My shikari wished me to fire, but a shot at 300 yards at a moving target is hardly a fair one. The trudge back to camp seemed very long, and the crossing of the main glacier even more arduous than in the morning. We reached camp after dark, very weary and disappointed.

The whole time we were after ibex the weather was unsettled, and we could seldom count on a steady breeze in one direction for any length of time. This naturally made the stalking very difficult, for there is no question that ibex take more notice of scent even than sight. Perhaps it is, that in the case of scent, the whole herd is likely to get it, and there can be doubt as to what it is, whilst in the case of sight, usually only one or two animals detect the intruder, and they may not be sufficiently certain to give the alarm whistle, and so the herd, though suspicious, may settle down again if nothing further untoward happens. Normally the wind blows down the nullahs early and late in the day, and up the nullahs at midday, but on this trip we were unable to place any reliance upon its direction. Though we never experienced heavy snow, no day passed without showers, and this presumably was the cause of the unsteady wind.

For four days after this we saw no shootable heads though we saw several herds of small rams and females. The fear that the second venture, like the first, was doomed to failure, would persist, for my leave was limited, and I had not sufficient time to trek to a different locality. In most shoots in the hills much of the time is taken getting to and from the ground, leaving little time for actual shooting. In this case my march to and

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The last human habitation at the foot of the Chogo Lungmia Glacier.

On the Chogo Lungmia Glacier.
(The Coolies can be seen on the right of the photograph).

The Chogo Lungmia Glacier, showing typical Ibex Country.

41-inch Ibex.

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from Srinagar amounted to about 400 miles, which in itself took up more than half the time I had at my disposal.

We were out each day from dawn to dark and probably no one, who has not experienced it, realizes quite what hard work that entails at a high altitude.

The scene of operations had by now been transferred to a big nullah which branched into two forks three or four miles from its mouth; my camp was established at the fork.

By 11 a.m. one day we had worked nearly to the head of the left fork of this nullah and it looked like another blank, as there was only a small portion of ground which we had not already searched with the glasses and telescope. I sat down for lunch whilst my untirable shikari moved on a little way to view the rest of the nullah. Soon afterwards a coolie came back to say a good herd had been spotted; I was soon with the shikari and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the herd resting about a thousand yards away, and of realizing that in it were at least three or four good heads.

The herd was scattered and was in a curious position. Four watchers were lying on a hundred-foot ridge of the glacier, calmly surveying the whole valley, whilst those of the herd that we could see were resting on the glacier. We worked forward up the middle of the glacier, but it was soon obvious that, by following this route, we could not hope to get closer than 400 yards.

Retracing our steps we tried to approach under the hillside, but from this direction the wind was uncertain. My shikari was in favour of trying the stalk, but my last experience was too fresh in my memory, and I refused. As by this time it was 3 p.m., we regretfully decided to leave the herd in peace until the morrow, and to return to camp, which we reached at nightfall.

By 8 a.m. next day we had climbed to a point on the hillside some 2,000 feet above where we expected the ibex would be grazing at this hour, and it was with a sense of great relief that we saw the herd where we expected them. Study through the telescope revealed more than 50 ibex, an exceptionally large herd, which was much scattered, and which consisted of

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females, young males, several males with heads of about 38 inches, and one party of eight old warriors with grand heads, all over 40 inches. They were a fine sight, and in watching their movements through the telescope, the mission of destruction which had brought us so far was almost forgotten.

Our position was perfectly screened from view as we were in a small deep depression, in which we could move concealed, either up or down the mountain. The lower end of the depression was on a level with the herd, and was near the high ridge where the watchers had been stationed the day before. The old warriors were in a bunch together on the far side of the herd, about three quarters of a mile from us. As we looked at them the glacier was below us on our left, whilst the mountain towered above on our right; unfortunately above the herd there was a steep bare grass slope devoid of cover. Although the wind was right, we had to admit that the big ibex in their present position were impregnable, owing to the open ground above them and the position of the other animals.

If the herd moved to its resting place of the day before, we should, if lucky, get an easy chance by moving down the depression in which we were in. There was nothing to be done but to wait and hope for the best.

About 9.30 a.m. the big heads unexpectedly lay down without having moved their positions appreciably; for the time of year it was very early for them to stop grazing.

Half an hour later, however, two of the best rams got up and, with one smaller male and seven females, moved down towards yesterday's resting place. The others did not follow. The two big fellows were very sedate and reminded me of a man, passed middle age, proceeding down Piccadilly to his club. They were taking no chances and two of them, including a dark fellow with a magnificent head, walked along the top of the 100-foot ridge at the edge of the glacier. We descended some 1,000 feet and watched them moving towards us, still some thousand feet below. They loitered along, and then two of them lay down on the ridge, but unfortunately they had not yet come far enough to make a successful stalk possible.

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We had of course tested the wind at frequent intervals but now, alas, there is a puff at our backs, and the little band is off at a fast walk across the glacier. The worst has again happened and things look black indeed. However, the main herd has not moved, and apparently did not see the others go off. The alarmed ibex move on for half a mile, when the three males halt on a peak of the glacier and look towards the main herd. So they stand for some time. Tense moments pass. What will be the result, and will they communicate their fear to the rest of the herd?

We have moved back up the depression, the main herd being still unalarmed; we sit huddled up, without moving, that our scent may be the less.

After some time the three rams return to the herd, though the seven females are not so trusting, and we watch the latter's progress across the glacier and then up the precipitous snow covered slopes beyond.

We lunch and lie in ambush, at one moment shivering in the cold wind of a snow storm, and at the next warmed by a bright sun. Bad weather for stalking an animal, which can wind mankind nearly a mile away, but what can be done, when day after day the weather is like this; one cannot wait indefinitely for fine days and steady winds.

Some of the ibex lie down whilst others feed; they have all moved nearer to the bottom end of the depression we are in, but we dare not descend again to meet them. By now four watchers are lying on the top of the 100-foot ridge at the edge of the glacier whilst the rest of the herd are above them on the hillside, quite safe from any advance from below.

We move higher up and make another reconnaissance of the open ground above the herd. There is a slight hollow running down the slope, but, though it just gives concealment from the main herd to a man lying down, it gives little or no cover from the watchers on the ridge.

At this moment the wind blows strongly and steadily in our faces and I decide to try the stalk. One reason for arriving at this decision is that the eight good heads are now the nearest ibex to us, a condition which might not be fulfilled again for

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several days, for these old warriors know exactly whence danger may be expected, and consider the women folk should take the risk.

The shikari and I slither and slip on our backs downwards for a thousand feet, testing the wind every few minutes. We continue with the greatest caution, but our movements have not eluded the watchers on the ridge, to whom we are exposed, and they are up, but do not give the alarm whistle. As we look at them they are beyond the herd; three of them move further away whilst the fourth, either more faithful to his trust, or perhaps even sent as the messenger, comes towards the herd which immediately bunches. A voice at my elbow says "Maro, Sahib, Maro" (Shoot, Shoot). But 350 yards is too far and, besides, the choice of a good head is almost impossible as we peer through the grass. Strange to say the old gentlemen of the herd seem the least affected by the news the watcher has brought; they seem to rely almost entirely on the rest of the herd for protection.

After twenty minutes of anxious waiting the herd settles to feed again, the big heads still being, fortunately, the nearest to us. Now that the watchers on the ridges are absent our task is easier, and we squirm our way nearer and nearer towards our quarry.

At last we get to a distance which I reckon is just over two hundred yards, and a further advance is out of the question. We wait for a good opportunity, and I try to get into some sort of position for the shot. The herd is now nearly on the same level, but just below us, and we are on the steep grass covered slope. The shikari grips one leg to prevent me rolling down the hill, and we wait until the best head will present a broadside target.

Long minutes pass, and we contemplate how many hundreds of miles we have walked for this shot. If a miss, shall we ever get another chance? He is broadside now and the die must be cast.

A feeling of extraordinary relief passes as he rolls head over heels down the mountain. The herd stampedes but stops after twenty yards, uncertain whence the shot has come. Another shot and they are off. After going a couple of hundred yards I notice that the second ibex fired at is lagging, and so two more

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shots are fired at about 400 yards, and very luckily one of them takes effect, for he reels heavily to it. We follow this ibex at our best pace, whilst my coolies, who have been watching from some distance away, race down the khud side to halal the first victim.

After ten minutes search the shikari spots the wounded ibex still going, but very sickly, some hundreds of feet above us. He is dispatched with a long shot, but I am sorry to say that, after our scramble over the mountain side, it took more than one bullet to do the deed.

My shikari collapsed in his effort to get to this ibex to halal it before it expired and it took ten minutes hard climbing to get to it. It had died at once, and though one is glad for this, it means that the carcase is useless for food for one's servants and coolies, who in that part are all Mohammedans and will not touch it unless it has been "halaled." The point of one horn was much worn away, but it was a massive head of an old ram and measured 42½ inches. As we believed the first ibex to be the bigger, we now had great hopes it would be a really good head, nor were we disappointed, as on arrival at the bottom of the slope it proved to be an exceptionally massive one of 46½ inches, though unfortunately the spread was not good.

On arrival at camp I decided not to try for the third ibex which my license allowed me, but to move down the valley and try for red bear and shapoo. However, I found that my shikari needed a rest so badly, that next morning I left him at camp and tried the right hand fork of the nullah.

Until now the shooting of an ibex had been anything but simple, but this day was to show how easy it can be, when all the luck runs one way. We had not gone more than a couple of miles before we sighted a herd lying down in a sheltered corner under the hill; from their position they must have been in their night's resting place, which was strange considering it was by then 7.30 a.m.

I do not know whether their suspicions had been aroused or not, but they got up and moved slowly away, and I was able to examine their heads through the glass at about 300 yards

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range. This could not be the herd of the previous day, as there was no ram in it with a head of over 42 inches.

The ibex disappeared behind a small knoll in some broken ground and, as the wind was right, I moved up quickly to the other side of the knoll. In passing such a place the ibex like to stand on the crest line and view the country, this task frequently being performed by an old female.

This time everything worked according to plan and, as I reached the bottom of the knoll, I saw a ram standing on the top silhouetted against the distant snow. Fortunately I was lying prone, and I continued to watch until, by a turn of his head, I was certain that he was the best of the herd. It was a simple head on shot at 70 yards, and the bullet entered his heart.

Including the two trips I had been after ibex for three months, and finally three quite good heads were shot in twenty-four hours. Such is the chance of shikar, such must be its charm; at times all is hopelessly difficult, but there comes a day when it is simply a mug's game.

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"THE OFFICER'S LADY"

By CAPTAIN E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

IT is, we believe, one of Fleet Street's maxims for young journalists that "Women are always news." A cursory study of the newspapers would seem to lend support to the idea; it is certain that men are normally interested in women as such; and women, too—not that one need bother over-much about them here, for few of them, it is to be presumed, read the CAVALRY JOURNAL—are also interested, at all events, in—other women. Acting on this maxim, then, the present writer some months ago put pen to paper on the topic of "The Soldier's Bride," the natural pendant to which of course is "The Officer's Lady." And this not alone because, if one is to believe Mr. Kipling, both of the aforesaid females are sisters under their skins; but because in the not very distant past, and in war time, at any rate, their lots in life were very similar—in spite of the traditional words set to the bugle call, which, you may remember, avers that the one class exists on pudding and pies, the other on skilly only—and very fit the latter normally look on this diet!

It is with the officer's lady of the past, not of the present, that it is proposed to deal here; for though it is much to be hoped that some pen will deal with the life of a military wife of to-day, as that of a naval wife has been recently so admirably dealt with,* that pen can hardly be a male one.

In order to get the proper atmosphere for our picture, we must remember the—to our ideas—somewhat peculiar position occupied in our grandfathers' and great grandfathers' time by the army officer. We may put it in a nutshell by saying that he was a gentleman and an officer, in that order of priority. Professor G. M. Trevelyan has unimadverted on the peculiarly English idea that an army officer is only a gentleman engaged on a special public service; and the outlook of the officer,

*In the anonymous "Deeds and Misdeeds of A Naval Wife." (Blackwoods.)

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usually a younger son of the aristocracy, then consisting for the most part of rural squires, was that of the class from which he came. His horizon was bounded largely by the hunting field and the shooting covert by day, and the gaming table and the port bottle by night; he was on leave more often and for longer together than he was at duty, for he had paid for the privilege of becoming and remaining a King's officer, instead of being paid for doing duty, and not unreasonably considered himself justified in doing as much or as little of it as he pleased. Between him and the rank and file he led into battle there was a great and impassable gulf fixed by birth and circumstances, and maintained by a haughty aloofness on his part, which allowed of none of the manifold personal contacts between officer and man existing at the present time. It followed from all this that discipline, which according to our present-day ideas was at times so ferocious and at others, even in an army which by Continental standards was strictly ordered and soberly behaved, so strangely lax, was one thing for the soldier and quite another for his officer. As regards wives, the number allowed as a regimental establishment for other ranks was strictly limited, and the proportion of this establishment allowed to accompany the unit on active service still more so; while any additions to that number that might accrue in the course of a long campaign were summarily and forcibly packed about their business at the end of it. The officer was for long practically allowed a free hand in the matter. Just as he was permitted to take with him into the field any reasonable quantity of servants, baggage, tentage, animals and transport—reasonable, too, be it understood, by the spacious standards of those days, not of ours—so if he chose to encumber himself with other —or another—baggage in the shape of a wife, he could hardly be forbidden to do so. Admittedly the majority showed more sense and, one likes to think, more consideration for their ladies, than to expose them to the perils and privations of a campaign; though one has a suspicion that the prospect of the military equivalent of the sailor's traditional wife in every port may have reconciled them to a temporary loss of conjugal bliss. Some number there were, however, who would not bring themselves—or

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perhaps their wives would not allow them—thus to dispense with this article of impedimenta; and so to war together the misguided couples went.

We first catch sight of this phenomenon at the period of the Peninsular War, when a few officers took their wives with them to the front. A pretty picture is given us in the diary of a captured French officer, Lejeune, of an officer and his family on the march :—" The captain rode first on a very fine horse, warding off the sun with a parasol; then came his wife very prettily dressed, with a small straw hat, riding on a mule and carrying not only a parasol, but a little black-and-tan dog on her knee, while she led by a cord a she-goat, to supply her with milk. Beside madame walked her Irish nurse, carrying in a green silk wrapper a baby, the hope of the family. A grenadier, the captain's servant, came behind, and occasionally poked up the long-eared steed of his mistress with a staff. Last in the procession came a donkey loaded with much miscellaneous baggage, which included a tea-kettle and a cage of canaries; it was guarded by an English servant in livery, mounted on a sturdy cob and carrying a long posting whip, with which he occasionally made the donkey mend its paces."

For another and grimmer side, this may be contrasted with a little vignette from Napier with reference to the battle of Salamanca :—

" The devotion of a woman was not wanting to the illustration of this great day. The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers and endured the privations of two campaigns with that patient fortitude which belongs only to her sex. In this battle, forgetful of everything but the strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire, yet irresistibly impelled forwards by feelings, more impervious than horror, more piercing than the fear of death."

A more detailed view of the officer's lady in the Peninsular War is given us in the autobiography of Sir Harry Smith. Everybody may be presumed to know something of the romantic story of Juana Maria de Los Dolores de Leon, the " little, wiry,

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violent, ill-tempered, loving, always faithful, little devil," as her husband himself playfully described her. How she marched sturdily out of captured Badajoz, where she had lost her all in siege and sack, and offered her hand in marriage to any British officer who would afford her protection; how Harry Smith accepted her offer, wedded her, and loved and was loved by her through all the changes and chances of a soldier's life in four continents, till death came to take him from her forty-two years later—all this, if the reader does not already know it, he can and should read for himself in Harry Smith's autobiography; and we do not propose to spoil his enjoyment of it by recounting it here. But some of the episodes in which Juana Smith was immediately concerned we may extract, as germane to our purpose of showing what a young and vigorous girl could and did endure as the price of the privilege of being an officer's lady on active service.

Her first ordeal was learning to ride, an essential accomplishment of which at first she knew nothing, and, this difficulty over, she took a place as by right on the line of march of the Light Division, among which "there was not a man who would not have laid down his life to defend her," so popular did she quickly become. At night she would often bed down in the bivouac, once on a bed of green wheat in full ear, which her horse, whom she had to hold by his reins all night, completely devoured, "to her juvenile amusement"—and one would think to his subsequent internal discomfort; once in company with her husband, a stray priest, and thirteen dogs, on a tent pitched over a little hole about six feet square, the only available shelter from a teeming rain; once, on an equally foul and cold November night, in open bivouac with no warmth even from fire, where she sat "wet as a drowned rat with nothing to eat, and no cover from the falling deluge." Yet even in this last distressing plight no murmur escaped her until her husband, dropping off to sleep beside her, fell between her and the fire; the consequent shutting off of its heat woke her, cold and shivering, and "for the only time in her life did she cry and say I might have avoided it, only to recover herself instantly and exclaim, "How foolish! you must have been nice and warm, and to know that is enough for me!"

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These discomforts of the bivouac were interspersed with other and often no less painful chances on the line of march. In crossing the Huebra river in the retreat from Burges she had to leap her horse down from a high bank into the stream; the creature landed on all fours like a dog, with a mighty splash, which drenched his rider to the skin. The subsequent advance into Vittoria brought on Juana even worse misfortune, for a new mount slipped up on a greasy bank and came down with her, breaking a small bone in her foot. Yet she refused to allow herself to be separated from her beloved Harry; the services of all available officers were requisitioned and gladly given to find her a quiet mule and a easy well-cushioned lady's saddle, with a foot-board on which the damaged limb could rest; early next morning she was off again on the move with the division when it marched out, and in a few days was so much recovered as to be on her horse again and *en route* in the column, to the general delight of officers and men alike.

These and similar tribulations were affairs of which youth, health, love, and buoyant spirits could and, in Juana's case, usually did make light; but it was her unhappy fate on two separate occasions to undergo a deeper and more acute trial—that of believing her beloved Harry killed in action. The first of these was at Vittoria, where the fact of his horse having been shot under him gave rise to a report of his death. She made a long search of the battlefield, heedless of the variegated treasure, left behind by the French in their flight—some of which the groom in attendance on her wished to collect—seeking only for her husband's dead body; but it was not till dusk that she found him, alive and well, except for the loss of his voice, from the exertion of cheering with the men. "Oh, thank God," she cried, "you are not killed, only badly wounded," and it was some time before Harry could get her to believe that he was in fact neither.

Her last campaign in the field, that of Waterloo, brought her a similar but even more distressing experience. Harry Smith, at the time brigade major to Lambert's brigade, sent her back to Brussels as soon as the order came to move up to Waterloo for the battle. She arrived there on the morning of

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June 18th, and at 5 p.m. there came an alarm that the enemy were at hand, and a general panic. She got mounted, though her horse was frantic with excitement and terror, but as her lap dog was being handed up to her, he broke away, bolted, and stopped only after eight miles, on being brought up short before a waggon upset on the road. Juana and the dog were thrown over his head but remounted unhurt. She then fell in with a party of officers also fleeing from Brussels, and rode in their company to Antwerp, where she arrived in a pitiable plight. "I was wet from head to foot," she writes, "with the black mud of the high road. On my face the mud had dried, and a flood of tears chasing each other through it down my cheeks must have given me an odd appearance indeed." She found shelter with the wife of the Commander of the citadel, who stripped her "from a weight of mud which, with my long riding habit, I could hardly move under," bathed her, and reclothed her in dry garments in which, the hostess being tall and guest small, "I was nearly as much lost as in the case of mud I had been washed out of."

Next day brought Juana news of the battle and the victory, but none of her Harry, and early on the 20th, unable to curb her anxiety, she set off to Waterloo to find out for herself what had become of him. Arrived at Brussels, she heard from some soldiers of his regiment that "Brigade-Major Smith" had been killed. There then followed a furious gallop to the battlefield, interrupted every few minutes by the agonising necessity of inspecting the many dead bodies being carried back to the capital for burial, and culminating in the sight of newly-dug graves, in one of which she felt certain her beloved was interred. But relief came to her distress by a meeting with a friend, who assured her that her Harry was safe and well and had gone on with the army to Bavai, and that the "Brigade-Major Smith" whose death had been reported to her was a namesake only. The joyous news gave Juana, weary and overwrought as she was, a new lease of strength, which carried her in her friend's company to Mons that night, and next day to Bavai, and to the embraces of her safe and overjoyed husband. Thus at the tender age of seventeen she was happily finished with her four years of war's alarms.

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She was, however, to make one more farewell appearance on a field of battle—this time under very different conditions. It was nearly thirty years later, in 1843, when her Harry was Adjutant-General to the army in India under Sir Hugh Gough and was serving with the expeditionary force against the Mahrattas. The Commander-in-Chief's wife and several other ladies, who accompanied the army, riding on elephants, came under a heavy cannonade at the battle of Maharajpore. Juana, as became a seasoned veteran of fifty years of age, comported herself with admirable coolness and composure, which was more than could be said of her younger companions; but all escaped harm, though the incident caused considerable amusement in cantonments and clubs, and even drew a jest from the sardonic Charles Napier, who wrote to Harry: "How came all the ladies to be in the fight? I suppose you all wanted to be gloriously rid of your wives? Poor things! I dare say they too had their hopes." And with this base libel on the happiest of military marriages we will take our leave of Harry and Juana Smith.

As will readily be realized, however, it was not necessary for a British officer's wife deliberately to choose to accompany her husband to war for her to be involved in the perils and misfortunes attendant on his calling—and hers. The British Army, which is always, as it were, standing by for emergencies, is liable at any moment to find itself on active service in any quarter of the globe; and its wives, officers' and men's, are equally liable to find themselves willy nilly involved in fighting and danger. A typical case of this sort was that of Lady Sale, and we are fortunate in having at our disposal a first-hand narrative of her experiences in the voluminous pages of her own journal.

It will be remembered that in 1839 the Indian Government, intensely but unreasonably alarmed at the progress of the Russian advance towards Afghanistan, thought fit to send an expedition to replace the reigning Amir, Dost Mohammed, by another pretender, Shah Soojah, who had already been driven from the throne, and might, if restored by our arms, be expected to be more amenable to British influence. This was in fact successfully accomplished, and our expeditionary force having duly set up Shah Soojah, was reduced to a strength just suffi-

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cient to garrison Kabul, the capital, and a few other places, to ensure the firm establishment of the new regime. Nothing was apparently further from anyone's thoughts than the possibility of any serious outbreak of trouble; the officers and men of the army of occupation settled down in cantonments, built quarters, brought up their wives and families, and proceeded to lead a life of idyllic peacefulness, disturbed only by occasional small expeditions against recalcitrant tribesmen.

Among others, there came up to Kabul the wife of Sir Robert Sale, a brigadier who was shortly to attain a considerable if somewhat unduly inflated reputation as the commander of the "illustrious garrison" of Jellalabad.* From September, 1841, onwards she kept a diary, while hardly a model of literary grace or a reliable historical authority, gives a clear and memorable picture of the repercussions of the Afghanistan disaster on the writer's own personal fortunes. The story opens placidly enough with Lady Sale in her garden at Kabul "cultivating flowers that were the admiration of the Afghan gentlemen who came to see us," and discussing her hopes of some peas, "which, if not cut off by the frost, will give a crop next month," the hairiness of the Kabul lettuce, and the mildness of the Kabul cabbage. But even at this time there were ominous clouds and mutterings of thunder on the distant horizon, and in the first week in November the Afghans rose and attacked the British. Our amateur gardener spent anxious days on the top of our house, "whence I had a fine view of the field of action, and where by keeping behind the chimneys, I escaped the bullets that continually whizzed past me," an agonized spectator of the series of mismanaged and disastrous encounters which ended in the complete defeat and demoralization of the garrison, and the virtual blockade of the cantonments, in which it had taken refuge. At the end of December the British leaders set their hands to a shameful document by which Akbar, the Afghan leader, graciously allowed them to betake themselves and their

*The siege of Jellalabad, the defence of which at the time was regarded—perhaps by contrast with the general course of events in this disastrous campaign—as a brilliant feat of arms, was never seriously pressed by the Afghans; but Sale, who could at any time have broken his way out, was dissuaded from asking for terms only by the energetic remonstrances of his junior engineer officer, Broadfoot.

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men out of the country with their lives, and no more, guaranteed; and even this promise, as is well known, was not kept by the victorious and jubilant enemy, who, as soon as the withdrawal began, fell upon the disorganized and demoralized invaders, and so dealt with them that but one desperately wounded man escaped to tell the tale of the disaster to Sale at Jellalabad.

Sale's lady had her full share of the terrors and miseries which rendered hideous the last days of the stricken army. On the first day of the retreat all her private baggage was abandoned by her servants and never seen again; her first night was spent in the snow, with the thermometer below zero, without food save a few handfuls of corn and under the shelter of a tent pall so inadequate that "I felt myself gradually stiffening, and left the bedding, and doubled up my legs in a small chair, covering myself with my poshteen." A day or two later the progress of the retreat was checked by the violent attacks of the enemy on flanks and rear, and Lady Sale, compelled to sit her horse for hours in the cold, "felt very grateful for a tumbler of sherry, which at any other time would have made me very unladylike, but now merely warmed me, and appeared to have no more strength in it than water." January 8th, 1842, was a disastrous and never-to-be-forgotten day, for she was hit in the wrist by a ball, which had to be cut out, and had three others through the shoulder of her cloak; and she also had the terrible experience of seeing her son-in-law, Captain Sturt, who had been with her all through her time in Afghanistan, mortally wounded before her eyes and his wife's. He lived less than twenty-four hours; and no sooner had she seen him buried than a rumour came that all the married men and their wives and families were to be handed over to the care of Akbar, nominally for safe custody and eventual despatch under escort to Peshawar, in reality as hostages to be held by him against the vengeance of any subsequent punitive force. The British commanders, realizing that it was the best, perhaps the only way to save the health and lives of the unhappy non-combatants, fell in with the proposal, which had emanated from Akbar himself; and on January 9th the party, which consisted of thirty-seven

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officers and men, eleven women and fifteen children, were separated from the wreckage of the army, and transported by slow stages, and in a considerable degree of discomfort and squalor, to a secure place of ward in a fort in Kafiristan. Here, confined in six rooms and an outer courtyard, they remained till September, when the arrival at Kabul of the avenging forces of Pollock and Nott brought about their release and return to their own people. These seven months were a long period of boredom, anxiety, and penury, broken only by a series of violent and alarming earthquakes, one of which all but brought the fort down on the prisoners' heads, and a succession of contradictory and unreliable rumours from the outside world. As to their life and treatment, we will let Lady Sale herself speak:—

"Akbar, ever since we have been in his hands, treated us well—that is, honour has been respected. It is true that we have not common comforts; but what we denominate such are unknown to Afghan females; they always sleep and sit on the floor, etc.—hardships to us. Had we tables and chairs we have not space for them; many inhabit the same apartment." In her room there were, besides herself, four women and three infants, but no men, which "after so long enduring the misery of having gentlemen night and day associated with us, we have found a great relief." They were given food, rations of meat, rice, attah, ghee, oil, and fruit, which, disliking native cooking, they were allowed to prepare for themselves. "This again," as she sensibly enough remarked, "is a matter of taste; one person likes what another does not. It is true we have been taken about the country, exposed to heat, cold and rain, etc., but so were their own women. It was, and is, very disagreeable, but still we are *de facto*, prisoners, notwithstanding Akbar still persists in calling us honoured guests; and as captives, I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz and coarse longcloth too, wherewith to clothe ourselves—I must not use the word dress, and making up these articles has given us occupation. We suffered more from uncleanliness than anything else. It was about ten days after our departure from Kabul before I had the opportunity to change my clothes or even to take them off and put them on again and wash myself; and fortunate

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were those who did not possess much livestock. It was not till after our arrival here that we completely got rid of lice, which we denominated infantry; the fleas we called light cavalry. Bugs have recently made their appearance, but not in great numbers; the flies torment us; and the mosquitoes drive us half mad. But these annoyances, great as they are, are the result of circumstances which cannot be controlled." Then after a disquisition on the standards of cleanliness of the Afghan, she adds sensibly, if a trifle ungrammatically, "Here again is a difference between their tastes and ours, who so enjoy bathing twice a day."

"The garden, or rather vineyard and orchard, I consider a great luxury. We walk in it every evening for an hour or two. A strong guard is placed there; but except when it has been lately changed, the men do not annoy us; and we walk here and there where we please. When we have marched, Mahomed Shah's family and some others have accompanied us, and the best camels, etc., have been selected for them; and when carriages run short, they are served first. But this is only what we must expect. Luckily the only day I was not provided with a horse to ride I hired one, a mere baggage pony, but it carried me safely."

A sensible, reasonable, plucky woman indeed, Lady Sale would seem to have been, and a good companion in the misfortunes of which she made so light and regarded with so tolerant and humorous an eye. Sir Robert may well have been pleased with and proud of her; and one may be assured that he gave her a warm welcome in that joyful day when she was at last returned to him. "The men of the 13th"—Sale's regiment—"were posted, and cheered and pressed forward to welcome us. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter; and then my highly-wrought feelings found relief, and I could scarcely speak and thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long withheld tears now found their course."

Disagreeable and trying as were Lady Sale's experiences, however, they were hardly comparable to those undergone some

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fifteen years' later by too many of her fellow countrywomen in the course of the Indian Mutiny. Here again we are fortunate enough to be able to rely on first-hand authority in the account of the defence of the Residency at Lucknow, written by the wife of the commander of the garrison, Brigadier John Inglis, a gallant and talented officer whose name, although the siege itself has become a household word, is less well known than it deserves to be. The narrative, written in journal form, opens with the first breath of the "devil's wind" of unrest early in May, 1857, and the disarming of one of the native infantry regiments of the garrison, and goes on to tell of the growing alarm in the station at the serious news from Meerut, Delhi, and Cawnpore, the concentration of troops and families in the Residency, and the investment of the place following on the British defeat in the action of Chinhut. At this most untowards of moments the diarist herself was taken acutely ill with smallpox, and had to endure the suffering and fever of the illness under by no means comfortable conditions:—"Our room," she says, "was very small, hardly more than a verandah, about twelve feet by six feet, with no doors or windows, only arches; but we put up screens and curtains, which gave us a certain privacy; and we had an outhouse attached which we used as a bathroom, a great luxury." However, she was well off for servants, whereas "many persons were left with only one or two, and some with none; we had our goats inside, and John (her husband) had laid in a stock of food for them, and many little comforts for ourselves. Our courtyard was considered the safest of the three; we had two wells in it, and abundance of good water. Rations were issued daily to every member of the garrison—beef, rice, flour, tea or coffee, sugar, and biscuit, at this time in very ample quantities. In the next square to us lived a good many of the ladies, who were all together in a large room, and very uncomfortable." In all there were five hundred women and children under charge of Inglis and his garrison, which comprised 1,200 white and native regular troops and 150 white volunteers. The death of Sir Henry Lawrence in the first week of the siege left him in sole command, and his wife poignantly describes her constant anxiety for his safety as he moved about on his daily

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rounds of the defences. "He breakfasted and dined with us every day, and managed to read the psalms and prayers with us in the morning, which was a great comfort, and prepared us for each day's trial; but beyond this I saw very little of him, unless the firing was particularly heavy, when he would just look in after it was over to show he was all right." So the days dragged on in ever increasing discomfort and the sickness of hope deferred, as no sign of relief was to be descried. "The flies were a torment to us all. They covered our tables, filled our dishes and cups, and prevented the children getting rest during the day. Every kind of insect, fleas, etc., abounded, and rats and mice ran about the room in broad daylight, the former of an immense size. This, and the difficulty of keeping our things clean, were our greatest bodily discomfort, and at times we felt them a good deal."

Meanwhile there were, as Lady Inglis readily admits, others far worse off than she. "I went to see Mrs. Radcliffe this evening," she writes under the date September 17th, "she was quite lame from what all, more or less, suffered from, boils and eruptions. The slightest scratch inflamed owing to the bad air and want of vegetable food; and it was on this account that so few who were severely wounded ever recovered. Amputations were, I believe, with only two exceptions, fatal, and the least wound became serious. It made one very sad to think of the poor sick men, who ought to have everything that was nourishing and delicate, having little else than rations of beef and rum; and latterly very little of that." Discomforts and danger were growing greater; the coming of the rains added to them, for though the air was cooled the roofs began to leak, and it became impossible to dry anything; bullets and fragments of shell constantly fell in the little court and necessitated its occupants, when the firing was hottest, taking refuge for long periods in a windowless and airless storehouse at its least exposed end; and the constant explosions of mine and countermine, interspersed occasionally with a vigorous but always unsuccessful assault by the besiegers, were constant reminders of the imminent peril of death, and worse than death, in which all stood, and lent a grim

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and oppositeness to discussions of the justification of suicide in case the worst happened.

But their time of acute trial was almost at an end. On September 23rd Lady Inglis for the first time heard in the distance the sound of the guns of the relieving force under Havelock and Outram, and two days later at about 6 p.m. tremendous cheering was heard, and it was known that our relief had reached us. I was standing outside our door when Ellicock rushed in for John's sword; he had not worn it since Chinhut, and a few moments afterwards he came to us accompanied by a short quiet-looking, grey-haired man who I knew at once was General Havelock. He shook hands with me, and said he feared we had suffered a great deal. I could hardly answer him; I longed to be with John alone and he shared my feelings, for ere long he returned to me and never shall I forget his heartfelt kiss as he said 'Thank God for this.' Yes, we were safe, and my darling husband spared to me. It was a moment of unmixed happiness, but not lasting, for I felt how different my lot was to others. I tried to write home, but could not."

In fact this first relief of the Residency, though it ensured the ultimate security of the place, was little more than a reinforcement of the garrison, which was still too weak to break the siege or withdraw in safety. There ensued another two months of peril and anxiety before the arrival of Sir John Campbell rendered it possible for the Residency to be evacuated and the women and children to be sent down country to Calcutta; and Lady Inglis, determined as she was to return home at the first opportunity, had to wait some weeks before she could get a passage, and then had to suffer the perils of a shipwreck, and the discomfort of the loss of all her baggage, before she finally reached England.

No account of the fortunes of the officer's lady in the Mutiny would be complete which omitted any mention of the crowning tragedy of Cawnpore. One's mind unwillingly dwells on the uphappy fate of the unfortunates, who, after the miseries and squalor of the siege of Wheeler's miserable entrenchment, saw their menfolk butchered before their eyes in the massacre on the Ganges bank that followed the surrender; were herded together

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in filth and confinement in the Beebeeghur, and finally brutally slaughtered where they sat and crouched, and their corpses shamefully cast down the well which to this day remains a spot of hallowed and bitter memory. No good purpose could be served by a prolonged description of these horrors, the guilt for which, it may be well to note, must lie on one crazed ambition-mad head, rather than on the people of India, who can no more reasonably be held to account for it than for the equally notorious crime of the Black Hole of Calcutta. One can only earnestly wish that the present stirring of new life among the myriad races of that great country, in whose service so many Englishmen and women have spent the best of their lives, may never be attended with any disastrous incident such as the Cawnpore massacre, the memory of which for so many years cried to Heaven for pity, and divided white from brown man as if by a reek of newly-shed blood.

This glance back over the long history of the officer's lady will serve to show that her traditions of service and sacrifice are little less various and creditable than those of the army of which she has so long been a part and an ornament. The days are gone now when it was permitted her to ride with her man to war; the occasions now are, and in the future will, one hopes, become more, infrequent, when she can be surprised in her life of peace by the bursting of the storm, and be caught up in a maelstrom of fighting and blood. But there is ample scope still for the display of those fine qualities which have made her in the past worthy to be not only an officer's lady but a soldier's bride—in the wider and finer sense of this last term. Cheerful, hard working, unperturbed by any of the changes and chances of a soldier's life, ready to go anywhere, turn her hand to anything, looking after her man and bringing up her children on often too slender resources and under the most varied and disheartening handicaps—that is the stuff of which the officer's lady is made. The writer has the best of reasons for knowing; he has one of that sort himself.

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CAVALRY AT ALDERSHOT FORTY YEARS AGO

By Percy Cross Standing.

As a youngster still in my 'teens, I enjoyed a visit to the Cavalry Camp at Aldershot some forty years ago. At that time about 14,000 troops of all arms were quartered at Aldershot. In the South Cavalry Barracks were located three splendid regiments—the 1st Royals, the 16th Lancers, and the 18th Hussars, forming a brigade nearly 2,000 strong, commanded by the late General Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe.

My original intention had been to witness a sham-fight in the Long Valley between regular and volunteer formations, but I was induced to change my plans and to be shown over the Cavalry Camp instead. My cicerone, I recall, insisted upon my making the acquaintance of "the handsomest man in the Scarlet Lancers," who was discovered, very much *en déshabille*, cleaning harness and whistling the refrain of a then popular ditty, "Only a private soldier." We now turned our steps towards the stables, where I was introduced to the finest horse in the camp, as well as to the most vicious. One brute, a beautiful bay charger, kicked out at me viciously, and I was informed that he "had no time for civilians."

We next repaired to the Riding School, a well-lighted and commodious building, in which several stalwart troopers of the Royals were engaged in re-spreading the tan. "The 'rooks' (slang for recruits) don't have a very happy time of it here," remarked my cicerone. We now mounted higher, to the quarters of the 16th Lancers. As all who know it know, a remarkably fine view includes the rifle-ranges, the Hog's Back, "Hungry Hill," etc. I was conducted to the door of a barrack-room upon which appeared the legend "17 Men," while on the

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reverse side of the entrance was roughly printed "Please shut this door," and I noticed that this request was scrupulously complied with by all.

Within the barrack-room a curious scene met my inexperienced eyes. Although the hour was past noon, more than one of the seventeen berths was occupied, as sundry snores announced. In rear of each berth hung each man's helmet, sabre, jack-boots, and other accessories. A fine terrier, a pet of the troop, was chained to a leg of the table, while the seventeen lances hung at the end of the room. On my venturing a remark touching the then outcry against the alleged poor steel used in Her Majesty's army, my conductor replied that all these weapons were above reproach, and he forthwith ran one of them forcibly into the ceiling, where it remained suspended.

I was now invited to sample a soldier's dinner, and a plate heaped with beef and potatoes was set before me; it was explained to me that the beef's toughness was accounted for by the fact that the ox of which it had formed a portion had been slaughtered only that morning. And I noticed that not a few of the troopers preferred the fare provided at the canteen to that obtainable in quarters.

Crossing the barrack-square in the teeth of a glorious breeze we wended our way to the orderly-room. A sentinel stood on guard outside, his lance poised on his shoulder. In the orderly-room I was shown the original cat-o'-nine tails. Army lists and regulations, loose sheets from the Regimental Defaulters' Book, etc., were scattered about in unpicturesque confusion. One could see at a glance that Private Thomas Atkins, No. 2,585, had been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours :—

"Absent off post till 6.15 a.m., 20th inst. Deprived of two days' pay.

"Breaking out of barracks when confined. Absent from defaulters' drill at 4 p.m. till 10 p.m., 14th inst. Deprived four days' pay.

"Using threatening language to a non-commissioned officer. Ten days' confinement to barracks.

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"Absent from parade at 12.20 p.m. Found drunk in barracks. Deprived six days' pay.

"Making an improper reply to a non-commissioned officer. Ten days' C.B."

Crossing over to the guard-room, there was no little harmless banter at my expense when I was introduced into the "black-hole." This bare apartment had at one time possessed a fireplace, since blocked up. Little chance was afforded a prisoner to break out of the dungeon, its two windows being strongly protected inside. . . . The canteen was crowded with soldiers, all talking loudly and drinking beer. In reply to a query from me my guide stated that "soldiers rarely fight among themselves; they only quarrel with civilians." One trooper was telling his comrades "what a right good fellow Evelyn Wood is," and was recalling with justifiable pride how that gallant General had said to him on parade: "Your tunic is too short-waisted; never let me see you wearing it again." Another informed his hearers that the London Scottish, then manœuvring at Aldershot, "offer a very good 'hexample to the Highland Regiments."

Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe appeared to be very popular with all ranks. It was said of him that one day, on his arriving at the barracks, no guard turned out to receive him. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "If you please, sir, the men are at dinner." "Bless me, I had forgotten," exclaimed "Old Drury"; "now remember, in future the men are to be allowed *one hour* for their dinner, during which they will turn out for nobody." On another occasion, the General entered a barrack-room and demanded, "Who is the youngest soldier here?" Somebody replied, and the General then asked him, "Now, do you get enough to eat?" "Yes, sir." "I don't believe you," quoth Old Drury; "if so, you are the first recruit I ever met who *does* have enough to eat." I was told that General Drury-Lowe frequently strolled about the barrack-square smoking a clay pipe.

It will be recollected that the 16th Lancers, formerly 16th Light Dragoons, enjoy the distinction of being the only British

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Cavalry formation that has had the honour of breaking a square of infantry in fair fight. This splendid feat was performed at the battle of Aliwal in the Punjab on January 28th, 1846, and was thus described by the late James Grant:—

"The Sikhs threw themselves into squares, against which our Lancers hurled all the weight of man and horse and weapon. They rode right through: but we are told that as they did so 'the Sikhs closed behind, as some of the British squares did when partially penetrated at Waterloo.' Their infantry, casting aside their muskets, betook them to sword and dagger, and received these British lances on their large dark-brown shields, against which many of the tough ash-shafts splintered and broke. Again our horsemen charged through, and by a happy but singular manœuvre changed the lance to the bridle-hand. The Sikhs being unprepared for this received in their bodies, instead of on their bucklers, the thrusts of the 16th and other regiments; but the latter had to ride a third time through these squares before they were utterly broken, mixed up together, and dispersed; yet it was a conflict in which Cavalry, by the use of all their weapons in succession—sword, lance, and pistol or carbine—effected wonders against these brave swarthy infantry. Brigadier Cureton led the Cavalry in these charges."

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NOTES

Yeomanry Officers in Parliament.

On p. 138 of our January number we gave a list of yeomanry officers in the present House of Commons, but the list only included yeomanry *cavalry* regiments. We give below a supplementary list of M.P.s in the converted yeomanry regiments:—

Regiment.	Member.	Constituency.
100th Field Brigade, R.A. (Worcestershire & Oxfordshire Yeomanry)	Major A. J. Muirhead, M.C.	Somerset, Wells.
104th Field Brigade, R.A. (Essex Yeomanry)	Lieut.-Colonel E. A. Ruggles-Brice, M.C., T.D.	Essex, Maldon.
99th Field Brigade, R.A. (Bucks & Berks Yeomanry)	Lieut. M. W. Beaumont	Mid-Buckinghamshire.
20th Armoured Car Company (Fife & Forfar Yeomanry)	Hon. Colonel Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, Bt., D.S.O., T.D.	Glasgow, Pollok.
21st Armoured Car Company (Royal Gloucestershire Hussars)	Major Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.	Bristol.
24th Armoured Car Company (Derbyshire Yeomanry)	Captain The Marquess of Hartington, M.B.E., T.D.	Derbyshire, West.

Woolwich Garrison Searchlight Tattoo.

The Searchlight Tattoo is to be revived this year at Woolwich and will take place on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th July.

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The Tattoo is under the patronage of T.R.H. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, and it is hoped that other members of the Royal Family will be present in person.

The events in the programme this year will include a musical ride by the Queen's Bays, an historical pageant by the Honourable Artillery Company, a display by the 2nd Battn. The Gloucestershire Regiment, and various original items will be contributed by the units of the Garrison. The Depôt, Royal Artillery will provide several items in the programme, including the popular turn "Toy Soldiers" by the Boys of the Depôt Brigade, Royal Artillery.

The 3rd Field Brigade, Royal Artillery and Training Battalion, Military College of Science are also taking prominent parts, and it is hoped that the Tattoo may be even a greater success than in previous years.

The proceeds are devoted to local and military charities.

Prices of Seats: 7s. 6d., 5s., and 3s. 6d. (reserved, covered); 2s. (reserved, uncovered). Admission 1s. Telephone, No. Woolwich 2088.

Tickets can be ordered now and will be forwarded as soon as they are ready.

Old War Horse Fund.

The following contribution has been forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of the above fund:—From the Remount Branch, Eastern Command, £29 14s. 6d.

With reference to the article entitled "Horse Trails in the Rocky Mountains," which appears in this number, the Sub-Editor for Canada, Lieut.-Colonel L. F. Page, D.S.O., commanding Lord Strathcona's Horse, The Armouries, Calgary, has intimated that he will be glad to be of assistance to any reader of the Cavalry Journal who may wish at some future date to undertake a trip in the Rocky Mountains.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

The April "Army Quarterly" contains a very high proportion of historical articles, some concerned with the Great War, others with earlier campaigns. An anonymous writer puts forward a plea for greater attention to be devoted to training for small wars, preparation for European campaigns appearing to obsess an overdue proportion of attention in relation to the comparative infrequency of their occurrence in the past and their improbability, at any rate in the immediate future. Major Caillard contributes a thoughtful study of the economics of war, to which he considers insufficient attention is at present being paid; and Colonel Majendie pleads for the modification of our infantry organization so as to form the bulk of our battalions into real "light infantry," with special fire-producing units to support them.

The first of the new bi-monthly issue of the "Fighting Forces" has now appeared, and we can pay it no better compliment than to say that it is almost indistinguishable from its quarterly predecessor. The address on training given by General Burnett Stuart, G.O.C.-in-C. in Egypt, was well worth reprinting; everyone will find in it much valuable food for thought. There are two good historical articles on the first part of the Palestine Campaign and an episode of the second battle of the Marne; and Major Shaw stresses the close connection between vehicle repair and mobility in these days of intensified mechanization.

The quarterly journals of the various arms are reviewed here only in so far as they contain matter of other than mainly domestic interest. The "Royal Artillery Journal" contains,

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besides the continuation of General de Pree's account of the doings of the 38th Welsh Division in the final operations in the West in 1918, a fascinating account of the construction and design of King Richard I's famous Chateau Gaillard (the "Saucy Castle"), and its siege and capture by the French under King Philip Augustus in 1204. The "Royal Engineers' Journal" includes, among other articles, one by General Buckland on the demolitions carried out by our sappers in the retreat from Mons, and an interesting anonymous account of military life in Ireland half-a-century ago. The "R.A.M.C. Journal" for March has as its leading feature an article on the Army Medical Service in a future war, and there are some interesting reminiscences contributed by a past member of the Corps in the April issue. The current "R.A.V.C. Journal" is a severely technical number.

The main (indeed, apart from book reviews, almost the only) feature of the "Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research" is the concluding instalment of the Mutiny diary of Lieutenant Lang, of the Bengal Engineers, which takes the story down to Sir Colin Campbell's final capture of Lucknow.

The "Journal of the United Service Institution of India" includes several features of interest—a disquisition on mobility, with special reference to N.W. Frontier conditions, an article on gas, and another on the Disarmament Conference, mainly as it is likely to affect India. The Conference also figures prominently in the contents list of the "Canadian Defence Quarterly," which also includes the continuation of Flight-Lieut. Walker's account of the Mongol campaigns of Jenghiz Khan, and a brightly written little paper of Major Scudamore's personal experiences when acting at various times in defence of the civil power.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" continues General Fuller's history of Alexander the Great's strategy, and has also a thoughtful article by Squadron-Leader Stevenson on co-operation with a mechanized army, which he expects to become more

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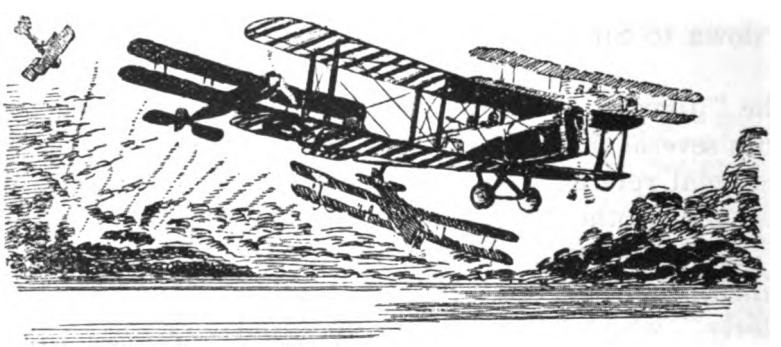
and more dependent, if it is to get full value from its mobility, on information from the air.

A hearty welcome is extended to two new regimental journals which have been sent us by Lord Strathcona's Horse and the Calcutta Light Horse, and also to a periodical "The Horse" which, though it does not appear to be new, is so to us, and contains, besides some useful riding, veterinary and stable hints, a fascinating account of the first Grand National, an instalment of a history of coaching, and the story of some famous carriage matches of the past.

E. W. S.



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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

In the March-April number of the "Revue de Cavalerie" Colonel Daubert continues his study "Les groupes de reconnaissance," which has now run through three numbers of this journal and is to be continued. Each article is itself rather over-long—this last instalment runs to some five and thirty pages—and however valuable the matter contained in each portion may be, one feels that one loses touch with what has gone before, and it would perhaps be best to avoid any detailed criticism of isolated portions and wait to pronounce judgment on it as a whole when published in book or pamphlet form.

This paper is followed by something of the nature of a criticism by Chef de bataillon Picot on an article entitled "La Cavalerie," by Chef d'escadrons Brenet, which appeared in the September-October number of last year, and which attracted at the time a considerable amount of favourable comment. The writer who deals with the subject in the current number of the "Revue" is in general agreement with the views expressed by Chef d'escadrons Brenet, but points out certain matters wherein he disagrees, writing from the staff officer's or infantryman's view-point.

"X. Y. Z." follows this paper with one on the passage of a river by a cavalry division.

A paper of rather unusual scope and interest is contributed by Captain de Monbrison, who writes of the work of the colonial pioneers of France from the days of Godefroy de Bouillon down to those of Marshal Lyautey; written, necessarily, rather in brief, this still gives one the opportunity of

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appreciating all the work which France has done, for the most part of course in Syria and Northern Africa. In recent issues of the "Revue" the management have dealt with several of the more ancient of the cavalry regiments of the French army; the regiment chosen for mention in this number is the Régiment Colonel Général (5th Hussars), raised about 1779, and which in its time possessed many distinguished officers and none more so than the great cavalry leader Kellermann. This regiment served throughout the Revolution, in the campaign of 1792-94, and was one of those which followed up the army under the Duke of York in its retreat through Holland, and was at Ulm and Hohenlinden, where we take leave of it in the present issue.

Much of the United States "Cavalry Journal" for January-February of this year is devoted to reminiscences of the War of Secession and of the many Frenchmen who gave their services therein, recalled by the Yorktown Pageant of Remembrance held in October of last year. This is followed by an article entitled "Contrasts of 1931—Mobility or Stagnation," which appeared textually in the "Army Review" of last January, and which need not therefore be here further dealt with. There is an article by Lieut.-Colonel Taylor in which he discusses at some length the military motor transport required by the army of America for war, and which is interesting as showing the views of other people than ourselves. This number contains but little of what may be termed purely cavalry matter.

The issue of this journal for March-April has more articles of a purely cavalry nature than had the number which immediately preceded it. It opens with a paper by Major-General Henry, the Chief of Cavalry, in which he reviews the general trend of organization and equipment of cavalry among the chief world Powers and touches on its probable rôle in wars of the near future. At the outset he describes what has been and is being done in England and France, holding that these of all European nations have progressed furthest in mechanization and organization, following with a consideration of what is happening in Germany and in the army of the United States. His general conclusions appear to be in agreement with those of

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most cavalry soldiers of experience and may be summarized as follows :—

1. Mechanized and horsed cavalry must be used in combination, the one must not, however, be tied to the other to obtain its maximum efficiency. 2. Mechanized cavalry will be far more road and ground sensitive than will be horse cavalry. 3. Horse cavalry is greatly superior to mechanized cavalry for close-in reconnaissance and security purposes. 4. Mechanized cavalry will be very dependent on a base of supply, while horse cavalry can live off the country for protracted periods. 5. In retreat horse cavalry will be most useful in covering the direct retreat, while mechanized cavalry protects the flanks.

In an article entitled "The Cavalry" Major-General Brown, an officer of Engineers, briefly recapitulates what has in the past been effected in various wars by the mounted arm, and especially by the cavalry of the United States. He does not say much about mechanization, but he gives very plainly his opinion that while the aeroplane can greatly simplify and make more thorough the operations of the cavalry, it cannot fulfil the principal duty of cavalry, defining this as follows: "To draw on the ground a line on which is found the enemy resistance in such strength that all arms are required to penetrate it."

"Wissen und Wehr" for April of this year contains an article of a very interesting, and indeed absorbing, character, written by Konrad Leppa, dealing with the misuses of the German cavalry, both on the western and the eastern front, in the early days of the Great War. The writer contends that Germany possessed a very large and a very efficient body of cavalry, but it is plain to read between the lines that he does not consider the war produced any really outstanding leaders of the German mounted arm. The cavalry bodies were well and strongly distributed among the armies which marched to the western frontier, and should, so the author seems to consider, have done much to help to secure an early and overwhelming victory for Germany. The arm was never, however, employed as the great cavalry leaders of the Napoleonic days would have used it; those responsible for the conduct of the cavalry operations could only think in terms of divisions—the cavalry when

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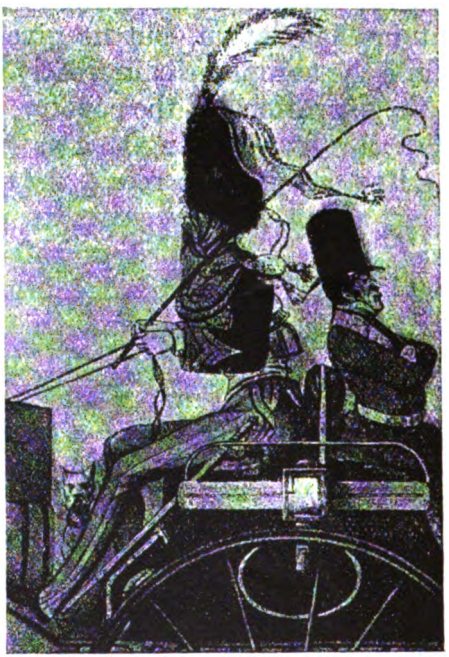
organized in corps was never used as such, but was frittered away in small and ineffective bodies, whose influence upon the result of the frontier battles was of little or no value.

Further, the writer appears to contend that Germany entered upon the war possessed of no cavalry leaders of outstanding merit, and that, as was almost inevitable from the piece-meal manner of the employment of the mounted arm, none came conspicuously to the front. The general indictment is a serious one, and is very boldly expressed, unpalatable as its presentment may be to German cavalrymen.



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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Chances and Mischances." By Charles Gilson. (Messrs. Jarrolds, Ltd.)

In an age when so many people are telling us the story of their lives it is perhaps inevitable that disappointment may occasionally arise when one peruses some of these latter-day autobiographies. One is rather in the habit when one of these works falls into one's hands to study, as a preliminary and defensive measure, the record of the writer, to see what possible excuse he may have for the belief that he has something interesting or unusual to tell us. In certain cases this procedure may be something of a safeguard, but on the other hand it may have the effect of inducing one to lay aside what may really prove to be a book very well worth reading. When one tries to protect oneself from possible disappointment by looking up the record of the author of "Chances and Mischances," one finds that he served as a subaltern in the South African War of 1899-1902, that as the result of a bad wound received in that campaign he retired as a captain, rejoining again on the outbreak of the Great War to take part in the Antwerp Expedition. Those who might gather from this brief recital of his active experiences that Major Gilson can have but little of real interest to tell, and who may therefore put aside his work, will deny themselves some very pleasant reading, for the author has travelled much and in comparatively out-of-the-way parts of the world, has met some very interesting people, while he has undeniably the gift of agreeable writing.

His first commanding officer was the late General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, about whom many very able writers have written much; but while these deal for the most part with Smith-Dorrien as a leader in the field, and particularly with the part he played

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in the Great War, Major Gilson makes us realize how immensely that really great soldier impressed the youngsters who served under him, and what a very real influence for good he exercised. Major Gilson has met in his very varied life men of all classes and professions, he has made many friends and he causes us to believe that he has made no enemies, for he appears to be one of those who have the happy knack of discovering good in all men.

"Chances and Mischances" is emphatically a book to read; it is really very charmingly written, and abounds in a large number of most excellent stories, told with very real humour; the one about the Irish subaltern in command of the Guard of Honour to a German Prince at Peking, in the days immediately following the Boxer trouble, when nearly all the nations had troops in North China, is surely one of the very best stories that ever was told.

H. C. W.

"Julius Cæsar." By John Buchan. (Peter Davies, Ltd.) 5s.

One knew that John Buchan was a courageous man; this book confirms it. To attempt the task of writing a life of Julius Cæsar in some 150 very small pages is not the job for a coward. While there can be no doubt of the success of the book, it naturally suffers severely from the tabloid form, particularly when the author is dealing with Cæsar, the soldier. He is at his best when painting the picture of the early Cæsar—the striving politician, using the masses for his own purposes ruthlessly, and unscrupulously, and of Cæsar at the height of his power. In the accounts of the campaigns, the reader, not already well-versed in the detailed history, feels himself rather drowning in an ocean of names—names of tribes, districts, or tribal leaders —without even a map of any kind to act as a lifebuoy. One gets little idea of his methods, or his strategical or tactical conceptions. This defect is, however, inherent in the short biography, and, within the limitations of space, the author has, as usual, done his work amazingly well. For anyone who wants to get a quick sketch of the life of this outstanding personality who, Buchan declares, "is the only great man of action, save Nelson,

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who has in his face something of a woman's delicacy," this is an excellent book.

A word must also be said for the publishers for the remarkably good printing, paper and binding of a work at such a small price.

Elementary Tactics.

"The Art of War—British School." By Brevet Lieut.-Col. R. P. Pakenham-Walsh, M.C., *p.s.c.* (Sifton, Praed & Co., Ltd.) 7s. 6d.

This is a completely new edition of the author's previous work on the subject, which proved of great value to many. The edition is now being published in two volumes—this first volume, dealing with the lessons to be learned from the manuals; the second, in which Major E. E. Dorman-Smith, M.C., the Northumberland Fusiliers, is collaborating, containing tactical schemes and solutions.

The volume under review is divided into two parts—Part I dealing with the principles of war, and the machinery of the Army; Part II the application of the principles to various forms of tactical problems.

The author analyses every important feature of F.R.S., explaining possible difficulties, and producing detail to put flesh on the bones of the manuals.

He has had a great deal of experience in instructing on this subject, and the results of this experience, as produced here, should be of very great value not only for all those studying for examinations, but also for all officers interested in their profession.

The book is well got up, with clear print and diagrams, and should be on every officer's shelf.

"The Examination for Admission to the Staff College." By Lieut.-Colonel A. V. T. Wakely, M.C., *p.s.c.*, R.E. (Sifton, Praed & Co., Ltd.) 2s. 6d.

This is the third edition of the booklet produced by Colonel Wakely. It does not attempt to include any information upon particular subjects, but sets forth clearly a definite programme

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of study, lists of books to read on the different subjects set, suggestions on how to read and how to write, and further hints on how to defeat the examiner himself.

The list of books to be read and the time programme of work may appear rather utopian, or intimidating to the beginner, but this pamphlet contains many valuable ideas and suggestions which would prove of real value to any Staff College candidate.

H. G. E.

"The Dragon's Teeth." By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. (Constable.) 10s.

"Stimulating" and "provocative" are words which are applicable to all General Fuller's writings, and more than ever so to this his latest book, in which he surveys the whole field of European history to discover the truth about war and peace. His sketch is a brilliant one, full of vivid and illuminating generalizations—with many of which the reviewer finds himself in deep disagreement; he remembers the old definition of a generalization as a meretricious summing up of half a story only. However, accepting the main trend of the author's view of the life of man as correct, we then proceed to ground on which he is a surer guide—the development of weapons and methods of war from the epoch of club and sword down to the present machine age—the culmination of which he foresees will be a war waged by machines only, directed by wireless or electrical means, and probably taking the form of air or tank attack on civil populations by such machines, unmanned, but all the more formidable for that, because their destruction will mean loss only of material, not of life. In this climax he sees the end of war altogether, because it will by then have lost its glamour of heroism and sacrifice, and have become a mere mechanized butchery. Personally we think that if it ever came to that stage, it would be the enormous financial cost of such a war apparatus that would put it beyond the reach of possibility, just as it is the burden of armaments which is primarily responsible for the present peace atmosphere. But the reader must study the book for himself and form his own opinion; he will probably have few moments of dullness, though many of violent disagreement.

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"The Soldier and the Empire." By Captain F. P. Roe. (Gale & Polden.) 5s.

Brief readable histories of the British Army are few and far between; and if Captain Roe's design is only partly historical, it is none the less valuable or readable for being combined with geography for the purpose of covering the new syllabus for Army Educational study. Captain Roe's aim has been to place a summary of the story of what the British Empire is, and how the British Army helped to establish it, at the disposal of candidates studying for these certificates, and he has most admirably succeeded in this task. As far as the historical side of the book goes, the reviewer, who had the pleasure of reading it in proof form, can vouch for its accuracy in general and in detail, and most readers will share his pleasure at the life and vividness of the story Captain Roe tells. For the geographical part Captain Roe's reputation is sufficient guarantee in itself. The book must of course be indispensable to all Army educational instructors and to candidates who are desirous of pursuing any independent study of the subject. It is admirably produced, and excellent value for its very low price, and will, it is to be hoped, find a wider circle of readers than that limited one for which it is primarily intended.

"The Armies of the First French Republic." By Colonel R. W. Phipps. Vol. III. Oxford University Press.) 18s.

In this, the third volume of his great posthumus work on the French Revolutionary Wars, Colonel Phipps breaks into a field about which, as his lists of authorities show, little or nothing has been written in English. The campaigns he deals with here are those wars in La Vendee, our knowledge of which has hitherto been derived from works of fiction rather than of history, and the somewhat inconclusive and confused fighting in the Pyrenees and in the Alps prior to the advent of Napoleon. Colonel Phipps concern being mainly with the earlier careers of the Marshals of the Empire, his story runs somewhat unevenly, being only briefly summarised where one or other of these figures did not hold the stage, and full only where they were in the forefront of the scene. His powers of lucid narra-

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tive and vivid characterization are, however, as admirable in this as in his previous volumes. It is to be hoped that the untimely death of the editor of this most valuable history, based on his father's papers, will not prevent its completion; for despite the fact that Napoleon's 1796 campaign has been so much written about, a full up-to-date account of it from beginning to end is badly needed.

"Wild Metal." By Charles Gilson. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d.

This is the story of a romantic young man, David Haynes, in pre-war and war days, well and effectively portrayed, with special emphasis on the amorous side of his life, yet never so frankly as to be in any way unpleasant or sex-obsessed, as many of his contemporaries in the pages of recent fiction. The war period of his life is especially well done; David is none the worse soldier for being romantic, almost a knight errant, and the sense of futility and squalor, though not entirely absent, as indeed it can hardly be from any true picture of the war, is not permitted to pervade the whole, or nauseate our enjoyment of an admirable work of fiction.

"The Siege of Oxford." By F. J. Varley. (Milford.) 7s. 6d.

This is a brief account of the part played by Oxford in the English Civil Wars from 1642 to 1646, and in particular of the siege of the city which was almost the concluding act in the great drama. During the greater part of these four years Oxford was the headquarters of King Charles I and his court and his government; the focus of many military operations; and the most important garrison town on the Royalist side. The life of the University was almost entirely interrupted, and the Colleges, which were intensely loyal, placed their wealth and influence without stint at Charles' disposal. The narrative both of the domestic affairs of the University and the City, and of the great national events of which Oxford and its neighbourhood were the scenes, is told briefly and effectively, though without much pretension to literary grace or fire—perhaps these are still out of fashion in serious historical literature. Those to whom Oxford is familiar or who have an interest in the period of the

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Civil War will however find much to interest them in Mr. Varley's pages.

E. W. S.

"British Artists and the Great War." By John Rothenstein. (Published by Peter Davies.) 10s. 6d. net.

Although this book will make its first appeal to those interested in the effect of the war on contemporary painting, it will also form a magnificent collection of illustrations to the numerous war books that have appeared during the last few years, in fact it is their necessary complement. It is an excellent selection representative of all schools—we cannot do better than quote Mr. J. Rothenstein's introduction :—

> "To me the most surprising feature of this war art was that the painters who had participated in the movement towards a purely abstract art showed themselves to be no less capable than their academic and realistic colleagues, of giving moving, and what is more significant, widely comprehensible expression to the emotions which the war aroused in the ordinary man in general, and the soldier in particular."

It is probable that most soldiers will readily agree with Mr. Rothenstein that it is the work of the more advanced artists that gives the best interpretation of the war.

It is interesting to compare, for instance, "The Wounded at Dover," by Sir John Lavery, with "La Patrie," by C. R. W. Nevinson. There can be little doubt as to which is the more vivid treatment of the subject.

One can imagine that in 150 years' time the work of the more academic painters will be of the greater historical interest; Sir William Orpen, Sir John Lavery and Sir George Clausen's paintings and the exquisite and careful draughtsmanship of Muirhead Bone will be studied with special interest by historians and period novelists. Besides their value as realistic representations they depict beauty as beauty was understood in pre-war days. "H.M.S. Repulse" taking in oil fuel at sea was "beautiful," so were the shafts of sun light striking through the glass at Woolwich Arsenal, but as depicted they cannot

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compare in emotional interest with the work of Paul and John Nash and C. R. W. Nevinson. Two pictures (by no means the most interesting) are both formally graceful and expressive and have something in common with a Japanese print—they are "A Destroyed Turkish Aerodrome at Rayak," by Sydney Carline, and "Over the Top, 1st Artists' Rifles at Marconing," by John Nash.

There are several landscapes in this collection, notably those by Paul Nash, "Meadow with Copse," "We are Making a New World," "Canadian Memorial, Vimy," etc., which are closely akin to the works of William Blake.

Of the whole collection it may be said they are spoken "in the tongue which all can understand," and Mr. Rothenstein is surely right in thinking that these pictures will one day be ranked with the most important works of our epoch.

"Hoof Beats." By Homer Hawkins, with 16 Drawings by G. D. Armour. (Published by Country Life). 15s. net.

Is yet another of those volumes which appear in such numbers in the booksellers' windows every Christmas. A high standard for this kind of book has already been set by Lionel Edwards, W. H. Ogilvie and "Rancher"; and "Hoof Beats" falls far below it. "Galloping Shoes," "Scattered Scarlet," and "Tally Ho Back," to mention but a few have taught us to expect that the sometimes rather hearty verse shall have, at any rate, a lilt and a swing, and that it shall be a worthy accompaniment to the pictures. The verses of "Hoof Beats" are for the most part lamentable, frequently descending into pure bathos and the most mawkish sentiment.

The artist is usually the most important member of the partnership, and Mr. G. Denholm Armour's work is, as always, good, and is too well-known to need further praise in these columns, although it is unlikely in this case that they are of sufficient interest to sell the book in spite of the verse.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, Cavalry Journal.

Dear Sir,—With reference to the obituary notice of Captain W. H. Muir, published in the Cavalry Journal of January, 1932, it is only fair to state that "Sea Count" was originally trained by Lieut. A. R. Sturt, late 14/20th Hussars, and ridden very successfully by him in 1922 and 1923.

Among "Sea Count's" earlier successes are the following:—

Mainz Horse Show, 1922: 1st in "Prix du Rhin" (A. R. Sturt), 3rd in "Prix de Castel" (A. R. Sturt), and three other places.

Bonn Horse Show, 1922: 1st in Inter-Allied Jumping Competition (A. R. Sturt), 30 competitors, a remarkable fine exhibition, having no faults in 2 rounds; also ridden in winning British Team (A. R. Sturt).

Aix-la-Chapelle Horse Show, 1922: 2nd (tied) in Individual Inter-Allied Cup (A. R. Sturt).

British Army of Rhine Horse Show, 1922 (Cologne): 1st in Open Inter-Allied Jumping (A. R. Sturt). No fault.

Dusseldorf Horse Show, 1923: 3 places in Inter-Allied Jumping Competitions.

British Army of Rhine Horse Show, 1923 (Cologne): 1st in Open Championship (A. R. Sturt). Also ridden by Captain G. M. Hamer in winning team in Inter-Allied Competition.

In October, 1923, the King's Dragoon Guards relieved the 14/20th Hussars at Cologne and "Sea Count," together with the rest of the troop horses, were handed over to the former Regiment.

The horse was named "Sea Count" by Captain G. M. Hamer in 1922, but the telephonic origin of the name as stated in the January issue of the Cavalry Journal is a myth.

Yours faithfully,

O. J. F. Fooks.

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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

THE INDIAN GRAND NATIONAL.

The Indian Grand National, a three mile steeplechase, was run at Lahore during the Christmas Meeting, on Boxing Day, the 26th December, and was watched by a large crowd, which included His Excellency the Governor of the Punjab.

It resulted in one of the best steeplechase finishes imaginable, for although the official verdict was three lengths, four lengths, and a length and a half, the race was far more exciting that appears from these bare figures.

Until the leading horses were over the last fence, which is about a furlong from the winning post, it would have been difficult to spot which would be the winner out of the five who jumped the fence almost abreast—one might have been watching section jumping—and it was only in the run in that the light weight carried by Var Plum and the excellent judgment displayed by Mr. Sherston (U.L.I.A) told its tale, and Var Plum got home by three lengths from Half Note (Mr. Edwards, R.A., up) with Galtee Princess (owner up) third.

It is very easy to criticise from the stand, but to the onlooker it seemed that had Mr. Edwards made a little less use of Half Note in the early stages of the race, and pulled him back to his field, once he had settled down, the verdict might possibly have been reversed ; to set the pace carrying 10–12 with the bottom weight at 9–7 over three miles of a stiff steeplechase course is asking a great deal of a horse.

The field of eleven which faced the starter (Capt. Larry Smith) was as follows :—

Capt. A. E. Dean's (Skinner's Horse).	Passing Show	(W. Alford)	12—6
Sir Henry Craik's	Her Last ..	(Capt. Anderson, Cameronians)	12—0
Capt. T. Hudson's (I.A.S.C.).	Magog	(E. Fownes)	11—13
Capt. P. J. Hilliard's (16th Light Cavalry).	Nicholas Bagshawe	(Owner)	11—7
Mr. H. N. MacLaurin's (Skinner's Horse).	Llyn Eigiau	(Owner)	11—3
Mr. H. N. MacLaurin's (Skinner's Horse).	Half Note	(Mr. Edwards, R.A.)	10—12
Capt. J. R. Carles' (I.A.S.C.).	Kelly	(Mr. Heneker, 3rd Cavalry)	10—9
		Car.	10—11
Capt. L. M. H. Benn's (Probyn's Horse).	Galtee Princess	(Owner)	10—6
Capt. H. D. Tucker's (8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry).	Upon	(Tota Singh)	10—6
Mr. N. Calder's	Var Plum ..	(Mr. Sherston, U.L.I.A.)	9—7
		Car.	9—8
Capt. G. J. Gardner's (7th Light Cavalry).	Vera B.	(C. T. Foy)	9—7

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Kelly, Magog and Nicholas Bagshawe started equal favourites at four to one against. Ten to one could be had about Var Plum the ultimate winner.

They were quickly despatched to an excellent start by Capt. Larry Smith. The first to go to the front was Half Note who led the field at a cracking pace for two thirds of the journey. The first half of the race was covered without mishap, and they passed the stand for the first time in the following order :— Half Note (still making the pace), Llyn Eigiau, Var Plum, Her Last, Galtee Princess, Kelly, Upon, Nicholas Bagshawe, Vera B., with Passing Show last.

The first fall took place about a mile and a furlong from home, when Nicholas Bagshawe came to grief. Up to then he had been jumping beautifully, and the explanation of his fall was soon apparent ; he had broken a blood-vessel earlier on in the race. It was extremely bad luck on Capt. Hilliard, owner, trainer and rider of the horse, as he had a great chance.

Better luck next year to him and his gallant horse.

Just under a mile away from home Half Note, which up to then had been setting the pace, fell back a little, and Galtee Princess took the lead. Capt. Benn appeared to set Galtee Princess alight at this stage in an endeavour to make the others crack, but Her Last, Kelly, Var Plum and Half Note remained within striking distance, and all were jumping well.

With just over half a mile to go, Passing Show, Magog, Vera B, and Upon appeared to be out of the race ; and with Llyn Eigiau going groggy (she pulled up dead lame three furlongs from home) the race seemed to lie between Her Last, Kelly, Var Plum, Galtee Princess and Half Note.

This was borne out by subsequent events, for on they came, all in a bunch, up the straight, led by Galtee Princess until the last fence, which the five jumped almost dead in line while the packed crowd in the enclosure acclaimed first one and then another as the winner.

It was a ding-dong struggle !

Her Last's chances disappeared at this fence as he pecked on landing unshipping Capt. Anderson ; which left the other four to fight out the finish with the result I have already described.

It was a great chase, and it will be a long time before any of us see a better, either in Lahore or elsewhere. The race was run in six minutes twenty seconds, which is eight seconds better than has been done since the race came to Lahore in 1929, but it must be remembered that the other two winners were carrying much more weight.

The Lahore Executive are to be congratulated on the wonderful " going " and the big, though fair, and very natural looking fences which they have provided for this, the premier, steeplechase of India.

The results of the previous Grand Nationals in Lahore are as follows :—

Year	*Winner*	*Owner*	*Rider*	*Weight*	*Time*	*Starters*
1929	Astlor	Lt.-Col. Conder	Capt. Wood (R. Deccan Hrs.)	11–13	6–40⅘	13
1930	Passing Show	Capt. A. E. Dean (Skinner's Hrs.)	Capt. Wood	12–7	6–28⅕	12

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THE NATIONAL TRIAL STEEPLECHASE.

Saturday, 12th December, 1931. This was run over the Lahore Race Club's Steeplechase Course. Distance, about 2 miles.

1st	Mr. N. Calder's Var Plum	(Mr. Edwards, R.A.)	9—9
2nd	Capt. L. M. H. Benn's Galtee Princess (Probyn's Horse).	(Owner)	10—13
3rd	Capt. P. J. Hilliard's Nicholas Bagshawe (16th Light Cavalry)	(Owner)	12—1

Also ran : Sir Henry Craik's Her Last, 12—7, Capt. Anderson (Cameronians), threw his rider ; Astlor, 12—6, E. Fownes (fell) ; Capt. H. D. Tucker's Upon, 10—7, Capt. Wansborough Jones (C.I.H.) ; Capt. G. J. Gardner's (7th Light Cav.) Vera B, 9—13, Tota Singh (ran out).

Won by 5 lengths, distance between 2nd and 3rd. Time 4 mins. 7 4/5 secs.

THE LAHORE HUNT.

In spite of extremely adverse conditions, the Master (Capt. H. Paterson, I.A.O.C.) showed some good sport, and the large fields, including a fair number of visitors, had some far better runs that were to be hoped for during Christmas week. There had been no rain since August, and the country was growing more dusty every day, so that there was practically no scent at all. Moreover, the extreme hardness of the going caused considerably more lameness than even the most pessimistic Master would budget for ; so it was never possible to bring out a full-strength pack.

The Meets were at 7 a.m. at the following places :—

December 20th.—Shah-di-Khui. Scent was fair. A fast hunt of 40 minutes, hounds killing after crossing the Canal ; which was full. Point : 3½ miles, but 8 miles as hounds ran.

December 24th.—Inspection Bungalow, Harike Road. Scent was fair, and hounds killed after a good hunt of 45 minutes over a 7 mile run.

December 28th.—Ferozepore Road. A Cap was taken for the Kennel Staff. Scent was very poor, faint in the open and sketchy in covert. Two slow hunts, but hounds did not kill.

December 31st.—Aerodrome. There was practically no scent as there was no dew. One jack was viewed, but hounds could not own to the line at all.

THE LAHORE HUNT HORSE SHOW.

The Annual Lahore Hunt Horse Show was held on 26th and 27th December at the Indian O'Dwyer Memorial Grounds. The show was well organized by Lieutenants Kirwan and Bearcroft, Royal Engineers, and the time programme was strictly kept.

The entries were not as good as in former years, owing possibly to the present need for retrenchment ; but taken as a whole the winners of each class were of a good standard.

Perhaps the best class of the Show was the Stable of Three, which was won by Captain Campbell-Harris (7th Light Cavalry) with his br. Ind. m. Brown Sugar, br. Aust. g. Suspense, and br. Aust. m. Debonair. Captain Carr-White's (P.A.V.O. Cavalry) br. Aust. g. Thessaly was an outstanding

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winner in the E. & C. Polo Ponies (Heavy Weights); and Captain T. R. Henry's ch. Ind. g. Combined Training received special mention as the winner of the Indian Heavy-weight Polo Pony Class.

The Handy-Horse Competition was won by Lieutenant G. E. V. Keighley (19th K.G.O. Lancers) on his Portmanteau; the Open Jumping by the 7th Light Cavalry's b. Aust. m. Tippu; the B.O.R's. Jumping by Tpr. Pitman on Tpr. Brentford's (Punjab Light Horse) b. Ind. m. Finnicky Lizzie; the I.O.R's Jumping by the 7th Light Cavalry's ch. Ind. g. Dalliance; and the Team Jumping was won by the 13/18th Hussars.

Major D. Vanrenen's br. Ind. m. Stealaway, and his br. Ind. m. Lady Day won the Best Horse and the Best Pony in the Show, respectively; the same horses winning the National Horse Breeding and Show Society's Medals.

It might be advisable another year to consider cutting down the number of classes in this Show. This year there were twenty-four Classes, and in view of the few number of entries, it is suggested that the abolition of some classes, and the amalgamation of others, might be to advantage.

LAHORE CHRISTMAS POLO TOURNAMENT.

FINALS OF THE PUNJAB CHALLENGE CUP.

Probyn's Horse "X"		versus	*P.A.V.O. "A"*	
Jem. Gurbachan Singh	(2)		Capt. T. Wheeler	(2)
Mr. T. T. Todd	(4)		Mr. R. Hanmer	(4)
Lt.-Col. H. Macdonald	(6)		Capt. G. Carr-White	(7)
Capt. G. Nadin	(6)		Capt. J. Sanger	(6)

Probyn's Horse "X" received three-quarters of a goal on handicap, and although they improved this by four goals, they were beaten finally by the P.A.V.O. "A" with a score of 8 goals to 4¾. Each member of Probyn's was playing well, but they were unable to compete with the excellent combination and team-work of the P.A.V.O. team; however, the game was fast, open, and there was plenty of galloping.

Nadin scored first for Probyn's; but this goal was immediately neutralised by a counter attack from Hanmer for the P.A.V.O., whose goal was quickly followed by another from Wheeler. During the next chukkas, there was a good deal of hard play, but the P.A.V.O. were gradually gaining on the number of goals, with the result that at the end of the fifth chukka, Probyn's found themselves in the unenviable position of being only 3¾ goals to the P.A.V.O.'s seven. The last chukka provided many thrills, and Probyn's managed to score again, only for Carr-White to run away from the throw-in, and score again, leaving the final score of 8 goals to 4¾ to the P.A.V.O. "A" team.

Colonel Tomkinson and Major Pott were the umpires.

RESULT OF PUNJAB CHALLENGE CUP, 1931.

Played on the American system.

25th December.	*28th December*	*30th December.*
P.A.V.O. "A"	Probyn's Horse "X"	P.A.V.O. "A"
beat	beat	beat
Probyn's Horse "Z"	Probyn's Horse "Z"	Probyn's Horse "X"

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FINALS OF THE HODSON'S HORSE CUP.

Probyn's Horse "Y"		versus	*19th K.G.O. Lancers "K"*	
Capt. A. F. Davidson	(1)		Mr. G. E. V. Keighley	(0)
Capt. J. W. Davidson	(3)		Mr. N. G. F. Chaplin	(1)
Mr. T. T. Todd	(4)		Major A. F. G. Forbes	(4)
Major J. May-Somerville	(2)		Capt. Malik. Mohd. Munir Khan.	(3)

The finals of the Hodson's Horse Cup ended in a victory for Probyn's Horse "Y", who beat the 19th Lancers "K" by five goals to four in a game which provided a worthy finish to a tournament in which there had been many close and exciting games. On handicaps, the 19th Lancers were the slightly weaker combination, and received a start of one goal; but in the first two chukkas they held their own, and at half time they were still leading by one goal, the score being 3—2 in their favour. The third chukka was perhaps the best in the game, and play was very fast and open, the score being reversed to 4—3 to Probyn's Horse.

The last chukka was evenly divided, each side scoring one goal, so that when the halt sounded, Probyn's Horse "Y" had won the Hodson's Horse Cup by 5 goals to 4.

Colonel Tomkinson and Colonel Henry were the umpires.

RESULTS OF HODSON'S HORSE CHALLENGE CUP, 1931.

23rd December.		*25th December.*		*28th December.*		
7th Light Cavalry	4					
beat						
The Mongeese	1	Wild Geese	3			
		beat				
19th Lancers "K"	17	7th L. Cavalry	0	19th Lancers "K"	3	
beat				beat		
The Irons	4	19th Lancers "K"	3	Wild Geese	2	
		beat				
P.A.V.O. "B"	5	P.A.V.O. "B"	½			
beat						
19th Lancers "G"	4½					
						Probyn's Hse. "Y" 5
						beat
6th D.C.O. Lancers	4					19th Lancers "K" 4
beat						
Blue Jays	3½	6th Lancers	4			
		beat				
Probyn's Horse "W"	5	Probyn's Horse "W"	2½	Probyn's Horse "Y"	5	
beat				beat		
Shahpur	½	Probyn's Horse "Y"	4½	6th Lancers	2½	
		beat				
Probyn's Horse "Y"	6	Abbassians	3			
beat						
Rajindar Lancers	1					

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SIALKOT POLO AND HORSE SHOW.

During the winter 1931-32 the following Tournaments, in addition to several local ones, were played off in Sialkot (2nd Indian Cavalry Brigade's station): Queen's Bays Tournament and 12th Lancers Cup, together with their Subsidiary Tournaments.

The entries in both were considerably curtailed owing to troops having to proceed to Kashmir, and Kashmir, the holder in both Tournaments, did not defend the Cups.

In conjunction with the 12th Lancers Cup a Horse Show was held, the entries being numerous and of a very high standard.

The draw and results of the Polo and the winners of the chief events in the Horse Show are as follows:—

QUEEN'S BAYS' TOURNAMENT, NOVEMBER 16TH—30TH, 1931.

TEAMS AND HANDICAPS.

6th D.C.O. Lancers 'C'.—Mr. Trouton (0); Lt.-Col. Dick-Lauder (2); Capt. Warren (2); Lt.-Col. Mayne (2).

The Norfolk Regt.—Mr. Barclay (0); Mr. Wilkins (0); Mr. Charlton (1); Mr. Wilkinson (1).

6th D.C.O. Lancers 'A'.—Capt. Blackden (1); Mr. Ingall (0); Capt. Wordsworth (5); Mr. Chauvel (0).

Sialkot Red Shirts.—Maj. S. V. Kennedy (3); Capt. Mirrlees (1); Maj. Magnay (1); Maj. A. Kennedy (0).

The Eagle Troop, R.H.A.—Maj. Scott (0); Mr. Fitzgerald (0); Mr. Fanshawe (0); Mr. Saunders (0).

6th D.C.O. Lancers 'B'.—Capt. Brown (1); Capt. Sansom (0); Capt. Poole (1); Mr. Stewart (0).

RESULTS.

2nd Round	*Semi-Final*	*Final.*
6th D.C.O. Lancers 'C' v. The Norfolk Regt. — 6th Lancers 'C' 11—4	6th Lancers 'A' 4—2	6th D.C.O. Lancers 'A' 5—4 goals.
6th D.C.O. Lancers 'A' v. Sialkot Red Shirts — 6th Lancers 'A' 3—1½		
The Eagle Troop, R.H.A. v. 6th D.C.O. Lancers 'B' — The Eagle Troop 3—1		

The Subsidiary Tournament won by 6th D.C.O. Lancers 'C' Team.

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12TH LANCERS' CUP, JANUARY 16TH—22ND, 1932.

TEAMS AND HANDICAPS.

13/18*th Hussars 'B'*.—Mr. Loftus (1); Capt. Sword (2); Maj. Barratt (2); Mr. Stewart (0).

Guides Cavalry.—Capt. Gimson (2); Capt. Wood (3); Capt. Prioleau (4); Capt. Gradidge (4).

'N' Battery R.H.A.—Maj. Scott (0); Mr. Fanshawe (0); Capt. Mirrlees (1); Mr. Inglis (0).

15/19*th Hussars*.—Mr. Mytton (0); Mr. Hodgkinson (1); Mr. Leaf (4); Mr. Moon (1).

13/18*th Hussars 'A'*.—Mr. Stancomb (0); Mr. Butler (2); Maj. Kennedy (3); Mr. Wood (1).

6*th D.C.O. Lancers 'B'*.—Capt. Scott (0); Mr. Ingall (0); Capt. Poole (1); Capt. Sansom (0).

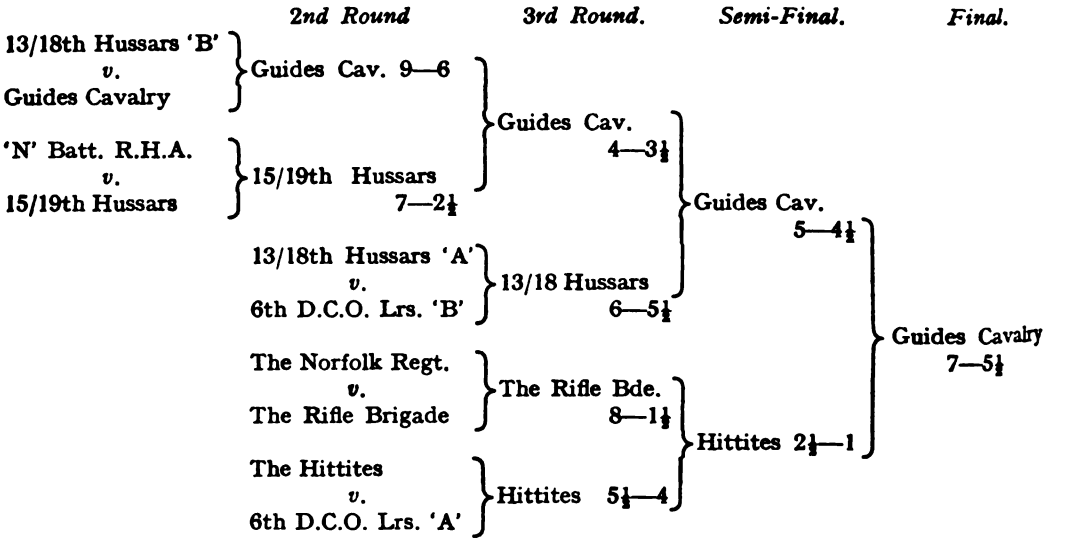
The Norfolk Regt.—Mr. Wilkins (0); Mr. Charlton (1); Capt. De Witton (0); Mr. Wilkinson (1).

The Rifle Brigade.—Mr. Wilbraham (0); The Viscount Garmoyle (2); Mr. Ansom (2); Capt. Newton (1).

The Hittites.—Mr. Fitzgerald (0); Capt. St. George (1); Maj. Kennedy (2); Maj. Magnay (1).

6*th D.C. O. Lancers 'A'*.—Lt.-Col. Mayne (2); Maj. Pott (5); Capt. Wordsworth (5); Maj. Laudale (3).

RESULTS.



The Subsidiary Tournament won by 6th D.C.O. Lancers 'A' Team.

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SIALKOT HORSE SHOW, JANUARY 18TH—19TH, 1932.
RESULTS.

CLASS I.—OFFICERS' CHARGERS. No. of entries, 11.

Capt. W. H. B. Mirlees (R.H.A.)	Vanity.
Lieut. A. J. Daniell (R.H.A.)	The Waif.
Lieut.-Col. A. D. Mayne (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Folly.

A fair Class.

CLASS II.—OFFICERS' CHARGERS DISMOUNTED UNITS. No. of Entries, 10.

Capt. E. C. Ratley (Norfolk Regt.)	Peitaho.
Maj. Buist (19/12th F.F. Regt.)	Bill.
Capt. Brycesson (10/12th F.F. Regt.)	Moonbeam.

CLASS IIIA.—LIGHTWEIGHT ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN POLO PONIES. No. of Entries, 7.

Capt. W. A. Gimson (Guides Cavalry)	Johanna.
Capt. J. H. Hirsch (13/18th Hussars)	Velvet.
Capt. E. K. Wood (Guides Cavalry)	Tofia Rose.

A very good Class.

CLASS IIIB.—HEAVYWEIGHT ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN POLO PONIES. No. of Entries, 15.

Maj. J. L. M. Barrett (13/18th Hussars)	Midinette.
B. H. Mytton (15/19th Hussars)	Cocktail.
Maj. J. L. M. Barrett (13/18th Hussars)	Dragonfly.

A good Class; winner a magnificent pony.

CLASS IIIC.—INDIAN POLO PONIES. No. of Entries, 10.

Capt. R. W. Morgan (2nd Cav. Bde. Signal Troop)	Ahmedzada.
Capt. W. A. Gimson (Guides Cavalry)	Trixie.
Capt. J. H. Gradidge (Guides Cavalry)	Pay Out.

Winner a fine heavyweight pony, second a fine lightweight. A good Class; winner outstanding pony.

CLASS IIID.—ARAB POLO PONIES. No. of Entries, 4.

Lieut. J. A. Stancombe (13/18th Hussars)	Sidki.
Capt. H. C. Ayscough (13/18th Hussars)	Taliha.
Lieut. J. Wilkins (1st Bn. Norfolks).	Poobah.

A small Class; little separating first and second.

CLASS IIIE.—GOVERNMENT HIRED AND BOARDED OUT POLO PONIES. No. of Entries, 8.

Lieut. D. G. Egerton (Guides Cavalry)	Cæsar.
Lieut. B. H. Mytton (15/19th Hussars)	Jorrocks.
Maj. A. D. Magnay (Skinner's Horse)	Ruby.

CLASS IV.—PONIES LIKELY TO MAKE POLO PONIES. No. of Entries, 11.

Col. A. D. Mayne (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Lucifer.
Lieut. I. K. K. Chauvel (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Bell Trial.
Capt. J. R. Brown (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Kitson.

A fair Class.

CLASS V.—LADIES HACKS. No. of Entries, 15.

Mrs. T. Scott	Borgia.
Mrs. Reay Mirlees	Vanity.
Mrs. J. N. Lumley	Eleana.

A good Class; first two hard to separate.

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CLASS VI.—HACKS. No. of Entries, 20.

Mrs. Reay Mirlees	Vanity.
Maj. D. Pott (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Romany.
Capt. J. R. Brown (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Kitson.

A moderate Class ; winner outstanding.

CLASS VII.—BEST SECTION BRITISH. No of Entries, 2.

"A" Squadron, 13/18th Hussars.
"B" Squadron, 13/18th Hussars.

Two excellent sections ; turnout of men and horses first class.

CLASS VIII.—BEST SECTION INDIAN. No. of Entries, 5.

"A" Squadron, 6th D.C.O. Lancers.
"C" Squadron, 6th D.C.O. Lancers.
"B" Squadron, 6th D.C.O. Lancers.

CLASS IX.—BEST GUN OR WAGON TEAM, R.A. OR R.H.A. No. of Entries, 6.

"A" Sub. Section, "N" Battery, R.H.A.
"D" Sub. Section, "N" Battery, R.H.A.
" ?" Sub. Section, "N" Battery, R.H.A.

A very good Class ; condition and turnout excellent.

CLASS XA.—BEST TWO PACK MULES. No. of Entries, 6.

Pte. Gillings' Sect.	1st Bn. Norfolk Regt.
Indian Section	1st Bn. Norfolk Regt.
(?) Section	1st Bn. Norfolk Regt.

CLASS XB.—BEST TWO PACK MULES IN A.T. CART. No. of Entries, 5.

Manig Ram's Pair	1st Bn. Norfolk Regt.
Pte. Carling's Pair	1st Bn. Norfolk Regt.
? ? ?	1st Bn. Sikh Pioneers.

Turnout excellent.

CLASS XI.—INDIAN OFFICERS' CHARGERS.

Risaldar Surat Singh	6th D.C.O. Lancers.
Jemadar Sadara Singh	6th D.C.O Lancers.
Risaldar Hermanda Singh	6th D.C.O. Lancers.

A very well trained Class, with little in it between first two.

CLASS XII.—OPEN JUMPING. No. of Entries, 60.

2nd Cavalry Brigade, Signal Troop	4½ faults.
6th D.C.O. Lancers	5 faults.
Sgt. Pitt, 13/18th Hussars	7½ faults.

CLASS XIII.—Team (3) JUMPING. No. of Teams, 17.

"A" Squadron	13/18th Hussars	18 faults.
"H.Q" Squadron	13/18th Hussars	24 faults.
"C" Squadron	15/19th Hussars	25½ faults.

CLASS XIV.—CHILDREN'S HACKS. No. of Entries, 5.

Ian Thain Robertson	Dandie.
Miss Jardine	Twinkleberry.
Miss Joyce Kennedy	Tomtitt.

CLASS XV.—SIALKOT CANTONMENT TONGAS. No. of Entries, 4.

Fateh Mohammed	Tonga No. 50.
Budha	Tonga No. 2.
Ganshi Lall	Special.

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CLASS XVIA.—BEST TROOP HORSE, BRITISH. No. of Entries, 11.
"N" Battery, R.H.A.
Tpr. Stack, 13/18th Hussars.
"N" Battery, R.H.A.
A good Class; winner outstanding.

CLASS XVIB.—BEST TROOP HORSE, INDIAN.—No. of Entries, 8.
2nd Cavalry Brigade Signal Troop.
6th D.C.O. Lancers.
2nd Cavalry Brigade Signal Troop.

CLASS XVII.—STABLE OF THREE. No. of Entries, 9.

Maj. D. Pott (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Selected Three.
Lt.-Col. A. Mayne (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Destiny, Lucifer and Colorado.
Capt. D. O. B. E. ffrench Blake (13/18th Hussars).	Selected Three.

A good Class.

CLASS XVIII.—BEST HORSE IN THE SHOW (1st and 2nd in Classes I, II, III, V, VI & XI).

Maj. J. L. M. Barrett (13/18th Hussars)	Midinette.
Mrs. Reay Mirlees	Vanity.
Maj. D. Pott (6th D.C.O. Lancers)	Romany.

A poor Class; winner shows good quality and action.

THE IMPERIAL DELHI HORSE SHOW, 1932.

In spite of the general financial depression the 10th Imperial Delhi Horse Show was an unqualified success, and, except in the Coaching Classes, the exhibits were well up to standard in number, being considerably augmented by late entries. The quality standard was well maintained and in several cases showed marked improvement.

The attendance was very good throughout and on the last day probably constituted a record. Their Excellencies The Viceroy and the Countess of Willingdon attended the Show on three days.

Several of the Ruling Princes were present, including H.E.H. The Nizam of Hyderabad.

The weather throughout was ideal.

The entries in the Breeding Classes were representative both in quantity and quality.

In the open classes the Heavy Weight Hunters were quite equal to previous years, and, although hardly one of the exhibits could be classed as a weight carrying hunter for the heavy going in England, they were full of quality. H.E. The Commander-in-Chief won this class with his Australian Wotan by King Orbert ex Mulvarsee, a handsome grey and a very good mover, not long landed in India. Captain Aitken was second with a nice chestnut thoroughbred, Rufus, a young horse with a future, and Colonel Thomson's Royal Lancer was a good third.

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The Light Weight Hunters went to Mr. Colville's Indian gelding Babbling Brook by Mickey Free. Captain Wickham's Vauxhall was second. Major Vaughan's Viscountess was third.

Pigstickers and Pony Hunters were small and moderate classes.

Ladies' Hacks, both horses and ponies, were strong and good classes. The former gave Indian horses their second success, with Colonel Norrie's Indian gelding Mikado, a nice quality little horse and a good mover. This horse also won the Raja of Kelhtri's Challenge Cup for the best Indian medium weight polo pony. He did well to beat Colonel Thomson's Royal Lancer, who gives one the impression of being a perfect hack and a most temperate and comfortable ride.

The latter came into his own again in the Open Hacks, when he beat Sir Philip Chetwode's Etterick and Sir Alexander Wardrop's Rocket in a very strong class. The Open Pony Hacks was a small but good class, the winner Captain Harvey's Severn Beach being an exceptionally nice mare full of quality. Colonel Henry's Australian None-so-Dusty, who also won the Ladies' Pony Hacks, was a good second. These two ponies were similarly placed for the Pony Novices.

Indian horses were to the fore in the Novice Hacks Horses, a very good quality horse called the Moor belonging to Sir Alexander Wardrop being the winner. The second was another Indian horse, Mrs. Thomson's Robin Hood.

In all the nine classes for polo ponies the standard of training was exceptionally high and the judges found it no easy task to make a final decision. Captain George's Indian gelding Alannah did well to win the light weights and the Nawab of Bhopal's special class, and also to take second place in the searching test for the Maharaja of Alwar's Challenge Cup for the best trained pony. The latter was won by Captain Holder's fine grey Australian Speedway. A well-known polo pony judge remarked that he had never known such a well trained lot of ponies.

The class for newly landed ponies was a good one, several showing much quality. The conditions of this class will probably be changed next year. It was originally intended for raw ponies only, and this will be made clear.

In the very strong class for all horses in hand Royal Lancer and Rufus were first and second. Lieutenant Mohammed Iftikar Khan of the 7th Light Cavalry did well to get third with his Indian entire Polisson by Politian ex Miss Fitzgrafton.

The class for ponies in hand was not so good as the horse class, but some nice animals were shown. Captain Grey was the winner with a good looking Australian, Seagull. Second and third places were taken by Indian ponies, Colonel Cole's Grand Armour and Mrs. Thomson's Woodland Gem.

Financial depression was responsible for the paucity of entries in the Coaching and Harness Classes, but those that were present were fully representative, the great feature being the success of the 2nd Lancers with a very smart team of Indian horses in the two important classes, the Four-in-Hands and the Coaching Marathon. This team was well handled by Captain Mould.

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In the Open Jumping for Horses the first three were Indian horses, the winner being a handsome little horse from the 10th Royal Hussars. In the Pony Jumping, which was excellent, the Australians were to the fore taking first and second places, with an Indian horse bred at Probynabad third.

In the Military Jumping Class, the 7th Light Cavalry were very prominent. Lieutenant Mohammed Yusuf won the British Officers' Jumping on his Australian mare, Anita, and the same combination also won the Handy Hunter Competition. The British Officers' Jumping was generally of a higher standard than last year. Our old friend Crusoe, now owned by Colonel Fisher, was second, and at one time he looked like doing well in the Handy Hunters which he won last year.

The jumping of both British and Indian ranks was distinctly good, especially in the finals.

Nearly all the competitors in the Handy Hunter Competition put up good performances at a good hunting pace and the second and third to Anita were two Indian horses, Major Turnham's Baby and Mr. Cunningham's Thelma.

In the Military Classes, the training and turn out of the riding classes showed an improvement over last year, and there is no doubt that the very thorough and searching tests to which these classes are subjected by the judges from the Equitation School, Saugor, are having a marked effect. It is a pity that no Infantry officers turned out for the class for Chargers on the Lower ration, and this class will probably be eliminated from next year's prospectus.

Indian horses also did well in these classes, and they appear to be generally liked, as being pleasant and easy to train.

There was a very good and level turn out for the gun teams of the Royal Field Artillery, though perhaps several of the horses were rather on the heavy side. As was only to be expected from the Royal Regiment the turn out was excellent.

The Pack Artillery Mules and the Indian Army Service Corps Mules, both pack and draught, were an excellent lot and very level all round.

The tent pegging is always a popular and interesting event, and this year was no exception, as there were no fewer than fifty-five competitors. The competition was very keen and took nearly two hours to decide on the last morning, when the final took place, several ties having to be run off.

Taking the Show all round, it can safely be said not only that the standard was fully maintained but that there was distinct improvement in many of the classes.

In the breeding classes the standard of the best is now so high that it can hardly be expected that much improvement can be made here, unless the very best of English stallions and mares can be imported into India for breeding purposes, but what we can confidently look forward to is the general all-round levelling up, the gradual grading up to the standard of the best, and consequently a considerable increase in the number of mares capable of producing stallions suitable for India, and thus opening up a very much wider field of selection.

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The Imperial Delhi Horse Show has done much to stimulate horse breeding and to encourage the industry, but it has now reached the limit of its capacity in this respect. Further encouragement must come from the racecourse for the expansion of the market and for the test for breeding stock.

A mare may be judged the champion of the Show, but unless she has undergone the test of performance through racing we have no means of judging of her capacity as a brood mare.

The Activity Ride of the 10th Royal Hussars was a very important feature of the Show, not only as a spectacle of very great interest to visitors, but as an example of very fine horsemanship and wonderful training of the horses.

The Children's Classes were very representative of the European element in India, and the turn out and riding were of an excellent standard. In the class for the best rider the competitors might well have been put through a more searching test; and a modified form of ménage test will probably be devised for the future.

THE EQUITATION SCHOOL HORSE SHOW, 1932.

The Equitation School Horse Show which is affiliated to the National Horse Breeding and Show Society of India, was held on 11th and 15th March.

TROOP HORSES. INDIAN N.C.O. STUDENTS.

1. A/L/Dfr. Ram Sarup's (7th Light Cavalry) b. Ind. g. Peara.
2. L/Dfr. Tej Ram's (Poona Horse) b. Aust. g. Khush Dil.

TROOP HORSES. BRITISH N.C.O. STUDENTS.

1. Cpl. Barrett's (15/19th Hussars) b. Ind. g. Love-in-Idleness.
2. Cpl. Kelsey's (3rd Hussars) b. Ind. g. Grasshopper.

INDIAN OFFICER STUDENTS' CHARGERS.

1. Jem. Khanjar Khan's (19th Lancers) b. Aust. g. Bahadar.
2. Jem. Abdul Aziz Khan's (2nd Hyderabad Lancers) b. Aust. g. Zaif.

PIGSTICKERS.

1. Major O'Donel's (R.A.V.C.) b. Aust. g. Fairyhouse.
2. Lieut. Landon's (R.A.) ch. Ind. g. Ichabod.

JUMPING—INDIAN OFFICER AND INDIAN OTHER RANK STUDENTS.

1. A/L/Dfr. Ram Sarup's (7th Light Cavalry) b. Ind. g. Peara.
2. A/L/Dfr. Hakim Singh's (19th Lancers) b. Aust. g. Jemas.

BRITISH OFFICER STUDENTS' JUMPING.

1. Lieut. Walker's (R.A.) b. Aust. g. Mankara.
2. Lieut. Disney-Roebuck's (R.A.) b. Aust. g. Bob.

JUMPING EQUITATION SCHOOL STAFF.

1. R.S.M. Watt's gr. Aust. g. Bishop.
2. Lieut. Kindersley's (R.H.A.) b. Ind. g. Carlos.

OPEN JUMPING.

1. A/L/Dfr. Hakim Singh's (19th Lancers) b. Aust. g. Jemas.
2. Naik Mewa Ram's (R.A.) ch. Ind. m. Star.

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HANDY HUNTER COMPETITION.

1. Lieut. Hardy's (Royal Signals) b. Ind. g. Hope.
2. Lieut. Disney-Roebuck's (R.A.) b. Aust. g. Kipper.

PONIES LIKELY TO MAKE POLO PONIES.

1. Lieut. King's (Deccan Horse) ch. Eng. m. Starlight.
2. Capt. Gilpin's (13th Lancers) ch. Aust. m.—

POLO PONIES—LIGHT WEIGHT.

1. Major O'Donel's (R.A.V.C.) ch. Ind. g. Tich.
2. Lieut Wells' (R.H.A.) b. Aust. g. Turbulent.

POLO PONIES—HEAVY WEIGHT.

1. Lieut. Hanmer's (P.A.V.O. Cavalry) br. Aust. m. Rosemary.
2. Lieut. de Winton's (R.A.) gr. Eng. g. Pigeon.

HORSES—ENGLISH, INDIAN AND COLONIAL.

1. Capt. Caldecott's (13th Lancers) ch. Aust. g. Sunstorm.
2. Lieut. de Winton's (R.A.) b. Aust. m. Biddy.

OFFICERS' CHARGERS.

1. Lieut. de Winton's (R.A.) b. Aust. m. Biddy.
2. Lieut. Disney-Roebuck's (R.A.) b. Aust. g. Kipper.

BEST STABLE OF THREE.

1. Capt. Caldecott's Stable.
2. Major O'Donel's Stable.

LADIES' HACKS.

1. Major O'Donel's b. Aust. g. Miskin.

BEST PONY IN THE SHOW.

This class being limited to ponies of 15.1 hands and under (which had been winners in other Classes), there were very few competitors for the Governor of the Central Provinces' Cup, which was awarded to Major O'Donel's Tich (by Monument—dam by Abdulla) the winner of the Light Weight Polo Pony Class.

BEST HORSE IN THE SHOW.

There was a large entry for this Class for which a Cup was presented by His Highness The Maharaja of Patiala. The judges had no difficulty in selecting Captain Caldecott's ch. Aust. g. Sun Storm (by Sunbury—Veronica) as the winner.

THE EQUITATION SCHOOL, SAUGOR.

CHARGER AND TROOP HORSE TESTS.

These tests were held at Saugor on 2nd, 3rd and 4th April. They were originally initiated with the object of encouraging students attending courses at the Equitation School to obtain and train horses of the right stamp for cavalry chargers and riders.

In each class there is a Horsemanship Test combined with an Assault Course. The Horsemanship Test for chargers consists of a ride of 30 miles at an average speed of not less than 8 miles per hour on two consecutive days, the whole 60 miles being completed within 24 hours. Troop horses have to complete a ride of 20 miles at the same average speed in one day.

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On completion of the second day's ride competitors are required to do a circuit of the Jump and Assault Course.

On the morning of the third day the manners and training of the horses are tested by certain exercises in the ménage, followed by a circuit of a small show jumping course over fences without wings, refusals and faults on this course being heavily penalized.

There were 23 starters in the Charger Test, 19 in the Troop Horse Test (British Units), and 35 in the Troop Horse Test (Indian Units).

The winners of the various Tests were as follows :—

CHARGER TEST.
Lieut. F. H. Blackett (The Royals) on b. Ind. g. Bradshaw.

PROBYN'S HORSE CUP.
Lieut. W. J. N. Walker (R.A.) on b. Aust. g. Mankara.

TROOP HORSE TEST—BRITISH UNITS.
Cpl. L. A. Barrett (15/19th Hussars) on b. Ind. g. Love-in-Idleness.

TROOP HORSE TEST—INDIAN UNITS.
L/Dfr. Nazar Singh (P.A.V.O. Cavalry) on b. Aust. m. Chambeli.

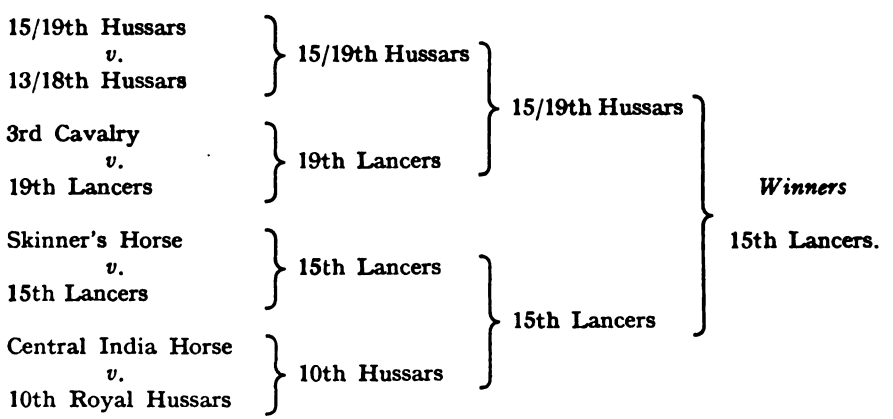
CHETWODE CUP.

This Cup has been presented by His Excellency General Sir Philip W. Chetwode, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., for a competition between the winners of the Charger and Troop Horse Tests, to decide which is "The best Trained Horse and Student of the Year."

Winner: Lieut. F. H. Blackett (The Royals) on b. Ind. g. Bradshaw.

THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT, INDIA

Played at Meerut, March, 1932. The draw and results were as follows :—



In the first round the 15/19th Hussars beat the 13/18th Hussars by nine goals to one.

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The 19th Lancers had an easy win over the 3rd Cavalry, and so did the 15th Lancers over Skinner's Horse.

The most exciting game of this round was the defeat of the Central India Horse by the 10th Royal Hussars by six goals to four. Major Gairdner played a brilliant game for the 10th Hussars, scoring no less than four goals. One particularly fine goal was scored after an individual run down by this player.

This win was quite unexpected, and caused a sensation. When it is realised that the C.I.H. are a 26 handicap team, and the 10th Hussar team only 11, the win would appear to be the more creditable.

It was a fast and thrilling game to watch, and in spite of the fine defence of the C.I.H. back, Major Williams, the 10th Hussars forwards took advantage of most of their openings.

In the second round the 19th Lancers were beaten by the 15/19th Hussars by five goals to three. This was a fast game and a good one to watch. Captain Hinde played well for the winners.

The second match of this round was between the 15th Lancers and the 10th Hussars. This again was a fast and exciting game for the onlookers. At half time the score was two all. There was then no addition to the score until the end of the fifth chukka when the 15th Lancers scored. They added a further goal in the last chukka.

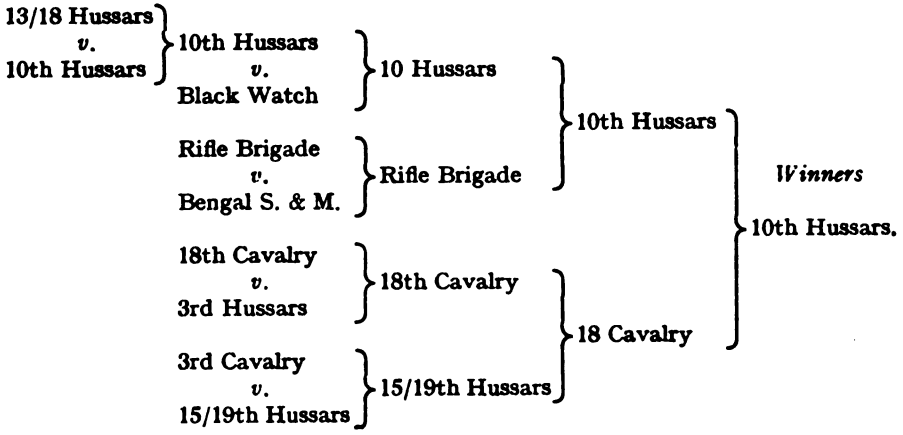
In the final between the 15th Lancers and the 15/19th Hussars the score at half time was 15th Lancers three, 15/19th Hussars one.

In the fifth chukka the Hussars scored again, and were unlucky not to equalize before the end of the match.

Major Atkinson and Captain Pert played well for the winners.

THE SUBALTERNS TOURNAMENT

Played at Meerut, March, 1932. The draw and results were as follows :—



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In the preliminary round the 10th Hussars beat the 13/18th Hussars by seven goals to two, and then followed their defeat of the Black Watch by five goals to one. The other ties of the first round resulted in wins for the Rifle Brigade (9—2), 18th Cavalry (9—4), and 15/19th Hussars.

The second round left the 10th Hussars who won by two goals to one after a sticky game, and the 18th Cavalry, to contest the final.

The final resulted in a convincing victory for the 10th Hussars who won by nine goals to one. Unfortunately for the losers, Barlow was feeling the effects of three days of fever.

The game was fast and the hitting good, and the score does not give a good picture of the match. MacMullen, Wingfield and Archer Shee played well for the winners.

THE INDIAN CAVALRY CHASE, 1932.

Run at Meerut on 1st March, 1932. Only four horses faced the starter, namely :—

Major J. C. Walker's Wedding Day (Skinner's Horse).	(Mr. Heneker)	13.0
Mr. H. N. Maclaurin's Half Note (Skinner's Horse).	(Owner)	12.5
Capt. J. M. H. Benn's Galtee Princess (Probyn's Horse).	(Owner)	10.2
Capt. H. D. Tucker's Upon (8th K.G.O. Cavalry).	(Capt. Wansborough-Jones)	9.7

From a good start the field jumped the first fence together, remaining together over the second fence, except for Half Note, who ran out. From past the stands onwards it became a thrilling race to watch, the three remaining horses racing together with Upon the better placed on the inside. Galtee Princess in the middle jumping slightly in the lead, and Wedding Day jumping rather on the outside of the course. This order remained unchanged until about three-quarters of a mile from the winning post, when Wedding Day seemed to tire. Upon and Galtee Princess jumped the last fence but one together, Upon, jumping crookedly, bumped Galtee Princess, but Captain Benn had his mare well in hand, and jumping the last fence in front of Upon, won comfortably, Wedding Day a bad third. Galtee Princess won this race in 1931, with Captain Atherton, Royal Deccan Horse, in the saddle.

THE KADIR CUP, 1932

The Kadir Cup of 1932, held on 28th, 29th and 30th March, will be remembered as one in which luck was notably unkind to those whose previous reputations, both for skill and for being well-mounted, would have caused them to be well backed, if the Kadir Cup was ever a competition on which there was any betting.

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It was won by Mr. H. Jones, of the 10th Hussars, on Horse's Neck, a horse that had not the reputation of being a first-class pigsticker with the Meerut Tent Club. Luck alone, however, has never won a Kadir; it can only go to a man who goes really hard and never throws away an opportunity, and it was these qualities that enabled Mr. Jones to win for his regiment their fifth Kadir Cup, thus pressing hard on the heels of the 4th Hussars, whose Captains Scott-Cockburn, Catto, and Head, made Kadir history a few years ago. By winning in 1929, Captain Head secured the trophy for his regiment for the sixth time.

The meet was, as usual, at Sajmana Bagh. The country was in excellent condition, there being slightly more cover than last year. During the week before the Kadir fewer pig than in previous years had been seen in those jungles which are beaten in before the first day of the meeting, and there was, therefore, considerable anxiety as to whether the supply of pig would be sufficient to run the large number of heats which the big entries necessitated.

The jungles are so large, and must of necessity be kept so quiet before the Kadir Meeting, that it is hard to make any exact estimate of the number of pig they hold. Anxiety was, however, soon allayed when the line started on the first day and pig after pig got up. Few of these were big boar, many being young, fast pig that gave longer and faster runs than is usual with heavy hog. By the end of the first day only one heat of the first round remained to be run off. The second day's supply of pig was not so good, but sufficient were found, and by lunch time there were only two heats outstanding.

The semi-final and final heats were run off in the Sherpur Jhil on the morning of the 30th, among the many spectators being Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Willingdon.

Mr. Stewart's Tony, Mr. MacMullen's St. George, and Mr. Slater's Washaway were drawn in the first semi-final. Some rain had made the ground very slippery, and shortly after the start, Tony slipped and came down after a fast pig. The others, however, lost the pig and no heat was declared. The heat was then slipped after a heavy hog which provided a jinking hunt near the line of elephants. All were on in turn, Mr. MacMullen spearing first. Unfortunately, however, he dropped his spear, and was thus disqualified, the first spear being given to Mr. Stewart.

The second semi-final consisted of Captain Atherton's Sligo, Mr. Jones's Horse's Neck, and Captain Avery's Danny. Captains Atherton and Avery got away well together after a fast pig with Mr. Jones in rear. When the leaders were within ten yards of the pig they both fell heavily and Mr. Jones went on to spear.

The third semi-final consisted of Captain Richards' Centaur, Captain Simpson's Sunday School, and Mr. MacMullen's Tony. They were on the line for some time before being slipped, and after losing a good pig, were sent away after another which went fast and straight. Captain Richards and Mr. MacMullen were together all the way in the run up, but a slight jink gave

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an advantage to Captain Richards, who tried to spear, but missed and struck the ground, breaking his spear. Mr. MacMullen then attempted to spear, but missed and dropped his spear. This gave a clear field to Captain Simpson, who obtained first spear.

The final heat, therefore, consisted of Mr. Stewart on Tony, Mr. Jones on Horses Neck, and Captain Simpson on Sunday School. Captain Scott-Cockburn was the umpire and soon got them away after a fast and small pig, which took an easy line over light grass and cultivation. Tony was the first on, and hunted the pig cleverly, but his rider failed to take an opportunity to spear, and finally speared the ground, dropping his weapon. Captain Simpson next took up the running, and tried several times to spear, but without success, until a jink let in Mr. Jones on Horse's Neck, who obtained first spear, thus becoming the winner of the 1932 Kadir Cup.

HOG HUNTERS' RACES

After lunch at Sherpur Bagh, the Heavy and Light Weight Hog Hunters' Races were run over a stiff course of about three miles. The Heavy Weight Race was won by Captain Scott-Cockburn on Prawn, who, after a peck at the start which displaced the horse's bridle, managed to catch up and win comfortably.

The Light Weight Race was won by Mr. Barnett's Panther, a horse that has won several point-to-point races in Lucknow, and is also a first-class pigsticker. Prawn, it will be remembered, was the runner-up in the final heat of last year's Kadir, when Captain Richards won. There was a good deal of grief in these races, but nothing serious, with the exception that Mr. Jones, the winner of the Kadir Cup, broke his collar-bone in the Light Weight Race.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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LORD HENRY WM. PAGET
(Earl of Uxbridge and 1st Marquess of Anglesea)
1808

By Unknown Artist

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CAVALRY

THE CAVALRY IN ACTION

By Lieut.-Colonel [illegible]
Yorkshire Hussars (Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own)

The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions

The Need for Cavalry

It was during the [illegible] Border bethought [illegible] Northumberland Hussars [illegible] just before the battle [illegible] 12th Lancer officer [illegible] was sent for and ordered to [illegible] from the 3rd Cavalry Division [illegible] men on them, and join [illegible] meeting.

Colonel Reynolds and [illegible] motored to Carlepont to arrange [illegible] about 120 of the Northumberland Hussars [illegible] foot from Noyon. [illegible] being shelled and [illegible] having been fighting (dismounted) [illegible]

The Germans [illegible] 1808.

[illegible] regiment had the distinction of being one of [illegible] before the War only enlisted men who agreed to sign on for [illegible] Zealand, as divisional cavalry to the 7th Division, on Oct. 7, 1914. [illegible] first unit to reach the Western Front, was the first to be in action.

[illegible] master of the Bedale hounds in Yorkshire.

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THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE

The portrait of the Earl of Uxbridge, afterwards First Marquess of Anglesea, reproduced here, is specially interesting as he is painted in the regimental uniform of the 7th Light Dragoons (Hussars).

In nearly all the known portraits of Lord Uxbridge, later Marquess of Anglesea, he is shown wearing the uniform of a General Officer of Hussars. This has led to a good deal of confusion, because he is always described as being in the uniform of the 7th Hussars.

The Hussar dress was authorised for the 7th Light Dragoons in 1805 but was not actually worn by them till December, 1807.

From the 1st of May till October, white pantaloons were worn with jackets, as shown in the painting, without the slung jacket, which was only worn on full dress occasions.

The portrait is by an unknown Artist, and was probably painted at Ipswich during the summer of 1808.

By permission of Mr. [illegible]

LORD HENRY WM. PAGET
Earl of Uxbridge and 1st Marquess of Anglesea
[illegible]

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1932

THE CAVALRY IN FRANCE, MARCH–APRIL, 1918

By Lieut.-Colonel T. Preston, M.C., T.D.,
Yorkshire Hussars.

Part III.

The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions with the III Corps (*continued*).

The Need for More Mounted Troops.

It was during the evening of the 24th March that General Butler bethought him of his corps cavalry regiment, the Northumberland Hussars, who had been converted into cyclists just before the battle.[1] Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Reynolds—a 12th Lancer officer then commanding the Northumberlands—was sent for and ordered to get as many spare horses as possible from the 3rd Cavalry Division at Carlepont, mount some of his men on them, and join Harman's Detachment early next morning. 24th March Sketch 1

Colonel Reynolds and Captain W. W. Burdon[2] accordingly motored to Carlepont to arrange matters, and during the night about 120 of the Northumberland Hussars marched there on foot from Noyon. This was by no means easy, as the road was being shelled and the men were very done up, most of them having been fighting (dismounted) continuously since the 21st.

[1] This regiment had the distinction of being one of the very few Territorial units which before the War only enlisted men who agreed to sign on for overseas service. It landed at Zeebrugge, as divisional cavalry to the 7th Division, on Oct. 7, 1914, and though not the first Territorial unit to reach the Western Front, was the first to be in action.

[2] Now master of the Bedale hounds in Yorkshire.

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25th March Sketch 1

The horses being obtained, a squadron was formed under Captain Burdon, which with the C.O. and the regimental H.Q., rode back in the darkness to Noyon. The town was being evacuated by the civilian population and was a scene of great confusion.

In the early hours of Monday, 25th March, the Northumberland Hussars' squadron marched out on the Roye main road and reached Beaurains, where it was found that fighting was going on somewhere to the east, though a thick fog prevented anything being seen. Patrols were at once sent out, and General Harman's Detachment was located at Lagny, whither the squadron proceeded: it then came, about 8 a.m., under the orders of Lieut.-Colonel Paterson (Fort Garry Horse), commanding the 3rd Cavalry Division portion of Harman's force.

* * * * *

The situation in the III Corps area at dawn on Monday 25th March was that, except for the 58th Division (which was south of the Oise and therefore outside the sector attacked), all the front line had been taken over by the French V Corps under General Pellé. The principal events of this day were that the French fell back some four or five miles, abandoning Noyon; and that the scattered brigades of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions were practically all collected and re-formed into a mounted force, though the latter division was not properly organised till the following day. Harman's Detachment remained as a separate formation for the time being.

We left the 6th Dismounted Brigade with the 58th Division, in line south of the Oise near Manicamp.[1] Here it stayed in comparative quiet throughout the day, being relieved by infantry during the night 25th/26th and collected at Besme (two miles south of Manicamp) by 6 a.m. on the 26th. It was the last dismounted brigade to rejoin its horses.

The 3rd, 7th and Canadian Dismounted Brigades, it will be remembered, were just north of the Oise between Dampcourt and Appilly:[2] the two latter formations were under Br.-General

[1] See "Cavalry Journal," July, 1932, p. 337.
[2] *Ibid.*

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Seymour, the whole three being commanded by Br.-General Seely, who was himself under the French 125th Division. 25th March Sketch 1

As there was again a thick fog in the early morning of the 25th, General Seely about 4 a.m. issued orders to his C.Os. to draw in closer to Appilly, and a line was taken up east of the village with its right—the 7th Dismounted Brigade—resting on the Oise Canal, and thence astride the Noyon-Chauny railway and main road to Mondescourt. This line was about one-and-half miles in rear of the front line held by the French.

As the fog lifted about 8 a.m., shells began to fall round Appilly station and the canal bridges, and a little later news was received that the Germans were attacking the French in Abbécourt.

At 11 a.m. this village was reported to have been lost. Just about this time a hostile aeroplane flew over Appilly station and was engaged by Hotchkiss riflemen of the Inniskillings (7th Dismounted Brigade) who had the satisfaction of seeing the machine burst into flames and fall—whether as a result of the Hotchkiss bullets or not is uncertain.

About noon, just as it appeared probable that the dismounted cavalrymen would have to meet an attack on Appilly, they were relieved by French infantry who came up from the south.[1] The 7th and Canadian Brigades were then ordered to continue their march to rejoin their horses, and crossed the canal and river to Bretigny: here a German aeroplane came over, and a few minutes later the village was heavily shelled, though luckily there were few or no casualties. After a march of some eight miles in lovely weather, the two dismounted brigades reached Carlepont at 4 p.m., where at last they found their horses.

In the meantime the three dismounted brigades of the 2nd Cavalry Division had been remounted. Br.-General Pitman, after a conference with the III Corps commander, told his brigadiers to mount every man they could, and this was done: but it must be understood that the division was really split up into two parts, which for the moment we may term (1) and

[1] The Germans occupied Appilly at 1.30 p.m.

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25th March Sketch 1

(2). (1) consisted of 500 men under Lieut.-Colonel G. T. R. Cook, 20th Hussars (lately O.C. 5th Dismounted Brigade). Colonel Cook was, at 9.15 a.m., 25th March, placed under Harman's Detachment which, it will be recalled, already contained 300 men of the 2nd Cavalry Division.[1] (2) was called " the 2nd Cavalry Division " under the command of Br.-General Pitman, but only comprised some 1,100 men and 8 machine guns. It came into being at 10 a.m., 25th, and was organised in three so-called brigades, each about the strength of a regiment—the 3rd Brigade being commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, the 4th by Lieut.-Colonel Wilcox and the 5th by Lieut.-Colonel Fane.

The 5th Cavalry Brigade was at once sent to Chiry (three miles south-west of Noyon), and the other two brigades, after spending the afternoon watching the Oise crossings between Pontoise[2] and Sempigny, also marched to Chiry in the evening. Patrols of the 5th Brigade reported the French holding the southern outskirts of Noyon whilst the Germans were in the northern part; during the night the French evacuated the town altogether. In the course of the evening Br.-General Pitman's force came under the orders of the 14th Division (Major-General Greenly), and received orders to occupy Mont Renaud on which the French were retiring: the 5th Brigade accordingly took up a position on this hill and watched the crossings of the Oise at Pont l'Evêque.

Turning to Harman's Detachment, this was at 1.30 p.m. placed under the French 10th Division and ordered to act in conjunction with the colonel of the French 46th Regiment at Catigny. As a result of the interview with this officer, a dismounted party of 600 men[3] under Lieut.-Colonel Paterson (Fort Garry Horse) was ordered to proceed in support of the French at Muirancourt. However, as the advanced guard of this party reached Le Chapitre Wood, the French were found to be already retiring, and a position was accordingly taken

[1] Col. Cook now took command of all these 800 men.

[2] The Pontoise bridges were prepared for demolition by a troop of the 2nd Field Squadron, R.E.

[3] 250 from the 2nd Cavalry Division contingent and 350 from the 3rd Cavalry Division contingent.

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up on the east edge of Chevilly to cover their withdrawal. By about 4 p.m. all the French had passed through Chevilly, and Colonel Paterson at 5.30 found that both his flanks were in the air: he therefore withdrew his men through Catigny, and rejoined his horses at Lagny by 7.30 p.m. 25th March Sketch 1

It may be noted here that the weather, which since the 21st March had been very fine and warm for the time of year, now became chilly and cold and so continued for the next week or so.

The 3rd Brigade R.H.A., which had been with the infantry, now rejoined. It had fired away all its 13-pdr. ammunition and was therefore ordered to keep well in the rear for the time being.[1]

* * * * *

The general situation of the Fifth Army in the evening of the 25th was that the French had taken over about half the front line and were still sending up reinforcements, but the Army had during the day retired from six to eight miles on the right and three or four miles on the left. But though the fighting troops did not know it, the true gravity of the withdrawals on the right lay in the fact that the French were (by order of their Commander-in-Chief, General Pétain) retiring in a south-westerly direction to cover Paris, whereas the British withdrawals further north were due west. If this went on, there would clearly be an ever-widening gap between the Allied armies; and Sir D. Haig had already given instructions to General Butler that the British troops in the III Corps were to retire south-west with the French, since it was better to have a gap between two British Corps than between the British and the French. A glance at Sketch 1 shows clearly the south-westerly direction of the French retirement after the abandonment of Noyon.

The Cavalry Fighting on the 26th March.

We have already noted that the 3rd Cavalry Division was not reorganised as a mounted formation as soon as the 2nd, 26th March Sketch 1

[1] As mentioned earlier, the cavalry brigades were mostly minus their R.H.A. batteries throughout the battle. For example, "C" Battery left the 6th Cavalry Brigade before 1st March and did not rejoin it till 9th April, having been with the 66th Division.

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26th March Sketches 1 & 2

because the tactical situation had made it more difficult to withdraw the 6th, 7th and Canadian Cavalry Brigades' dismounted parties. The two latter, as has been told, rejoined their horses at Carlepont about 4 p.m. on the 25th, and about 7 a.m. next morning (26th) a mounted force was formed under Br.-General B. P. Portal (commanding 7th Cavalry Brigade). This force, about the strength of a brigade, rode to Les Cloyes, whence patrols were sent to watch the crossings of the Oise between Pontoise and Sempigny: but the Germans made no attempt to cross, and continued to press their attacks in a westerly direction through the woods west of Noyon. In this area there was severe fighting, in which our cavalry played a prominent part: but before attempting to describe their doings, it is as well to emphasize the fact that the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions were acting in three distinct bodies—"Harman's Detachment" about 1,200 strong, containing men from every regiment in both divisions, under Major-General A. E. W. Harman; the "2nd Cavalry Division" about 1,100 strong, under Br.-General T. T. Pitman; and 'Portal's Force," about the same strength, as just noted above.

It must be borne in mind that a brigade was about the strength of a regiment: the casualties sustained in the first five days of the battle had not yet been made good, and there was a considerable shortage of machine guns.[1]

The situation west and south-west of Noyon, in the early morning of the 26th, was very obscure; no one seemed to know how far the Germans had progressed, nor the exact whereabouts of the French front line. General Pitman, at Chiry, was told by III Corps at 7 a.m. that his rôle was to watch the left flank and clear up the situation towards Noyon, but not to be drawn into an infantry battle. At 8.40 a.m. the 5th Cavalry Brigade[2] was ordered to send a squadron by

[1] For instance, the 8th M.G. Squadron (7th Cavalry Brigade), although it had all its 12 Vickers guns, could only supply 4 for Portal's Force, as there was only enough belt-filled ammunition for 4 guns. The remaining belt-boxes had had to be abandoned because the men, during the dismounted fighting and marching, simply could not carry all the boxes. During the night 26th/27th the writer, who commanded this squadron, was sent by car to III Corps advanced H.Q., Ribecourt, for more belt-boxes, with which 4 more gun teams were equipped next morning (27th).

[2] R. Scots Greys, 12th Lancers, and 20th Hussars, each about a squadron strong.

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Vauchelles to Porquericourt and to get in touch with the French near Sermaize, but this move was cancelled later, and at 9.40 III Corps ordered Generals Harman and Pitman to push forward to help the French in the Bois des Essarts: the 2nd Cavalry Division was to secure the ridge running north-west from Larbroye, whilst Harman's Detachment, on its left, was to advance to the high ground in the Bois des Essarts and Ferme Charbonneaux, joining up with the French at Lagny. 29th March Sketches 1 & 2

The 5th Cavalry Brigade, acting as advanced guard to the 2nd Cavalry Division, moved off at once, followed by the main body who were cheered by the French as they galloped through from Chiry. Suzoy was, however, found to be held by the Germans; the 5th Brigade could not get on, and General Pitman on riding forward to the Ancien Moulin de Suzoy (on the Larbroye–Evricourt road) decided that a frontal attack was not possible.

He therefore ordered the 3rd Cavalry Brigade[1] to make a turning movement to the left, round the Bois de la Reserve and through Cuy to the Bois des Essarts: the 5th Brigade in the meantime had already sent the Scots Greys into the Bois de la Reserve. General Pitman now fixed his headquarters at the north-west corner of Dive-le-Franc, whence he was later able to keep in touch, by motor, with General Harman at Dives.

The turning movement of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade made good progress; moving through Cuy village, it reached the north-west corner of Bois des Essarts and got nearly to Ferme Hirondelle where it joined up with Harman's Detachment. At the same time, the 4th Cavalry Brigade[2] had been brought up behind the 5th to the southern edge of the Bois de la Reserve, and sent one regiment to the Château des Essarts on the left to gain touch with Harman's cavalry—though as just noted, this touch had already been gained by the 3rd Brigade.

General Harman had, meanwhile, pushed forward his 3rd Cavalry Division contingent towards the Bois des Essarts; on reaching the wood, this contingent carried out a dismounted

[1] 4th Hussars, 5th Lancers, 16th Lancers.
[2] Carabiniers, 3rd Hussars, Oxfordshire Hussars

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26th March attack with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade[1] and part of the 7th Cavalry Brigade,[2] regaining the Suzoy–Lagny road which runs through the wood. The right flank was guarded by the rest of the 7th and the 6th Cavalry Brigade[3] detachments, who connected up with General Pitman's force and thus established a thin but fairly continuous line from north of Dive-le-Franc to Lagny.

The wooded nature of the country and the rapid movement of the cavalry made it very difficult for the higher commanders to see how the fight was progressing, and we may here mention a very gallant reconnaissance by Lieut. E. Ainger, 3rd Hussars, about midday. This officer left General Pitman's headquarters at Dive-le-Franc and was back again in less than an hour with full information as to the position of every unit in the division. He was covered with blood from head to foot, having had two horses killed under him.

The situation about 2.30 p.m. was approximately as under, from right to left :—

5th and 4th Cavalry Brigades of Pitman's 2nd Cavalry Division.	From high ground north of Dive-le-Franc, to north-west corner of Bois de la Reserve.
3rd Cavalry Division contingent of Harman's Detachment.	Along Suzoy–Lagny road in middle of Bois des Essarts.
3rd Cavalry Brigade of Pitman's 2nd Cavalry Division.	South of Ferme Hirondelle.
2nd Cavalry Division contingent of Harman's.	Through Ferme Charbonneux and Lagny to high ground north-west of latter village.

In some places French infantry were mixed up with the British cavalrymen, especially on the flanks of the line named above. Our cavalry, it should be explained, made full use of

[1] R. Canadian Dragoons, Lord Strathcona's Horse, Fort Garry Horse—less than a squadron of each.
[2] 7th D.Gs, Inniskillings, 17th Lancers, less than a squadron of each.
[3] 3rd D.Gs, Royals, 10th Hussars, less than a squadron of each.

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their horses throughout the day, though no opportunity for shock action arose. 20th March Sketches 1 & 2

During the afternoon the Germans seemed to be definitely held on this part of the line and all was going well; but towards 4 p.m. news reached General Harman that the French had been pushed off the Montagne de Lagny and had retired from Candor and Lagny villages. This of course exposed the left flank of our cavalry, and the 2nd Cavalry Division contingent of Harman's Detachment was forced to conform to the movement and withdraw to a position covering the crossing of the Divette stream at Dives: during this operation the contingent's commander, Lieut.-Colonel G. T. R. Cook (20th Hussars), was killed.

While this was going on, the 3rd Cavalry Division contingent was attacked from the east through the Bois des Essarts. It had to withdraw fighting a rearguard action, the 6th Cavalry Brigade mounted party (which had been in reserve) being sent forward to Ferme Charbonneux to cover the withdrawal: the rest of Harman's Detachment then made a determined stand on the line Cuy–Dives, holding up the Germans long enough for the 6th Cavalry Brigade party to get clear. French reinforcements had come up, and about 5 p.m. established a line in front of Thiescourt, and through this line Harman's cavalry withdrew, in accordance with orders, about 6 p.m., concentrating for the night at Elincourt.

We must now turn to General Pitman's 2nd Cavalry Division, whose troops were not at first aware of the retirement on their left. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade was, it will be remembered, in the middle of Harman's Detachment, and found itself with not only its left but also its right flank uncovered, and only skilful handling by its C.O. (Lieut.-Colonel Brooke, 16th Lancers) saved it from being cut off. Soon the 4th Cavalry Brigade in the Bois de la Reserve came under enfilade fire from the left, whilst the 5th Brigade was attacked from the Suzoy direction The hostile attack was repulsed, but with the left flank turned, General Pitman had no alternative but to withdraw to a line which the French had taken up between Dive-le-Franc and

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26th March

Epinoy, and which was successfully held throughout the night 26th/27th. About 11 p.m. the 5th Cavalry Brigade was relieved by the French and went back to Chiry, but the 3rd and 4th Brigades stayed in the front line, with the French, till next morning.

* * * * *

We left General Portal's force of men of the 3rd Cavalry Division at Les Cloyes, three miles south of Noyon, with standing patrols at the Oise crossings.[1] Shortly before 11 a.m. an order arrived to march through Ourscamp to support the 2nd Cavalry Division, but this was cancelled at 11 a.m., and all was quiet during the rest of the day on this side of the river. Our patrols reported at 1.40 p.m. that the French had withdrawn to the south bank and had blown up the Pontoise bridges, whilst an hour later it was reported that the enemy attack was developing against the French at Mont Renaud, but that all was quiet at Sempigny.

Portal's Force remained in position during the night 26th/27th, and at 11 a.m. 27th received orders to concentrate at Choisy, leaving B Squadron of the Inniskillings at Les Cloyes to protect the left flank of the 18th Division and keep the III Corps informed of the situation.

The Doullens Conference.

Though it hardly comes within the scope of this story (which is only an attempt to describe the doings of the cavalry) we may note that the 26th was the date of the historic Doullens conference, at which General Foch was appointed to co-ordinate the action of all the allied forces on the western front, on the understanding that Amiens was to be covered at all costs and that there was to be no more withdrawal of the French towards Paris.

Reorganisation of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions.

27th March
Sketch 3

At 7 a.m. on the 27th March, General Gough ordered the III Corps to withdraw the 2nd Cavalry Division and the Canadian Cavalry Brigade and send them to join the main body

[1] See page 488.

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of the Fifth Army in the neighbourhood of Montdidier. During the course of the day, therefore, the following changes and moves were carried out:— 27th March

(1) The 2nd Cavalry Division and Canadian Cavalry Brigade, including their men who had been with Harman's Detachment, were re-formed as complete formations and concentrated in the area Jonquières–Arsy–Moyvillers, west of Compiègne. In the morning, Major-General W. H. Greenly, who had been temporarily commanding the 14th Division, resumed command of the 2nd Cavalry Division, but had to go to hospital next day and handed over to Br.-General (later Major-General) T. T. Pitman, who held the command for the rest of the war.

(2) The 3rd Brigade R.H.A., which had been with the 18th Division, rejoined the 2nd Cavalry Division.

(3) A detachment called "Reynolds' Force," under Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Reynolds, Northumberland Hussars, was placed at Chevincourt, nine miles south-west of Noyon, to cover the corps heavy artillery. This force contained 300 mounted men and a section of motor machine guns, the cavalry comprising one squadron Northumberland Hussars, under Capt. Burdon, and the 6th and 7th Cavalry Brigade parties from Harman's Detachment, under Capt. Turner (Royals) and Capt. Parbury (17th Lancers).

(4) The 3rd Cavalry Division (less the Canadian Cavalry Brigade and Reynolds' Force), under Major-General A. E. W. Harman, concentrated during the afternoon at Choisy-au-Bac, north of Compiègne, and close to the edge of the Forêt de Compiègne.

Reynolds' Force had patrols out all day keeping touch with the French on the approximate line Lamotte–Gury–Lassigny–Cannactancourt, and the information sent in by the officers concerned was of great value to the III Corps, who indeed received little news from any other source.

Otherwise, the troops of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions had a comparatively quiet day on the 27th. Hostile aircraft bombed the 3rd Cavalry Division at Choisy during the night

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27th March 27th/28th, one man of the 6th Cavalry Brigade being killed and several men and horses wounded.

* * * * *

The 2nd Cavalry Division's casualties for March 21st-26th inclusive were :—

	Officers.			*Other Ranks.*		
2ND CAVALRY DIVISION :	K.	W.	M.	K.	W.	M.
3rd Cavalry Brigade ..	5	18	2	44	235	75
4th Cavalry Brigade ..	1	9	1	33	178	27
5th Cavalry Brigade ..	4	10	—	35	170	37
	10	37	3	112	583	139
Divisional Troops :—						
3rd Brigade, R.H.A. ..	—	1	—	2	5	—
2nd Field Sqn., R.E. ..	—	—	—	3	2	5
2nd Signal Squadron ..	—	—	—	—	2	—
2nd Cav. Div. M.T. Coy.	—	—	—	4	30	1
	—	1	—	9	39	6

Grand Total .. 51 officers, 888 other ranks.

Approximately half these losses were during the fighting on Crozat Canal on the 22nd–23rd. The 3rd Cavalry Division does not appear to have kept any separate casualty return for these six days.

General Pellé, commanding the French V Corps, sent the following letter to the British III Corps commander on 27th March :—

> "Au moment ou la 2me D.C. Anglaise et la B.C. Canadienne quittent le 5° C.A. francais, je tiens a leur exprimer ma reconnaissance. La conduite de ces belles troupes pendant la journée du 26 Mars a force l'admiration de tous."

Though this referred to the 2nd Cavalry Division and the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, General Butler in circulating it added that it applied equally to the other two brigades—the 6th and 7th—of the 3rd Cavalry Division.

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He himself wrote later :— 27th March

> "The main point which stands out above all others as a result of these operations is, in my opinion, the value of cavalry in open warfare. Cavalry or mounted men must be available to keep corps and divisional headquarters informed as to the situation, and to act as a mobile reserve, ready to protect the flanks or hold important positions temporarily until they can be occupied by infantry. In addition, distant reconnaissances can only be carried out, and contact with hostile troops maintained, by cavalry; as, owing to weather and light conditions, aircraft can neither be relied on to get nor maintain information about the enemy, especially if the country is much intersected."

* * * *

The 2nd Cavalry Division Leaves the III Corps.

In accordance with orders received overnight, the 2nd Cavalry Division, with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade attached, prepared to march early on the 28th to the area Ravenel–Leglantiers–Angivillers, some ten miles south-west of Montdidier. Before the start, however, news came that the Germans were in Montdidier, south of which there was said to be a wide gap in the French line. How far the enemy might have penetrated through this gap was uncertain, and General Pitman therefore decided to advance in the first instance to the high ground near La Neuville Roy and north-east of Lieuvillers (twelve miles south of Montdidier). 28th March Sketches 3 & 4

The division accordingly marched at 6.30 a.m., and reached the high ground without meeting any enemy. Being now in the area of the French Third Army, a staff officer was sent to that Army's headquarters, and returned about 8 a.m. with the request that the division should concentrate in the woods near Montgérain. Here General Pitman interviewed General Jacquot (commanding the French XXXV Corps), who told him that the Germans had captured Mesnil–St. Georges (west of Montdidier) and were said to be still advancing. After discussions with other French generals, it was settled that the Canadian Cavalry

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28th March Brigade should go to Welles-Pérennes in case the enemy tried to push southwards, and that the rest of the division, with the 3rd Cavalry Brigade as advanced guard, should march to Chepoix.

The Canadian Brigade moved off from Montgérain woods at 11.30 a.m., but both it and the 3rd Brigade found shortly afterwards that the French line was intact and that the help of the British cavalry was not needed, anyhow at the moment. During the Canadians' advance, a patrol of ten men under Lieut. F. W. M. Harvey, V.C. (Lord Strathcona's Horse) came across the enemy in the village of Fontaine-sous-Montdidier. Harvey boldly galloped his party towards the village, and the Germans—probably suspecting a larger body of cavalry behind —hastily withdrew, after which Harvey rode up to some French troops near by. The impetuous Frenchmen promptly put the Canadians under arrest, under the impression that they were German cavalry disguised in khaki! Lieutenant Harvey had to explain matters to the French divisional general before his allies would let him go.

In the afternoon the French retook Le Monchel, Mesnil-St. Georges and Fontaine-sous-Montdidier, and the situation here seemed brighter. At 4.30 p.m. the 2nd Cavalry Division, at the request of the French 56th Division, formed three dismounted "battalions" of 300 men each, as reserves to the French front line. These parties when formed were placed as follows:—

Canadian Cavalry Brigade at Welles-Pérennes; 4th Cavalry Brigade at Plainville; 3rd Cavalry Brigade at Broyes; and 5th Cavalry Brigade in reserve at La Hérelle.

* * * * *

The 3rd Cavalry Division, which we left in bivouac at Choisy-au-Bac near Compiègne, had a much-needed rest, as it stayed there all day and was not called upon. The site of the bivouac was close to the Aisne, in which river British cavalrymen now watered their horses for the first time since September, 1914, and for the last time in the war.

(*To be continued*).

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CELEBRATED WAR HORSES.

By J. PAINE.

"God's humbler instrument though meaner clay,
Should share the glory of that glorious day."

SUCH an epitaph would serve as an appropriate tribute to the services rendered by many a departed four-footed campaigner, but a place for this particular one has been reserved for inscription on the tombstone of a certain charger who, to horse lovers, should need no introduction, "Copenhagen." His resting place at Strathfieldsaye may be seen to this day, and the visitor to that hallowed spot will read above the lines just quoted the following simple inscription—"Here Lies Copenhagen, The Charger Ridden By The Duke Of Wellington, The Entire Day At The Battle Of Waterloo. Born 1808. Died 1836." The fitting lines which follow were, by the way, written by the second Duke of Wellington, a very peaceful sort of gentleman who, nevertheless, cherished the memory of his illustrious father. There is, unfortunately, very little to record of Wellington's charger. It will be observed that he was born in the year following the successful siege of the city whose name he bore. One hears practically nothing of the horse then till the memorable day at Waterloo when Wellington rode him from four in the morning until twelve at night. It was the Duke himself who said, "If he fed, it was on the standing corn, as I sat in the saddle. He was a chestnut horse, and I rode him hundreds of miles in Spain, and at the Battle of Toulouse." He forms an attractive figure in Ernest Crofts' brilliant painting of "Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo," in the Sheffield Art Gallery, and, in Maclise's fresco of "The Meeting of

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Wellington and Blücher After Waterloo," in the Houses of Parliament, to mention only two of many canvases from which he could not be omitted. His owner was reputed to have given three hundred pounds for him, but some writers put the price at five hundred. One has it on the authority of a friend of the second Duke, Sir William Fraser, Bart., M.A., that he was "a hollow-backed powerful horse." Sir W. Fraser was an officer in the First Life Guards, and when dining at St. James's Palace often heard regret expressed that the hoof of "Copenhagen" could not be placed beside that of "Marengo," Napoleon's horse, since the latter's was used there daily as a snuff box, and may still be seen in the Guard Room. Many were the folks who desired souvenirs of Wellington's horse, and to prevent him losing his tail entirely, the Duke had high railings placed between the animal and its so-called admirers at Strathfieldsaye. The worst offender of all, though, was a servant of the Duke's family, who cut a hoof from the body of "Copenhagen" on the day that the volleys were fired over its grave. There was not much that used to escape the notice of the Iron Duke, and, to put it very mildly, he was not pleased when, at the final interment, he became aware of this outrage. Nobody dared tell him who the miscreant was, but some years following the Duke's death, the old servant, feeling he had himself not long to live, revealed the secret to the second Duke of Wellington, and at the same time delivered to His Grace from a copy of "The Times" the hoof that he had jealously guarded so many years. This is, presumably, the hoof now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), the only British regiment named after a person not of Royal blood. Some years after the old war horse had passed away, his qualifications were the subject of debate in the Duke's hearing. The latter's comment on that occasion is worthy of preservation, "There may have been many faster horses, no doubt many handsomer, but for bottom and endurance I never saw his fellow." In the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution is a gold locket containing some hairs taken from "Copenhagen's" tail on the day of his death, and a letter

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from Colonel J. Gurwood, Wellington's private secretary, written in 1839 regretting that the skeleton of the horse could not to be dug up in order to be placed in the Museum. And does it not afford us a greater satisfaction to read that letter than behold in a glass case the sacred bones of him who shared with his illustrious rider "the glory of that glorious day" at Waterloo? It is enough to know that his remains rest honourably beneath a suitably inscribed headstone, that he is represented in bronze at Hyde Park Corner, and that he has left his mark on history's page.

Had it not been for the fact that it spent its latter years in this country, Napoleon's horse would have received scant attention this side of the Channel. It so happened that a British officer found the unfortunate animal on the field of Waterloo. The battle had been fought, the Emperor had flown, and the horse who is reputed to have brought its master safely through the contests at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and in the Russian Campaign of 1812, was left on the field of Waterloo to put up as best it could with a wound it had received in its near hip. "Marengo" was obtained by Napoleon, in Egypt, after the Battle of Aboukir, in 1799, and was a light grey barb just over fourteen hands high. After Waterloo it passed into the hands of Lord Petre, who sold it to Lieut.-Gen. J. J. W. Angerstein, a gentleman who not only ensured its every comfort at New Barnes, Ely, but actually bred from it. That he should have afterwards presented its skeleton to the museum of the Royal United Service Institution is regrettable, but such an act was probably regarded in an entirely different way then to what it would be in our own day. In the Museum, on the battlefield of Waterloo, a collection of relics acquired originally by an old cavalry sergeant-major, may be seen a bridle bit and a pair of silver spurs used by the Emperor and found in the carriage which was burnt at Madame Tussaud's a few years ago. In the well-known painting "On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo," by Ernest Crofts, R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, Napoleon is depicted as having just left this carriage and the riderless figure of "Marengo" is shown nearby waiting

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for its august master to mount. In looking at another picture, Meissonier's "Napoleon I and His Staff," in the Wallace Collection, one is reminded of several other paintings of mounted Staffs headed in each case by a leader on a white or partially white mount. Three such pictures are those of Hardinge at Ferozeshah, the Duke of Connaught at Tel-el-Kebir, and Kitchener at Pretoria, painted by Sir F. Grant, R. Caton Woodville and Sidney Paget respectively. "Marengo" and his rider were naturally great favourites with the old French military artists, one of the best known perhaps after Meissonier's pictures being that of "Napoleon at Wagram," by Horace Vernet in the gallery at Versailles.

In the same building in which the skeleton of "Marengo" is exhibited are some interesting relics of horses once owned by eminent soldiers. There is, for instance, the saddle in which Field Marshal Blücher rode at Waterloo, the Field Marshal's saddlery and horse trappings of Viscount Wolseley, and the silver-mounted hoof of the latter's favourite charger, "Greenleaf." It was Blücher, by the way, who, in the Duke's presence once declared that every horse in Mercer's celebrated battery of Horse Artillery was fit for a Field Marshal. London has equestrian statues of Field Marshals Sir Hugh Rose, Lord Napier of Magdala, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir George White and Viscount Wolseley, but there is little of particular interest worth relating about any of the numerous mounts that these and many other distinguished soldiers had in their various campaigns. Mention should be made, however, of General Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde who, when knowing he had only a few days to live, had brought to his bedside for a last caress "Red Rover," the horse which he had ridden at Meanee. The mere mention of a place in India recalls Bucephala, the city on the Jhelum in Northern India, so named by Alexander the Great in 326 B.C., in honour of his coal black charger "Bucephalus," who in that year died in battle on the banks of what was then the Hydaspes. The British Museum has a bronze of Alexander the Great riding what is intended to be a representation of this, the most celebrated war horse in the history of the world.

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Some of the most interesting passages in the well-known "Autobiography of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith" relate to the various horses which that distinguished officer and his wife rode in the Peninsular War. He had one war horse, a celebrated English hunter, which he dubbed "Old Chap," and another which went by the name of "Lochinvar." The latter carried him in the Waterloo Campaign, was a thoroughbred of some sixteen hands high, and "as a horse he was celebrated as His Grace was as a General." On the anniversary kept to celebrate Smith's great victory at Aliwal, his little Arab horse was invariably led round the table, and its health was drunk by the assembled guests. Fearing that his old age might not be a happy one, Sir Harry with his own hand shot him in 1859. The General's place at dinner was vacant on the day he performed this unpleasant duty, and nothing was seen of him till the following morning. The epitaph he afterwards wrote on this horse is still in existence. It is in his own handwriting and reads as follows: "Near this Stone is buried Sir Harry Smith's celebrated Arab Charger of the Purest Blood, 'Aliwal.' Sir Harry rode him in the battles of Maharajpore, Moodkee, Ferozeshahur, Aliwal, and Sobraon. He was the only horse of the General Staff that was not killed or wounded. He came from Arabia to Calcutta, thence to Lahore; he had marched nearly all over India; came by ship to England, thence to the Cape of Good Hope and back to England. He was twenty-two years' old; never was sick during the eighteen years in Sir Harry's possession. As a charger, he was incomparable, gallant and docile; as a friend, he was affectionate and faithful." Twelve years prior to his death "Aliwal's" portrait was painted by a Royal Academician, A. Cooper. The Andalusian horse "Tiny," constantly referred to by Smith, was ridden over many a stricken field by his wife, the Spanish damsel from whom Ladysmith was destined to take its name. A certain troop horse who survived the famous siege of that town thirty-two years ago will later be found worthy of notice.

A horse that deserves every bit as much praise as "Copenhagen" and "Marengo" is "Vonolel," the white Arab charger

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which carried Field Marshal Earl Roberts in his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. It was purchased by "Bobs" at Bombay in 1877 and died in Dublin in the year of the outbreak of the South African War, aged twenty-seven years. It had seen plenty of service in India and shared with its master the honour of wearing the Afghan medal with four clasps and the bronze star awarded to all who took part in the celebrated march just referred to. These two old campaigners have a place in a picture commemorative of that march painted by Chevalier Desanges, which for many years has hung in the Victoria Cross Picture Gallery at Wantage. The attractive equestrian portrait painted by C. W. Furse, A.R.A., is as much a portrait of the horse as it is of the rider, and it bears the title "Lord Roberts and His Charger Vonolel." One of the relics at the home of the late Earl Roberts is a silver-edged bowl made from the saddle he used when riding "Vonolel." The latter's hoofs serve as a rest for this bowl, from the silver rim of which are suspended its medals.

In the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 the present Major General Sir Leopold Swaine, K.C.B., C.M.G., rode a beautiful little pure bred Arab purchased from one of the black servants at the palace at Alexandria. Swaine, who, like Sir Harry Smith, was an old Rifle Brigade man, afterwards gave the horse to Colonel Valentine Baker, whose life was saved by the animal's fleet pace at El Teb. The horse afterwards found a home in Ireland with the daughter of that unfortunate officer. Another Arab horse who served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and was at one time the property of Capt. William Rose Winter, of the Fourteenth Hussars, is deserving of mention. Unfortunately, that officer broke his leg whilst riding the charger at tent-pegging in the late 'seventies. Thereafter he spent an eventful life with an officer of the Royal Engineers, the present Colonel C. B. Wilkieson. He was in the Cyprus affair of 1878 and in the battle four years later at Tel-el-Kebir, being present also at the actions at Hasheen and Torfrik in the Suakin Expedition of '85. The fact that he had crossed the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea and back no less than three times is in

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itself no mean record. This chestnut, who went by the name of "Fiasco," spent his last years in Bangalore, where, at the age of twenty-six, he had to be finally destroyed.

When Lieut.-General The Earl of Dundonald went out to Canada in 1902 for the purpose of reorganizing the Militia of that country, he took with him "Carbineer," the horse he had ridden when entering Ladysmith. Like Wellington's charger, this horse was a source of too much attraction, and Dundonald's batman had to confess to having given many of the hairs of its tail to souvenir hunters. Prior to the late war, one of the most popular pictures in humble homes was a spirited study of the Relief of Ladysmith, the principal figures being those of Dundonald and Sir George White, both on horseback, shaking hands. "Hindenburg" was the name borne by the charger ridden in the late war by Field Marshal Viscount Allenby. A fine equestrian portrait of the conqueror of Palestine was painted some years ago by Captain Adrian Jones, who also executed a striking war study of the late Field Marshal Lord Haig seated on his charger.

Several British cavalry regiments have had horses which in recognition of war service were accorded some special mark of favour. The chargers, for instance, of two celebrated Commanding Officers of the Eighth King's Royal Irish Hussars were regarded in their day with more than usual interest since their riders had both fallen in action. The first horse belonged to Colonel Thomas Pakenham Vandeleur who, when about to place himself at the head of the Eighth at the battle of Laswarree in 1803 was shot through the heart. The animal he fell from was of a jet black colour, and celebrated as a race horse. It eventually passed into the hands of one of the cornets of the regiment and was well cared for till the Eighth's departure from India when, to avoid the risk of its passing into the hands of some unworthy person, it was ordered to be shot. It was almost a matter of regret that the same action was not taken with "Black Bob," the charger ridden by the gallant Colonel Rollo Gillespie when he fell at Kalunga, in Northern India, in 1814. The horse was subsequently put up for auction, the Eighth

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secured him for, 'tis said, five hundred guineas, and with the regiment he remained till its tour of Indian service expired. Put up for sale again he became the property of a civilian, and shortly afterwards went the way of all folk who miss their friends so much that they are unable to partake of their daily fare.

An object of particular interest to Household Cavalrymen who visit the Royal United Service Museum is the hoof of "Jock" the last surviving Waterloo troop horse of the Second Life Guards. This animal was apparently none the worse for having taken its share of active service, since it was not till twenty-one years following the campaign that the authorities decided to shoot it. Its remains now lie buried somewhere in Hyde Park.

Another regiment which served at Waterloo was the First King's Dragoon Guards, and it was only natural that, almost a score of years following the battle, this regiment should also take pride in the fact that it could still boast of one horse which had carried its man in that famous contest. His Majesty King William the Fourth rather fancied this old warrior, and on the occasion of his inspection of the regiment on January the 17th, 1834, decided to keep him for himself. If any objections were felt they could hardly be raised, so the regiment's sole remaining Waterloo charger passed into the private possession of His Majesty, who, it should be added, presented to the regiment in exchange for the one he took, a cream coloured horse. It was this regiment which, at the beginning of the last century, issued a recruiting poster which rounded up with the following enticement, "This regiment is supposed to be mounted on the most beautiful, fine, active black geldings this country ever produced," whilst in another, would-be recruits of the Fourteenth Light Dragoons (afterwards Hussars) were lured by the printed promise that their horses would be of "matchless beauty." Major (afterwards General) Brotherton, who had nine horses shot under him whilst serving in the Peninsula with the Fourteenth, relates how in one affair, after losing his charger, he mounted a troop horse, which was also shot under him. It was when rejoining

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the main body of the regiment on a third horse he discovered that the wounded troop horse he had had to abandon had actually returned to its squadron and there in the ranks it had fallen down dead. The charger retained longest in the Peninsula by this officer went by the name of "Fatima"; was purchased when three years' old from the King's stud, and was badly wounded on more than one occasion during the campaign. Lord Londonderry once offered three hundred guineas for her. She eventually became the property of the French Government, who were not slow in making use of her in one of their breeding studs. One cannot resist quoting Brotherton's own description of this sagacious animal, "She was of the purest Arabian blood, and perfect symmetry, fifteen hands high, dark brown, a perfect picture, most graceful in all her movements, but very conceited. As she walked along she looked to the right and to the left, as if to see who was admiring her. She was the admiration of the whole army."

Waterloo was a great day in the history of the Royal Scots Greys, and their presence on the field is supposed to have evoked from Napoleon that famous remark, "Ces terribles chevaux gris." Two hundred and twenty-four of the regiment's horses were killed or wounded in the fight. Almost forty years later the Greys formed part of Scarlett's Heavies at Balaclava, and in the Officers' Mess there is a much cherished relic of that historic charge in the shape of a mare's hoof, bearing the following inscription, "D.6. Embarked with the Scots Greys at Liverpool. Landed in the Crimea. She was wounded at the Battle of Balaclava and returned with the Regiment to England, 1856. Died on the line of march, near Aldershot, 1865." These charges at Waterloo and Balaclava have been commemorated on canvas by Lady Butler and Stanley Berkeley respectively. The Greys' South African Campaign Memorial at Edinburgh is an imposing equestrian representation of a trooper in full dress uniform. Only one of the original grey horses survived that campaign. There are many who doubtless have never heard the fine song, "The Bonny Scots Greys," written by a former Commanding Officer of the regiment, Lieut.-Col. A. C. E.

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Welby. The air is that of "Bonnie Dundee," and one of the stanzas taken at random goes like this:

"O, see the grey horses come stepping along,
So proud in their glory, so famous in song;
Black bonnets of bearskin; O, where are the peers
Of the men on grey horse, the Scots Grenadiers?"

It was at one time the custom in the British Cavalry to provide trumpeters with grey horses, and even at the present time horses of this colour, or white, are ridden by the trumpeters of the Household Cavalry.

One of the regiments which rode alongside the Greys in the Heavy Cavalry Charge at Balaclava, the Fifth Dragoon Guards, had a tablet bearing the following inscription placed in one of the walls of the Island Bridge Barracks at Dublin, "Near this Spot lie Buried the Remains of Dicky Bird, B.7, Troop-horse, 5th Dragoon Guards, Which was Foaled in 1850, Joined the Regiment in 1853, and Served Throughout the Entire Crimean Campaign, From May, 1854, to June, 1856. He was Shot on 21st November, 1874, By Special Authority from the Horse Guards, To Save Him from being Sold by Auction."

Curious to relate, it was in Ireland that the services of another celebrated Balaclava troop horse were similarly commemorated. The horse in question joined the Fifteenth Hussars in 1833, was later transferred to the Fourteenth, and eventually found a home with the Eleventh Hussars (Prince Albert's Own). With the last mentioned regiment he served at Alma and Inkerman, and carried in the immortal charge of the Light Brigade one who lived to be the regiment's Farrier-Major in the early 'sixties. Not once throughout the campaign was "Crimean Bob," as he came to be known, struck off duty through sickness. When he died from old age in 1862 he was said to be the oldest troop-horse in the British Cavalry, having completed almost thirty years' military service. The Eleventh buried him with military honours at Cahir, in Co. Tipperary, and a suitably inscribed tombstone was afterwards placed above the veteran's remains. Prior to the late war his portrait could be seen on one of the walls of the Officers' Mess of the Eleventh, and the Four-

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teenth at the same time used to cherish a snuff box made from one of his hoofs. One of the most conspicuous horses in the Light Brigade charge was the beautiful chestnut with white stockings ridden by one who wore the Eleventh's uniform, Lord Cardigan, the regiment's old Commanding Officer. The name is about all that is remembered of certain horses. That ridden by Lord Tredegar in the same charge was called "Sir Briggs," and received a slash over the eye. Outside the Welsh National Museum at Cardiff there is an equestrian statue of Lord Tredegar wearing the uniform of the Seventeenth Lancers, a regiment which lost almost a hundred mounts in that one charge. The horses of the Thirteenth Hussars were sold when that regiment found itself in Canada, after coming through the Crimea, but one Balaclava mare, A.36, was retained and remained with the regiment till its departure for India in 1873, when she was presented to Queen Victoria who, needless to add, provided her at Hampton Court with those comforts which many a less lucky war horse was entitled to but never got. "Butcher," as she was affectionately dubbed in the regiment, had been badly wounded through both fore legs in one of the actions of the war, but it was not till the early 'eighties that she died.

Colonel Halliwell, an A.Q.M.G. in the Crimea, who is reputed to have turned the scale at eighteen stone, used to ride a wonderful horse which had received a bullet through its nose at Alma, and which answered to the name of "Malt," a designation that must have puzzled those who were unaware that the Colonel had received his horse from a brewer.

In the late 'nineties a mare joined the Fifth Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales's), then stationed at Meerut. She was a waler, was officially known as B.35, but to the Green Horse she was just "Mary." With the regiment she served through the South African War, including the Siege of Ladysmith, and at the conclusion of the campaign travelled back to India little the worse for her term of active service. She again returned to South Africa in 1904 and four years later came home, where, at Dublin, she served with the Fifth till the day she responded to her last trumpet call. "Mary" was buried

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near the Phoenix Park Gate, and the regiment placed a stone above her remains.

A few troop horses have, like Roberts' charger "Vonolel," been awarded campaign medals. At the termination of the South African War the Household Cavalry had only one troop horse who had survived the campaign and was fit for further duty. This well-known London figure belonged to the Second Life Guards, its number was D.36, and it was duly presented with the Queen's Medal bearing clasps for the Relief of Kimberley, Driefontein, Johannesburg, Diamond Hill, Paardeberg and Wittebergen. The old warrior passed away three years prior to the outbreak of the Great War, and was buried between the Field Stables and the Riding School of Combermere Barracks at Windsor.

In a discussion on horses it is, for obvious reasons, not out of place to mention a mule. A member of this sure-footed family served in the Tirah Campaign in 1897 and afterwards accompanied an ammunition column which on the outbreak of war with the Boers was despatched from India to the Transvaal. Just about the time of the Battle of Spion Kop in 1900, this mule, who went by the name of "Jimson," was transferred to the Second Middlesex Regiment (Duke of Cambridge's Own), a battalion which supplied detachments to various Mounted Infantry units. It survived the campaign and lived to wear three medals, the Indian General Service Medal, and the Queen's and King's South African War Medals. Several mules, of course, served with the Second Middlesex throughout the war, but "Jimson" appears to be the only one which on the cessation of hostilities the battalion was permitted to bring to this country. It afterwards soldiered on with the battalion at Hounslow and Portsmouth, where it eventually joined the great majority. On special occasions, in addition to its row of medals, it used to wear a fancy saddle cloth ornamented with the Plume of the Prince of Wales, beneath which and above a scroll appeared "77," the old numerical designation of the Second Middlesex Regiment. A portrait of the mule may still be seen in the Officers' Mess of the regiment's depôt at Mill Hill.

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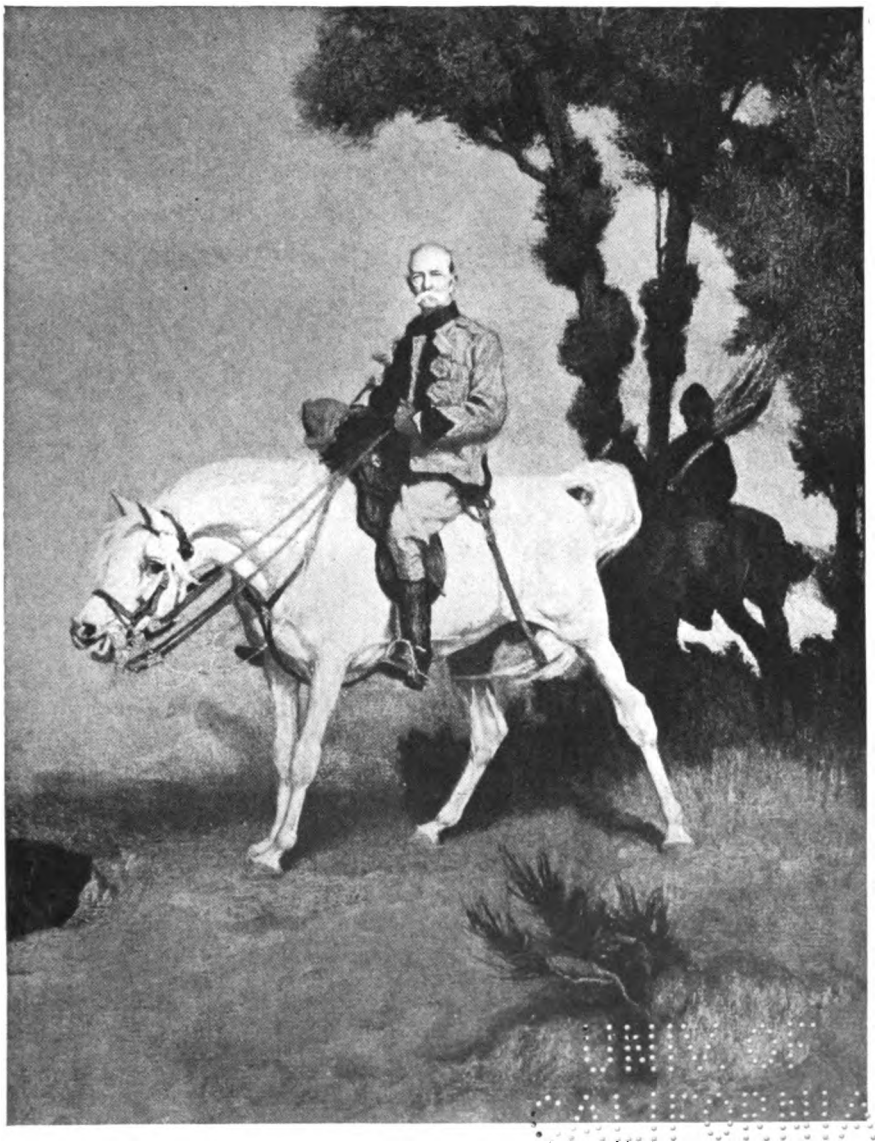

LORD ROBERTS AND HIS CHARGER "VONOLEL"

From the Painting by C. W. Furse, A.R.A.

By the courtesy of Dame Katharine Furse.

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Few need to be reminded of the great part played by horses (and mules) during the late war. Many were killed in action or had to be destroyed, and it was a thoughtful idea that prompted the instigators of the Scottish National War Memorial to introduce figures in the bronze frieze to the memory of these noble animals. Even the heavy draught horse of the Army Service Corps is not forgotten among the representations on one of the panels of that worthy edifice. The portable war memorial executed by Captain Adrian Jones to his old regiment, the Queen's Bays (Second Dragoon Guards) is in a way a memorial to both horses and men who fell with that regiment, since it is a bronze statuette of a mounted trooper. Before a wooden screen bearing the names of the fallen, it will always stand in the guardroom of whatever station the regiment happens to be quartered at. Mention is made of this particular regiment because one of its troop horses not only lived to receive the medals for the late war, but was also awarded the Long Service Medal. On account of old age, for it had completed over twenty years' service, this horse had to be killed in the latter end of the year 1928.

In concluding this discussion, mention should be made of two chestnut horses who accompanied the original Expeditionary Force in 1914, served with a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery throughout the war and attended their last parade on the 18th of October, 1925, on the occasion of the unveiling by the Duke of Connaught of the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. The Regimental Wreath was brought to the Memorial on the gun from which, on the 22nd of August, 1914, "E" Battery, R.H.A., fired the first shell of the war and appropriately enough these two horses were selected as leaders of the team which took this gun to the parade.

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SOMETHING ABOUT SURTEES

By HUGH MACHELL.

"Too many crooks spoil the plot,"' said my Cavalry Major friend a few days ago, as he threw down *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*.

Since hunting with me in Cumberland as referred to in THE CAVALRY JOURNAL last April, he has begun an intensive course of vulpine literature (so to speak), and his criticisms, if occasionally discourteous to authors, are at least disinterested. He brings to bear on the subject of Foxhunting and the arts and crafts of Letters, the most delightful nescience, and his judgments are at all events wholly unbiassed.

"You are getting quite epigrammatic, Major," I replied, "but when one comes to think it over, there is something queer about most of the characters in that book. It is intensely amusing, however, and that virtue heavily preponderates any peculiarities."

In what follows here, I propose to deal only with the three accepted classics (I will not call them books or works) of Robert Smith Surtees, namely, *Handley Cross* (mentioned as *Jorrocks*), *Sponge's Sporting Tour* (as *Sponge*), and that *vade mecum* of all practical foxhunters, *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds* (as *Facey*).

Born in 1803, the subject of these notes will for ever be associated in the memory of sportsmen, with W. M. Thackeray, John Leech, C. G. Apperley ("Nimrod"), Jack Mytton, and Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"). Over six feet in height, with the unusually wide forehead characteristic of his genealogical antecedents, his practice as a London solicitor was relinquished in 1829, and in the year his brother Anthony died, viz., 1831,

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he succeeded to the family estates at the age of 28. This brother was returning from Alexandria to Malta on an Italian ship, the *Tagliafeiro*, in which Anthony contracted small pox in a malignant form, dying two days after landing. For such facts as these, and a great deal of these notes, I must express my indebtedness at once to Messrs. Blackwood's for their kind permission to make extracts from *Robert Smith Surtees*, by Himself and E. D. Cuming, of which all foxhunting litterateurs should be in possession.

His first literary efforts appeared in what has been called the "Old Sporting Magazine," the Editor of which was one Shury. In 1831, he wrote *The Horseman's Manual*, the only one of his works to which he ever put his name. He dedicated it to the man whom he admired above all others, namely Ralph John Lambton, and it bears evidence of the author's knowledge of the law concerning horse dealing generally. All his other works are to be found in chronological order at the end of these notes.

On succession to the Hamsterley Estates, he naturally was placed on the Commission of the Peace, and became also a Major of Militia, and Candidate for Parliament. The remarkable thing in his character was his taciturnity and almost ascetic mode of living. Surrounded, as he no doubt was, by countless cliques of *bon vivants*, hunting squires, country gentlemen, bibulous landowners, impecunious Captains, and ladies of adaptable virtue, one would have naturally expected him to be affected by association with fast livers and slow horses. But apparently in his private life he was absolutely uncontaminated by the salacious conversation and perpetual temulency of the Bacchanalian and Gargantuan festivities depicted in *Sponge*, of which he knew so much and cared so little. *Facey* said, "Huntin' and drinkin' is two men's work," and that "a man should have two stomachs instead of one." In common with Nimrod, he was a practical foxhunter and horseman. I am surprised no Cavalry Regiment claimed him; even the local Yeomanry should have been proud to mix with such a thoroughbred gentleman, if only for the annual training, either in billets or in camp, with which we are

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all familiar. Unlike Nimrod, however, he paid for his own sport, whereas Mr. Pittman, of *The Sporting Magazine*, gave Nimrod £1,500 a year, besides six hunters, all saddlery, etc., for his contributions. The well-known "Pomponius Ego" is said to be a satirisation of C. G. Apperley, and was probably true to life.

How many people know that Surtees was, in effect, the true originator of *The Field?* There is no doubt that Messrs. Bradbury and Evans adopted his suggestion to bring out an 8-page paper for 6d. "Sporting, farming, landowners, sort of high-life-in-London paper, with a summary of all that went on," —these were some of the features proposed, and posterity has given its verdict on the scheme with no uncertain voice. Racing was not in favour with Surtees; his contention was that if prophets knew so much about it, they should prefer to make their own fortunes, and not spill ink over it. (I feel sorely tempted to add this corollary, that if they did not know, they should not write at all, so misleading their readers. Their crime is infinitely worse if their efforts are directed to booming certain horses, in order to raise the prices of their own "fancy" in the betting lists.)

Politics were to be "taboo," and "Nimrod" was to be the title. Strange as it may seem, after ten months, it was doubtful if *The Field* was going to survive, but fresh capital was available, and as from 1852, it proceeded apace as everyone knows. The first number is actually dated 1st January, 1853, with Mark Lemon, as Editor, Surtees as Hunting Correspondent, general adviser and helper—Editor-in-reserve, so to speak. Leech, "Phiz," R. Andsell, and, I read, Whyte Melville were contributors of pictures or letterpress. Space does not permit me to go more into detail on this subject, but it is curious to note how the tours Surtees made and described, accentuated his dislike of Leamington and its impossible hotels. I fear my own experience endorses this view, one of my friends describing it as a "low-lying Sarcophagus"! In any case, my only pleasure, when forced to wander through its enervating atmosphere, is to call at Spicer's, the Taxidermists, though the

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time has long since passed when I was able to afford the incomparable specimens of his wonderful art.

Turning to the three works in question, I find that the picture of *Jorrocks* was partly drawn from a Captain Freeman, Master of the Southwold Harriers. In his *Life and Works of John Leech*, the late W. P. Frith tells us that while in Barkway Church in the Chilterns, Leech sketched Lady Louise Clinton's coachman, Nicholls, and so produced his portrait.

"Handley Cross" does remind one of Leamington in places, but the better opinion gives us Shotley Bridge, quoting the rival Doctors, Sebastian Mello and Roger Swiggle, in their endeavours to boom its waters. It is perhaps the best testimonial to the popularity of Jorrocks as a character, that *The Field* perpetually reminded its contributors not to quote him! Surtees does not seem to have painted his own portrait in any of his works, but his taste in clothes and his knowledge of a high-class meal ("genteel" did you say?) as opposed to a guzzle (coupled with his satirical description of one dinner table, on which was placed all the available silver in the house, except the host's soap-box,) guide us surely in appreciating his aristocratic inclinations. Some parts of *Jorrocks* are, we think a bit too ludicrous. The Second Edition was the first to contain Leech's pictures, with additional letterpress, and Surtees was "rising" 41 years of age when the First Edition appeared.

The origin of James Pigg is accepted as from one Josh Kirk, a pitman, who became Huntsman to Jonathan Richardson, Master of the Slaley Hounds. Some say that his name was adapted from that of Joe Hogg, a hunt servant of Lord Elcho, well known to the author; others connect it with the Pigg's Charities associated with the Newcastle Infirmary, of which a memorial can be seen in present times. Furthermore, a house opposite the gates of Gosforth Park, in that city, is still pointed out as the abode of "James Pigg." We may certainly regard quite a number of the characters depicted as from real individuals, easily recognized by their contemporaries in the sixties or earlier.

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Thackeray is authentically reported to have had a great envy of Surtees' gifts of description, and how surprising it is to find that William Morris, who never rode or hunted, and hated country house life, placed Surtees on a level with Dickens as a master of life. This was probably because he was able to paint such wonderful word pictures of matters unknown to himself, and so made the poet marvel at the powers of the writer.

It was Colbourn, the Publisher, who first suggested the collaboration of Surtees and Leech, but Thackeray got Leech to undertake the illustration of *Sponge*, which he had himself declined.

To avoid offending *The Field* and its readers, I will not quote Jorrocks, but be content with some of Facey's epigrams:

"The ways of women are wonderful."

"A man should hunt two years in black before wearing scarlet."

"Attend to horses first; men can ask for what they want, horses can't."

"A man doesn't feel parting with money by cheque so much as he does in cash."

A good one from *Sponge* is "Never dabble in horseflesh after dinner."

In conclusion, I must regretfully refrain from using the consoling quotation *finis coronat opus*. We should accept *Facey* as Surtees' most clever creation, and he only lived to see the first monthly number of this work. The last one came out in April, 1865, six months after his death.

Who shall we say was the character most beloved of this seductive writer? Perhaps not *Jorrocks*, after all, though he provided the *opera bouffe* and ludicrous contretemps that have set the reader rocking with laughter. No, it seems to me that "the only real sportsman," to quote *Facey*, was no less and no greater a personality than Mr. Stanley Sterling the friend of "Independent Jimmy," of whom I once knew the exact image on a Windermere coach twenty years ago. Stanley Sterling was a comfortable man, waited upon by a woman. Let us visualize that enviable foursome that sat down to a cheery dinner at Mr.

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Sterling's house, Rosemount Grange, a pretty, old-fashioned gable-ended, grey-roofed place where there was always a spare stall for a horse, a hearty welcome for a friend, and a good wild fox in his cover, Lighthornrough.

The quartet are the Rev. Mr. Teacher, of the Parish, Mr. Freeman, commonly called "Old Saddlebags," our friend Facey, and the host. Freeman is nearly 80, has hunted all his life, "looks near 60, and is stout, square built, with silvery white hair, extremely rubicund face, with strongly marked lines, and whipcord-like muscles; a little twinkling grey eye lights up an intelligent countenance." I often wonder whom Surtees was depicting! He carried all his baggage on his horse, and yet to see him come down to dinner, spruce and smart, you would credit him with a carriage and valet to boot. In the parlour burns a bright log fire, a sparkling radiance pervades the scene.

Sterling did not attempt side dishes, but let his cook concentrate upon a few general favourites. Hence the ox-tail soup was always beautifully clear and hot, the crimped cod and oyster sauce excellent, while the boiled fowls and ruddy ham ran a close race with the four year-old leg of roast mutton, leaving the relish they give for the "sweet and dry" to support their claims for preference. Beet and mealy potatoes accompanied the solids, and macaroni and mince pies followed in due course.

A bottle of Beaujolais circulated with the cheese. They all dined to their hearts' content. As Facey chucked his napkin in a sort of happy-go-lucky way over his left shoulder, he thought how much better it was than any of the grand spreads he had seen. Grace being said, the plate warmer was then taken from the fire, the horse-shoe table substituted, and each man prepared to make himself comfortable according to his own peculiar fashion.

How we envy them their each succeeding glass of port, and the flow of soul that followed! Saddlebags remembered every thing, and yarned away to his enthusiastic listeners, until he became a perfect sporting chronicle. On the subject of runs, he gave them that tremendous run from Trouble House to Wooton

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Wood, eighteen miles as the crow flies, when nobody was near hounds for the last two miles, save Jim the second whip, etc. Then came that magnificent day from Scotgrove Hill to Wellingore, a thirteen miler from scent to view, not allowing for bends! To all this Facey listened as he would to a lecture. He loved to pick up such stories at the end of a stinger. He kept weeding his chin of whiskers till he almost made it sore.

Dinner having been at 6, the tea-tray enters at 9, just as the second bottle of port was finished, and Saddlebags fell back on the sherry. Whist followed soon, and Facey won 5s., "not a bad night's work," as he said. And so say all of us.

Mr. Winston Churchill tells me that his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, affectionately known by us all in the eighties as "Randie," had a peculiar, exact, and intimate knowledge of The Bible, Gibbon and *Jorrocks*.

Taking the Bible for granted, and not being a lover of declines and falls, except when the latter are so vividly described by Surtees, I think *Sponge* and *Facey* might be added to *Jorrocks*. You may say that foxhunters are not brainy folk as a rule; stupid, turnip-headed, bucolic, brusque, what you will. Who does not know the story of the younger son of a family who did nothing but hunt and shoot. His own mother despaired of him altogether. "I give him up," said she. "Gone to the dogs in more ways than one," said his father. One day he returned home from a holiday, married to a nice girl with £2,000 a year—and they were obliged to alter their verdict!

But these classics lift you out of the humdrum rut of domestic or work-a-day routine; you can pick them up any time and never be bored; the true sportsman can go blissfully to sleep, dreaming of that Everlasting Triumvirate, provoking mirth and promoting health in that celestial Nirvana they so well deserve.

As a delightful Duchess once said to me of some acquaintances: "We couldn't know them in London, but we shall all meet in Heaven!"

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List of Works.

1831. "The Horseman's Manual," being a treatise on soundness, the laws of warranty, and generally on the laws relating to horses.

1838. "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities; or The Hunting, Shooting, Racing, Driving, Sailing, Eating, Eccentric and Extravagant Exploits of that Renowned Sporting Citizen, Mr. John Jorrocks." This consists of 10 papers reprinted from "The Sporting Magazine,' July, 1831 to September, 1834. 12 illustrations by H. K. Browne. Also in 1839. The edition of 1843 contains coloured plates by Alken; the 1869 edition ditto with three additional papers: "A Week at Cheltenham," "A Ride to Brighton," and "The Day after the Feast."

1843. Three volumes, no illustrations. "Handley Cross, or The Spa Hunt." A Sporting Tale. By the author of "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities."

1854. "Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks' Hunt." 17 coloured plates and 84 woodcuts by John Leech. This edition was originally issued in 17 monthly parts in red-brown covers, from March, 1853 to October, 1854, and the narrative was considerably expanded.

1845. "Hillingdon Hall, or The Cockney Squire." A Tale of London Life. No Illustrations. The 1888 edition has 12 plates by Wildrake, Heath and Jellico, but has not much value.

1846. "The Analysis of The Hunting Field," being a series of sketches of the principal characters that compose one. Six coloured plates and numerous woodcuts.

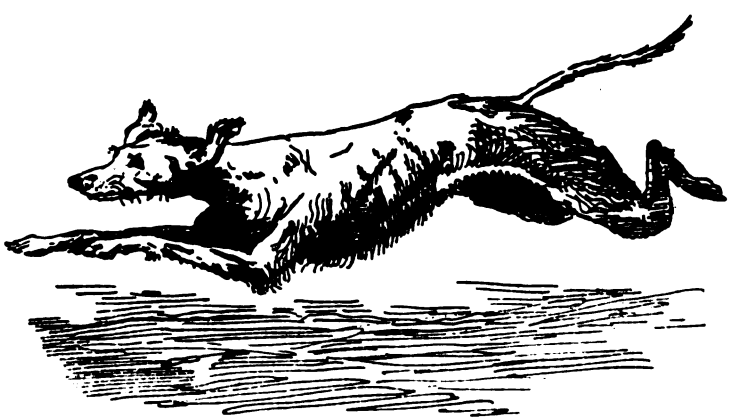
1847. "Hawbuck Grange, or The Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq." Eight uncoloured plates by Phiz. *Bell's Life* contained the story of this in 1846.

1853. "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour." Published in 13 monthly parts in red-brown wrappers, with 13 coloured plates and woodcuts in text by John Leech. The dedication was changed from "Lord" to "Earl" Elcho in some copies of the same edition.

1858. "Ask Mamma, or The Richest Commoner in England." With 13 coloured plates and 69 woodcuts by Leech. Published in 13 monthly parts in red-brown wrappers.

1860. "Plain or Ringlets." With 13 coloured plates and 44 woodcuts by Leech. Published as before in wrappers.

1865. "Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds." Published in 12 monthly parts from May, 1864 to April, 1865, in red-brown wrappers. 24 coloured plates by Leech and Browne. The wrappers bear the title "Mr. Romford's Hounds."



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THE APPROACH-MARCH OF THE CAVALRY

TRANSLATED BY PERMISSION FROM "WISSEN UND WEHR," 1932.

> ("Cavalry is the arm of movement and decisive action; its influence over ordinary conditions is equally important in regard to great events covering vast distances, movement to front and rear, and the dealing of heavy and far reaching blows."—Karl v. Clausewitz. "Vomkriegs." Vol. v., chapter 4).

IN August, 1914, the German forces, consisting of seven armies, marched to the French and Belgian frontiers, and embraced the whole of the German borderland from Crefeld in the north to the Swiss frontier. Contained in those seven armies were ten divisions of cavalry.

In the front of the First Army, to the north of Aix-la-Chapelle, there was assembled the 2nd Cavalry Division consisting of twenty-four squadrons of cavalry and three batteries of horse artillery, and in rear of these, and also forming part of the First Army, were twenty squadrons of divisional cavalry, two Jäger battalions and two cyclist companies. At the disposal of the Second Army was the 4th Cavalry Division to the south of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the 9th about Maturédy, the two containing forty-eight squadrons and six horse artillery batteries, and these three cavalry divisions and attendant batteries formed one Cavalry Corps—No. 2—of seventy-two squadrons and nine batteries. In addition, the divisional cavalry of the Second Army totalled twenty-six squadrons, while attached to these were five Jäger battalions and the same number of cyclist companies.

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The Third Army possessed divisional cavalry only, this amounting to twenty squadrons, with three battalions of Jägers and some cyclist companies. To the Fourth Army, however, a cavalry corps was assigned, this being No. 1 and composed of the Guard Cavalry Division, about Witz, and the 5th Cavalry Division near Mersch in Luxemburg, and these two cavalry divisions made up a strength of forty-eight squadrons and six batteries; with the Fourth Army were also twenty-four squadrons of divisional cavalry, but no more than one Jäger battalion with its attendant cyclist company.

The Fifth Army had also a cavalry corps—No. 4—composed of the 3rd Cavalry Division about Esch, and the 6th about Diedenhofen, the approximate strength of this—the 4th Cavalry Corps—being forty-eight squadrons and six horse artillery batteries. In the Fifth Army were twenty-four squadrons of divisional cavalry, but it possessed no more than one Jäger battalion.

The Sixth Army in Lorraine also controlled a Corps of Cavalry, this consisting of the Bavarian Cavalry Division at Medewich, the 8th Cavalry Division about Château Salins, and the 7th at Saarburg. This was numbered the 3rd Cavalry Corps, and it was composed of seventy-two squadrons and nine batteries of horse artillery. The divisional cavalry of the Sixth Army numbered thirty-two squadrons, and this army also possessed two Jäger battalions and the usual cyclist companies The Seventh Army alone was unsupported by any army cavalry, in its case the mounted arm being represented by divisional cavalry only, this totalling sixteen squadrons, with two Jäger battalions and cyclist companies attached.

When the approach-march came to an end the German Western Army had at its disposal two hundred and forty squadrons of army cavalry with thirty batteries of horse artillery, and also one hundred and sixty-four squadrons of divisional cavalry, sixteen Jäger battalions and the same number of cyclist companies. Of this cavalry force, the First, Second and Third Armies, forming what was regarded as the all-important right wing of the German Force, contained in the Second Cavalry Corps seventy-two squadrons and nine batteries;

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in the centre, where stood the Fourth and Fifth Armies, were ninety-six squadrons and twelve batteries; while the Sixth and Seventh Armies, forming the left, possessed a force of army cavalry numbering seventy-two squadrons and nine horse artillery batteries.

As regards the Jägers and cyclists told off to the support of the cavalry, there were ten battalions with the right wing, two in the centre and four on the left; while of divisional cavalry there were sixty-eight squadrons with the ten army corps on the right, forty-eight with the six army corps in the centre, and forty-eight more with the six corps composing the left.

When the German cavalry actually began to move forward, the 2nd Cavalry Division covered the front of the First Army, the Second Cavalry Corps, containing the 4th and 6th Cavalry Divisions, covered that of the Second Army, and the First Cavalry Corps that of the Third Army, with the Guard and 5th Cavalry Divisions. The Fourth Cavalry Corps covered the centre and the Third the left.

In the battles of the frontier the Second Cavalry Corps, with the 2nd, 4th and 9th Cavalry Divisions, protected the extreme outer flank, but the First Cavalry Corps remained immobile with its two divisions in rear of the Second and Third Armies; the Fourth Cavalry Corps, placed between the Fourth and Fifth Armies, protected the left flank of the latter. The Third Cavalry Corps, somewhat cramped as to space in the Lorraine area, had some difficulty in making full use of its three divisions.

During the battle of the Marne matters were somewhat difficult and complicated. On the outer flank, beyond the First Army, there was no more covering than was provided by the 4th Cavalry Division, while in the gap between the First and Second Armies were the four cavalry divisions of the First and Second Cavalry Corps. In the centre, the Fourth Cavalry Corps remained practically stationary between the infantry divisions, unable to play any decisive rôle of any kind; the Third Cavalry Corps in Lorraine was similarly circumstanced and found neither space nor opportunity for strictly cavalry operations.

In consequence of the above, the German cavalry may be said to have been "ruled out" of any decisive action in the all-

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important opening battles on the Western front; and it had to content itself with playing a wholly secondary part. It was actually deprived of its initial task, that of taking part in and furthering the successes of the early battles, by the methods adopted by "Highest Authority." Twenty-four squadrons, a Jäger battalion and three batteries covered the right; ninety-six squadrons, six Jäger battalions, seven cyclist companies and twelve horse batteries remained inactive on the Marne; forty-eight squadrons, two Jäger battalions, two cyclist companies and six batteries remained unemployed in any cavalry work in the centre, where there was neither room nor opportunity for their use; and seventy-two squadrons, two Jäger battalions, two cyclist companies and nine batteries experienced a similar fate in the Rhineland.

Three Jäger battalions, with the same number of cyclist companies, fought with the Third Army, widely separated from the cavalry body of which they formed part, and two more battalions with their cyclist attachments remained immobile in the Wasgenwald. Thus, out of ten divisions of cavalry, containing 240 squadrons, sixteen Jäger battalions, sixteen cyclist companies and thirty horse artillery batteries, there took part, in the battle of the Marne, no more than one-tenth of the cavalry and artillery and one-sixteenth of the Jäger battalions and cyclists—at the decisive point, that is to say, on the right flank, the open flank of the First Army!

How was it that this came about? It was wholly due to the grave mistakes in the concentration march of the mounted forces of the Army.

The German Army High Command had decided that the campaign on the Western front was to be carried out by a huge wheel through France and Belgium, by means of which the decisive action would take place on the extreme right flank. This flank could consequently hardly be made too strong, and, above all, it *must* comprise the greater proportion of the total cavalry force available; the main reason being that on this flank alone was there the necessary wide field for the full employment of the cavalry arm, here only was it possible for the cavalry to bring in the decision and to help forward the desired victory.

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The German battle array elsewhere, from the Swiss border northwards to the Rhineland, provided neither space nor opportunity for the German cavalry leaders to make any useful employment whatever of the forces under their command. Here the opposing armies must early meet face to face, when the cavalry would become immobile, crushed out of the way, and would remain wholly inactive, and unable to add its weight to the outer flank where alone the decision must rest and where the cavalry could find both space and opportunity. This, however, was not all; the leading principle was altogether lost sight of—that overpowering force *must* be assembled at the point where, and where only, the decision rests, and for this reason the bulk of the German cavalry should unquestionably have been concentrated on the German right in the autumn of 1914.

This vital necessity—the assembly of the full strength of the German cavalry on the right flank—should, however, have been already arranged for and met by the arrangements for the approach-march at the very outset of the war. It was out of the question to arrange this before the march commenced, since every care had to be taken to spare men and horses as much as possible; but at all events, in view of the intended employment of the cavalry during the campaign, all should have been considered while the advance was in progress.

During the approach-march the ten cavalry divisions, with their attached Jäger battalions and cyclist companies, forming part of the force on the right flank—that is the First, Second and Third Armies, composed a complete mounted body which should have been able to pour unchecked through France and Belgium.

Had this cavalry force, united with the divisions of the Third Cavalry Corps, only been reasonably concentrated and properly led, it should have ensured a decisive victory. Riding well to the front of the First Army it would have come upon the unprotected flank and rear of the British Army about Mons. It should also have been able to operate in the rear of the Fifth French Army, especially if the Chief Command could only have made up its mind to provide the cavalry with heavy long-range guns. Properly employed, and in sufficient strength, the cavalry,

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Jägers, cyclists and heavy guns ought to have largely contributed to secure victory in the battles of the frontier. The chance of these not assisting to consummate victory, as actually happened in 1914, may be regarded as negligible, while any fear of the British attacking the uncovered or open flanks, could be more completely out-ruled within that, as was attempted, with these cavalry divisions. And even if the commander of the cavalry had considered it necessary to send one or two cavalry divisions to bar the way of the British to the Franco-Belgian coast-line, he could still have kept in hand at least nine divisions for participation in the actual battle and for any subsequent pursuit. Such a pursuit conducted in such strength *must* have broken up and crushed the enemy left, even had this not occurred as the result of the battle. Any enemy stand on the Aisne or the Marne was quite out of the question; it was perhaps possible on the Seine. But even here the cavalry should have effected the possible; moving round Paris the mounted bodies should have been able to attack the allied rear, to cut the British and French communications, and thus play a part of the very first importance in what must then have been the final and all-decisive battle of the war.

But even at the Marne battle there ought to have been a really strong cavalry force covering the German right flank; ten cavalry divisions can in every way accomplish more in the way of reconnaissance and clearing the front than can one, and ten divisions of mounted men could have better held off the Sixth French Army from participation in that battle than one weak division was able to do in 1914.

Consider the Marne battle as just commencing. The German cavalry on the right would cover the flank operating against Paris, while at the same time it would aid and forward the south-westerly attack of the First Army; while on receipt of information of the forward movement of the Sixth French Army, the German cavalry commander could have put every corps and division in motion against it from every side. The French could have been brought to a halt, surprised and overwhelmed, while the pressure of the First German Army could

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thereby have been greatly assisted, leading thereby to a final victory on the Marne.

But in the case of the happenings on the 9th September, 1914, it was all-important that the German right wing should possess a really strong cavalry force. On this day the approach-march of the Third and Fourth Cavalry Corps was in progress; and the four divisions of the First and Second Cavalry Corps might easily have filled the gap between the First and Second German Armies. While the six divisions of the Third and Fourth Cavalry Corps, in combination with the Quast Group, came down upon the Sixth French Army on the Ourcq, fell upon its flank and rear, overwhelmed it and hunted the shattered remnants back to Paris. That would have been a cavalry victory comparable with that of Rossbach!

But all such successes could only have been possible had, in the autumn of 1914, the cavalry been really *massed* on the right flank of the German Army. It was, however, dispersed all over the whole battle front; not only was the actual cavalry thus distributed, but also its attendant Jäger battalions and cyclist companies—and these errors of the approach-march at the beginning of the campaign were to influence its fortunes to the very end.

Was it, however, possible wholly to deprive the other armies of the whole force of its cavalry bodies? This was not only possible, but in the highest degree necessary, for it would have eased matters in the centre and equally on the left. In Lorraine the very limited space between the Wasgen forest and the two fortresses made any mass-cavalry employment out of the question; that arm could not here have achieved any really useful, still less decisive, result. It was much the same in the centre where the opposing forces were ranged in front of one another to such an extent that the cavalry were "squeezed out." It could be employed only up to the commencement of the battle, and for such a purpose the divisional cavalry was sufficient. Every arrangement had been made in the orders of the Chief Command for the special employment of the regiments composing the cavalry brigades, whether in small or larger bodies, and either as cavalry only or combined with artillery and cyclist

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companies, and the cavalry divisions were empowered to detach single squadrons for any special contingency which might arise; and such groups provided all that was required for reconnaissance prior to actual contact with the enemy and for ordinary cavalry work during the action. But it was in the highest degree necessary that the main strength or bulk of the cavalry of the army should be held intact on the flank where the decisive action would occur. Did this need any strengthening, squadrons could well be spared from the divisional cavalry of the right.

Finally, it was easily possible to increase the strength of the cavalry body from the very outset, since one cavalry regiment sufficed for the divisional cavalry of an army corps, two squadrons being told off for each division. The army on the Western front could easily have spared in all sixteen regiments of cavalry, representing roughly three cavalry divisions, the staffs for which might also easily have been provided. In the years preceding the war there had been quite enough batteries of Horse Artillery to furnish every necessary reinforcement, but unfortunately many of these had become field batteries under recent re-organization.

The initial errors in the approach-march of the cavalry, small as these may seem when considering the approach of the German Army as a whole, had this unfortunate result in 1914 —that the Belgians were able to effect the evacuation of their troops from Antwerp, that the battles of the frontier were indecisive, and that the Marne battle did not turn out as the Germans had hoped. When in August, 1914, the armies of the Western Allies moved forward, the 8th Cavalry Division concentrated about Belfort, the 6th joined the First Army, the 2nd and 10th the Second Army, the 7th the Third Army, the 9th the Fourth, and the 4th Division the Fifth Army; while the 1st, 3rd and 5th Cavalry Divisions, forming General Sordet's Cavalry Corps, concentrated near Sedan. The Belgian Cavalry Division assembled between Liège and Brussels, and the British Cavalry Division, with the 5th Cavalry Brigade, to the east of Maubeuge.

On the right the Allied cavalry consisted of eighty-eight squadrons, with forty-eight in the centre and sixty-nine, includ-

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ing the British, on the left; pushed forward in front of the Allied force were two cavalry groups, the one of seventy-two and the other of sixteen squadrons. In the French Army the divisional cavalry consisted of no more than one regiment of six squadrons per corps, in the British Army of one squadron for each division, and in the Belgian of four squadrons for each division. Each French Cavalry Division contained twenty-four squadrons—except the 10th, which had sixteen—and three horse batteries, a British division thirty-six squadrons and four batteries, and the Belgian Cavalry Division sixteen squadrons and three horse artillery batteries. Each French division had a half battalion of cyclists attached, the Belgians a complete cyclist battalion to each division, while the British had none.

During the fighting of the late summer of 1914, Sordet's corps marched about much but achieved little or nothing; the Belgian division, greatly weakened by the demands made upon it for divisional cavalry, managed with much fighting, to get as far as Antwerp; while the rest of the Allied cavalry divisions, by reason of their relative weakness, and the unfavourable nature of the cavalry situation in which they found themselves, were practically useless. When, as in the case of the British cavalry, they did very excellent work during the retreat, they were quite powerless to exercise any useful influence in the early battles.

But the mistakes in regard to the approach-march had the effect of dispersing the full strength of the cavalry over the whole field of action. Each army was given one cavalry division; only in two places were the cavalry found collected in any real strength; in the Reichsland, in country wholly unsuited to mounted action, and again near Sedan, everywhere too weak and further, so far removed from its own forces, that no reinforcement or strength was to be drawn from them, nor could they fight in collaboration. The result was only too obvious; the forces of the Allies fell back after the battle of the Marne without the cavalry having played any useful, still less decisive, part, in the opening battles of the campaign. Surely, if in war the union of forces is needed for success in battle, thus equally is such required for the proper employment of cavalry.

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The French Commander-in-Chief could only visualize one means of employment for his cavalry—the movement of the bulk of its strength upon the extreme left of the Allied army; had he only attacked with a really powerful cavalry force from Belfort through Alsace, across the Rhine and into Southern Germany, he might very possibly have effected something; but he contributed nothing towards any real decision, when he drew his cavalry away from any possible share in such decision and held his cavalry behind his left flank. Here were then 232 squadrons, to which may be added the forty-five British squadrons about Maubeuge, while the Belgian cavalry was also at the disposal of this great cavalry force. Here in the region Maubeuge—Lille—Antwerp was very favourable ground for the concentration of his cavalry, and from here he might well have taken the Germans in flank, checked them, or even forced them to retreat. He would then have been in a position to continue the pursuit north of Brussels by Liège towards Aix-la-Chapelle, and with 293 squadrons what cavalry success might not have been achieved?

In the battle of the Marne, too, a really strong cavalry force, employed on the Allied left, might have achieved success about the Ourcq. The German First Army was at grips with the Sixth French Army, and only one weak cavalry division covered the flank of the former. Against this force could have been launched eleven Franco-British cavalry divisions, strengthened by infantry and armoured cars—all directed upon the flank of the First German Army, and indeed against the flank of the whole force on the Western front—Villers Cotterets, Soissons and La Père—for only Landwehr and drafts would have been available to put up any resistance, and the pursuit might well have been carried on to Rheims—and victory.

The Allied Commander-in-Chief was a man of restricted views, he exercised small influence, he achieved little, he remained supine. He seemed to prefer that the forty-eight squadrons of the 2nd and 6th Cavalry Divisions should remain with the Second Army, the twenty-four squadrons of the 7th Cavalry Divisions with the Third Army, and the 9th Cavalry Division with the Ninth Army, all these either taking no useful part in the action and employed in various ways and operations

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which could equally well have been carried out by mixed or individual bodies of the other arms.

It seemed to him better that the British Cavalry Divisions and Canneau's Cavalry Corps should work with the British and the Fifth Army, while on the left flank, where a real decision might be sought north of the Ourcq, Bridoux's Corps with the 1st, 3rd and 5th Cavalry Divisions remained in a state of inactivity.

But the Direction of the Allied Armies failed to grasp how best to employ these armies so as to force a decision, and still less did the High Command understand to employ the very numerous bodies of cavalry at its disposal to the best advantage. In the forward movement eight cavalry divisions were told off to the seven armies of the Allies, while more were employed in front in isolated and semi-independent bodies; consequently there could be no decisive action, no possible victory. When a leader divides his forces, disperses his mounted troops, he robs himself of all hope of the achievement of any real and abiding success.

(To be concluded.)

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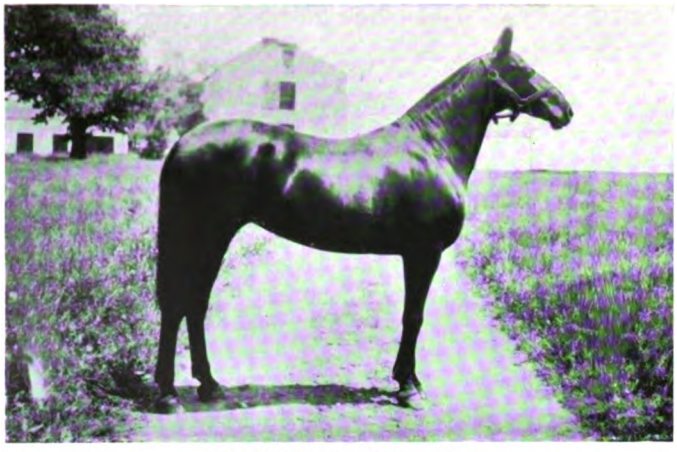
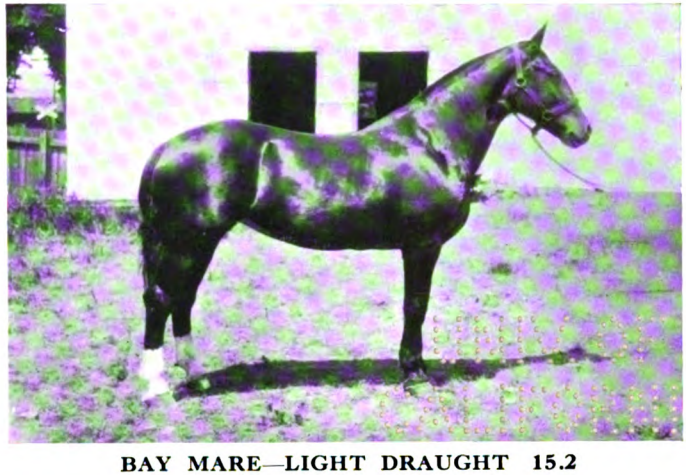


BROWN MARE 15.3

BAY MARE 15.3½

BAY GELDING 15.3



BAY MARE—LIGHT DRAUGHT 15.2

Typical Canadian Army Remounts

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THE ARMY MULE: AN APPRECIATION

By Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Goldschmidt.

Someone hearing the cry of a mule for the first time accounted for its pathetic note by the fact that mules had no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity.

The mule is a wonderful animal for war purposes, and the mere heading of this article will touch a chord in the hearts of many whose daily rations depended on them; a good mule has the docility and patience of a shire horse and the propensity of the thoroughbred for striving in adversity and with less liability to panic.

When I was stationed at Bulford during the war at one of the Field Artillery schools, we had horses and mules to educate besides having to train the multitudinous variety of personnel that go to make up a battery. It was my first intimate experience of the mule, and I soon realized that my knowledge of horses was going to be of little use to me and that I should have to revise many of my methods, while others, applicable in dealing with horses, were worse than useless with a mule.

The great difference between the horse's nature and that of a mule lies in their respective temperaments. Mastery, however benevolent, is necessary in dealing with a horse; a cameraderie not unlike the relations of a man and a dog and in some respects even resembling the attitude of man to man is essential in dealing with a mule. For this reason we met with greater success when we allocated to the mule stables, drivers who had had no previous horse experience. Ex-grooms and cavalry men were not a success, the others seemed to make friends with their charges and to retain their confidence.

My only previous experience of a mule was in India when I rode on a Himalayan bridle-path with a most uncomfortable

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precipice overlooking the valley, I should not like to say how many feet below. He had been a pack mule, and the only track he could be induced to tread was the extreme outside edge, because the projection of his pack, when he carried one, would not allow him to walk in the middle without bumping it against the rocky cliff.

I describe this nerve-racking experience as it was the only unintelligent thing I ever remember a mule doing. I thought at the time and still think that he ought to have realized that there was no need to travel so near certain death.

Mules display an intelligence far superior to that of a horse, and here is another vital difference to note. A horse will seldom use his intelligence, as apart from his instinct of self-preservation, to help his rider; on the contrary it is usually employed to outwit and defeat him. A mule on the contrary brings his intelligence to bear to the better performance of his task, and as a rule he only resists under a sense of injustice.

An ailing or injured horse is difficult to treat because of his suspicion and his unintelligent reaction to pain. A mule on the other hand is wise enough to recognize that treatment, however unpleasant, is a discomfort that has to be borne if he is to be made well again. I had one with an injured eye that would

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allow the veterinary surgeon not only to drop lotion into his eye, but would turn his head sideways to ensure that he got the full benefit of it all.

They are anything but dainty feeders, but I do not think that a mule would poison himself by eating yew and I never knew one drink water that was tainted.

A horse or even a pony looks uncomfortable with a pack, but a sleek, well groomed mule with his burden neatly lashed is a picturesque object, but the weight must be correctly distributed and securely, though lightly lashed, otherwise he will hobble off as if lame in all his four legs and with a ricked back into the bargain.

In the Balkans the mules were the chief means of transport, and of so little avail was a horsy knowledge that a Yeomanry Regiment, turned into infantry and equipped with pack mule transport, found at the first attempt to advance most of their mules scattered round the surrounding hills having deposited their loads wherever they liked, much to the exasperation of the drivers. The C.O. told me that the countrymen, ploughmen and the like, were the most successful with this particular transport.

It is easy to get mules to work as a team, but each does an exact sixth of the work. It was not so easy to keep the traces from sagging when once they had got their vehicle on the move; I suppose they did not see the necessity for it. In a six-*horse* gun team I think one is lucky if there is only one shirker among the six, and he will display the greatest cunning and ingenuity to keep up the appearance of work without pulling an ounce. We once went so far as to make up a team of these equine shirkers, but it was a failure and we got nothing faintly resembling a mule-team because they were all shirkers in a different degree.

I once had the opportunity of estimating the comparative value of man and mule. We had fitted out a brigade for overseas with complete personnel, as well as horses and mules, but were short of one pack mule. I put the Brigade Commander in touch with my neighbours of Remounts, the O.C. of which said he would find a mule, and added that if O.C. Brigade had a

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subaltern surplus to the establishment could he be transferred, as he was very short-handed. Mule and subaltern were duly exchanged, whereupon a chit from Brigade acknowledging receipt, added that it was a huge, ungainly, uncivilized draught animal, whereas what was wanted was a pack mule. Remounts replied that the subaltern had also arrived, and that if O.C. Brigade wished to cancel the exchange O.C. Remounts was willing to call the transaction off. Whereupon Brigade wrote to say "No, the exchange would stand."

How, then, has it come about that the adjective "Mulish" applied to a man is a term of reproach? I have described the mule as a sensitive, intelligent creature, yet to call a man one is to suggest that his disposition is unreasonably stubborn and his response to guidance reactionary. The reason is not far to seek; indeed, earlier in this article will be found the answer. It has fallen to the lot of most mules to be in the care of a man used to horses and the result is misunderstanding. The man who comes fresh to the job is more sympathetic and coercion does not immediately suggest itself to him, but rather leadership.

There is much definite instruction that one can give to a man who wishes to break and ride a horse, but one is nonplussed when one tries to put into words similar guidance for the treatment of a mule. So one has to be content with generalities. *Show* a mule what is wanted and he will more readily comply than if an attempt is made to *compel* him.

A young friend of mine once told me that she did not like cats because they were so catty, but there is no need for a mule, or a man for that matter, to become mulish if he is not made so by treatment unsuited to his disposition.

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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

Part V.

The War of the Austrian Succession.

"Dettingen." *27th June*, 1743.*

Soon after Malplaquet† a change of government occurred and Marlborough's friends, the Whigs, were superseded by the Tories with Robert Harley (later Earl of Oxford) as Prime Minister. They allowed him to remain Commander-in-Chief in Flanders until the beginning of 1712 when the Duke of Ormonde, a Tory peer, was sent out to supersede him, armed with secret instructions that he was not to advance or help the Austrians in any way. Such a proceeding disgusted the Army, and when he announced at the head of each regiment that hostilities were suspended their feelings found strong vocal expression. "He expected the news to be received with cheers," says Fortescue,‡ "to his infinite disgust it was greeted with one continuous storm of hisses and groans. Finally, when the men were dismissed they lost all self-control. They tore their hair and rent their clothes with impotent rage, cursing Ormonde with an energy only possible in an army that had learned to swear in

* Works Consulted :—Lord Macaulay's Essay on "Frederic the Great"; Thomas Carlyle's "Frederic the Great"; "History of England"—Sir Charles Oman; "Fights for the Flag"—W. H. Fitchett; "British Glory Revived"—A collection of letters, most of them from officers and soldiers who took part in the battle; "History of the British Army," Vol. II—Sir John Fortescue; "An Impartial Review of the Present Troubles in Germany"—Letter from a Member of the Diet at Ratisbon to a Publick Minister at the Hague; "Fontenoy, and the War of the Austrian Succession"—Francis Henry Skrine; "Military Life of Field-Marshal the Marquis Townshend"—Lt.-Col. C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O.

† See Part IV. in previous number.

‡ "History of the British Army," Vol. I, p. 550.

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the heat of fifty actions. The officers retired to their tents, ashamed to show themselves to their men. Many transferred themselves to foreign regiments, many more resigned their commissions; and it is said, doubtless with truth, that they fairly cried when they thought of Corporal John." The Treaty of Utrecht soon followed and brought Marlborough's glorious campaign to an inglorious end. Under Marlborough the British Army had gained great prestige but with the coming of Ormonde the "glory departed."

The next thirty years was to be a bad time for the Army. Immediately on the signing of the Treaty several regiments were ordered to be disbanded. In itself this was nothing unusual, but on this occasion regiments were selected for disbandment out of the established order. Fortunately, Queen Anne's sudden death and the accession of George I prevented the order from being put into effect.

The cause of the War of the Austrian Succession was this—Charles VI, Emperor of Austria, was the last male of the House of Hapsburg. Having no male heir to succeed him he determined that his extensive dominions should pass to his daughter, Maria Theresa. There were, however, two ladies who had a better claim to the hereditary succession than Maria Theresa: they were the daughters of Charles' elder brother, Joseph I, the elder of whom, Maria Amelia, had married Charles, the reigning Elector of Bavaria. To overcome this difficulty, Charles VI spent the last twenty years of his life in obtaining the recognition of the powers to his daughter's succession. To achieve this he drew up an instrument called the "Pragmatic Sanction"* to which England, France, Spain, Prussia and Russia had given their assent. Only the Elector of Bavaria, husband of Maria Amelia, refused to accept it or to accept any compensation in exchange for abandoning his wife's claim. On 20th October, 1740, the Emperor Charles died and Maria Theresa's claim to the throne was immediately contested by the Elector. In this he

* "Pragmatic Sanction"—originally a term in Roman law, but latterly a term to denote an expression of the will of the Sovereign defining the limits of his own power or regulating the succession. (Vide "Encyclopædia Britannica").

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was supported by those States which were anxious to make profit out of the helpless House of Hapsburg, treating the Pragmatic Sanction as a "scrap of paper." Frederic II (later "the Great") was the first to move and descended upon Silesia, defeating the Austrians at Mollwitz. This was the signal for a general explosion throughout Europe, and France and Spain aligned themselves with the elector, but England supported the young Queen and sent sixteen thousand British troops to Flanders to act as her auxiliaries.

The Earl of Stair* had been selected to command the British troops but his initial duties were of a diplomatic nature, namely to persuade the Dutch to allow his command to land at Nieuport and Ostend. In this he succeeded and next turned his attention to detaching Frederic of Prussia from the confederacy against Austria. Unfortunately, Maria Theresa would not come to terms with Frederic so he struck her army again, this time at Chotusitz, and beat it disastrously. This made her change her mind, and by the Treaty of Breslau which followed, Silesia was ceded to Frederic and he broke away from the confederacy. This satisfied Stair because Prussia was the really formidable enemy. The Austrians now turned their attentions towards the French in Bohemia and swept them away.

The severity of the following winter made the ground favourable for transport and neutralized the value of the inundations on which the fortresses of the north-west of France depended chiefly for their defence. Stair was all for taking advantage of these conditions and invading France but the Austrians would not agree to it. After many struggles with Austrian generals

* Earl of Stair.—Born 20th July, 1673. In 1692 he served under William III as a volunteer in Angus' Regt. (now The Cameronians), and was present at the battle of Steenkerk. In 1703 was A.D.C. to Marlborough, and in 1706 was Colonel of what is now The Cameronians. Commanded a brigade at Ramillies, and as a reward for his services was "promoted" to the colonelcy of The Scots Greys in 1706 (in succession to Lord John Hay), which he relinquished in 1714. Became Earl of Stair, January, 1707; promoted General, 1st January, 1712; Colonel of The Inniskilling Dragoons, 1715 to 1734; Field-Marshal, 28th March, 1742. Again appointed Colonel of The Inniskilling Dragoons, April, 1743, and again "promoted" to the Scots Greys in 1745. General of Marines, 1746; died 9th May, 1747.

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and British ministers, Stair marched his forces eastward in February, 1743.

Stair was much hampered by the King's order that though the French were to be treated as enemies he was not to be regarded as at war with France. The situation was ludicrous and annoyed Stair very much. The King's final orders to him were that he was to occupy the heights of Mainz and command the junction of the Rhine and Main.

By May, 1743, the opposing forces were situated as follows: The forces of England, Hanover and Austria were along the north bank of the River Main* with their right resting on the Rhine and their left at Aschaffenburg with a bridge of boats at Frankfort ready for immediate use. The French, about 70,000 strong, under Marshal Noailles, was about Spires, 10 miles south of the junction of the Neckar with the Rhine, endeavouring to get into touch with Bavaria, which was having a bad time at the hands of the Austrians under General Khevenhuller. Stair's plan was to cross the Rhine at Mainz and threaten Noailles' left from a position about Oppenheim, thus preventing him from detaching a part of his army to go to the assistance of Bavaria. With some difficulty the Austrians were brought to agree with the plan and the entire army began to cross the Main on the 3rd June. A day or two later Stair received intelligence that the French were advancing along the Darmstadt-Frankfort road to attack him. At this the Austrians appear to have got very nervous and Count D'Aremberg, their Commander-in-Chief, at once withdrew with all of his dragoons to the right bank of the Main. His second-in-command, Marshal Neipperg, however, remained loyal to Stair and formed the Austrian infantry in the position indicated by him. That Stair was justified in his action was proved by events because when Noailles reconnoitred the position he withdrew without risking a contest.

When Stair first moved to the Main the King had decided to lead the Army in person, therefore, any collision with the French without his presence as commander-in-chief was highly disapproved. When he learned of Stair's proposal to move south he sent him orders that such a move was not to

* Spelled variously Main, Maine, Mayn or Mayne.

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take place. The order arrived too late, but Stair was badgered with a flood of letters enjoing him to be careful and finally ordering him to repass the Main. On regaining the northern bank he pointed out how impossible it was for the allies to remain there owing to commissariat difficulties. In fact, the question of supplies was one of the dominating features of the operations.

In accordance with His Majesty's orders the British and Hanoverians were lying about Aschaffenburg with the remainder of the allied force stretching along the Main towards the Rhine. They appear to have arrived before Aschaffenburg on 7th June (or 18th June, new style) according to the following extract from a letter*: "We decamped Sunday, the 5th of June (16th June, new style) at evening and march'd day and night till Tuesday following, which day about two o'clock we encamped on a large plain near Aschaffenburg where is a strong pass of a bridge cross the Mayn, which Lord Stair took that morning. The pass was defended by a party of about 1,000 French who were detached from the main army, and were themselves marching up to it as fast as possible, thinking to sustain the party sent before them, but we were too alert for them for we stole a march and got there the day before them. When Lord Stair came to the town he demanded entrance but was refused; he then sent word, that if they did not immediately open the gates he'd beat the town about their ears, upon which they were opened and the French quitted the pass without firing a shot, and left it in Lord Stair's possession. This pass was of great consequence to us and prevented the French from sending succours into Bavaria, which they very much wanted to do. That morning Lord Stair was reconnoitring in the woods and was surprised by a party of French hussars, and in his retreat lost his hat and Mr. Littleton was shot in the thigh, but the ball, being spent, did him very little hurt. The next day, being the 8th of June (17th, new style) we were all drawn up in one line for His Majesty to see us, which he did, and passed along the line about two o'clock and went to the castle at Aschaffenburg. We lay here till Wednesday the 15th of June (26th, new

* Page 44, "British Glory Revived."

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style), at night, at which time we struck all our tents, and lay on our arms all night in readiness to march the next morning early, which we did about 4 o'clock, being Thursday, 16th of June" (27th, new style).

This extract is valuable in that it gives much information regarding the happenings just prior to the battle and shows what a narrow escape Stair had; the ball which took off his hat might easily have taken off his head had it struck an inch or two lower. Stair had placed a battery on the bridge at Aschaffenburg to protect his foraging parties on the French side, whereupon Noailles immediately built a redoubt on his side and spoilt this arrangement. The magazines of the Allies were at Hanau, about ten miles north of Aschaffenburg, and it is not clear why the King operated at such a distance from his supplies when he knew that the route to them was commanded from the side of the river occupied by the French and that Noailles was in the vicinity. The French commander quickly saw the weakness of the King's situation and immediately had two bridges constructed over the river at Seligenstadt, situated about half-way between Hanau and Aschaffenburg, by which troops could cross and cut off the allies from their supplies. He also placed batteries to play on them as they moved between Klein Ostheim and Dettingen, where the route to Hanau runs along near the river. In this perilous position the King kept his force for a week while they were gradually starving.

An atmosphere of mystery surrounds the King's conduct in marching so far up the Main as Aschaffenburg and then remaining there with his army gradually starving. Some light is thrown on this in the "London Gazette" of the period,* which reads as follows:—" The King having received certain advice that the Marshal de Noailles intended to prevent our junction with the body of Lunebourg and Hessian Troops, commanded by Prince George of Hesse, sent orders to the said Prince to halt at Hanau, and determined to join him with his whole Army. Accordingly on Wednesday, the 26th, upon several motions which the French Army made to the left, orders were given to the Army to strike the tents at beating of tattoo, to remain under

* Printed on pp. 64–67 of " British Glory Revived."

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arms till break of day, and then to march from the right in two columns, the troops in this march taking the places assigned to them in the Line of Battle." Moreover, Noailles wanted to send help to Bavaria *viâ* Aschaffenburg.

As to the battle itself the best accounts are probably those collected and published in "British Glory Revived,': Carlyle's account in his "Frederick the Great" is based on these letters.* The "London Gazette" states that: "His Majesty had certain advice, the day before (the battle) of their making two bridges upon the Mayn, a little below Seligenstadt, and Colonel Montague, and Colonel Gee who relieved him at Dettingen, had both sent word that many of their squadrons had been seen on this side of the Mayn, so that we were under some apprehension of their intending to cut us off our communication with Hanau." Noailles seems to have obtained intelligence of the King's intention to withdraw to Hanau about midnight 26th/27th June, upon which he constructed his famous "mouse-trap," thus: 28,000 of the élite of the French Army under Noailles' nephew, the Duc de Grammont, was sent to cross the bridges at Seligenstadt and thus bar the road to Hanau on the north, his exact position to be behind a boggy stream which runs down from the Spessart Hills entering the Mayn at Dettingen; the batteries along the river flanked the line of march at close range from the West; the wooded Spessart Hills hindered escape on the East; and as soon as the King moved from Aschaffenburg, Noailles would close the trap on the south by the remainder of his troops.

* Owing to the presence of the King at the battle, no comprehensive and official account was drawn up. Extracts from numerous letters from individuals who took part in the action form the basis of the narrative. The difficulty with these eye-witness accounts is that they are very local in outlook, very often disagree in substance and sequence of incidents, confuse the regiments and the positions they occupied and the feats they performed. In this article I adopted the following procedure: first, every letter was analysed and each point extracted; these were then arranged in chronological sequence and divided into groups around the major feature to which they referred, and from them the narrative has been compiled. In order to assist any "searchers after truth," the number of the page in "British Glory Revived" is inserted after every quotation from a letter in that work. (T.J.E.).

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On the night of the 26th June, 1743,* Stair caused the tattoo to beat as usual in order to mislead the French into believing that no move was contemplated. Soon after, however, orders were given for the British troops, and Hanoverian troops in British pay, to strike tents as quietly as possible and hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. According to some accounts the ruse failed in its intention and that Noailles, well served by his intelligence department, knew about every move of the Allies. There would appear to have been nothing very difficult concerning this for from Stair's "Order Book" for this day we find it stated :—†

> "After tattoo this night, the tents of the whole army will be struck without noise, and all the baggage and artillery to hold themselves in readiness to march; likewise all the army to remain under arms in front of their encampments."

In view of the fact that our troops had been in this neighbourhood for some days such a sudden order to "pack up" and settle up with inn-keepers, etc., could hardly be kept a secret, and the object of the activity and general bustle among the troops would not be difficult of interpretation to the average countryman, and the whole matter was no doubt the topic of conversation throughout the countryside within a very short time. Noailles' spies would not have to run many risks in obtaining the required information.‡ Being convinced that the French would fall upon his rear immediately he left Aschaffenburg, the King made his dispositions accordingly, ordering a strong rear guard, composed of :—

Three battalions of British Foot Guards.
Four battalions of Lunebourg.
All the Hanoverian Cavalry and some Artillery.

Here he placed himself, intending to be where fighting was expected. Although the rear of the column was the place of

* "15th June" old style. The new style is used throughout this article.

† *Vide* p. 18, "The Military Life of F. M. George, 1st Marquess Townshend," by Colonel C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O.

‡ "British Glory Revived," p. 48: "The French had, notwithstanding all this (secrecy and silence) received some intimation of our intentions."

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honour at the outset, as soon as the allies got on the move and came under the fire of the French battery at Stockstadt (opposite Klein Ostheim) the head of the column became the place of honour, and in fact, for some inexplicable reason, Noailles did not attack the rear guard although he had more than enough troops to do so.

The order for the march of the main body was (p. 65) :—

British Cavalry.
Austrian Cavalry.
British Infantry.
Austrian Infantry.

"The baggage set out first and began to march at eleven at night under a good escort. It moved slowly, and through byways, so that at break of day it was got but three-quarters of a German mile from Aschaffenburg upon the Hanau road, where it stopped several hours to wait for the army under a village called Klein Ostheim," (p. 22).

At daybreak (about 4 a.m.) on the 27th June, the allies moved off (p. 44), the men carrying their tent poles (p. 45), and as the French were just across the river they noticed the movement and at once got under arms; de Grammont's force had already crossed the Main at Seligenstadt, and now the remainder of Noailles' force moved towards Aschaffenburg, the officers of the opposing forces exchanging compliments as they passed each other (p. 65). It should be remembered that the bank on the French side of the river commanded the other, a circumstance which aided the French observation and gave a certain amount of protection to their batteries. Somewhere between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m., i.e., when the British Cavalry and Infantry had passed through Klein Ostheim, the battery near the chapel at Stockstadt commenced to play upon the allies as they approached the place (p. 29). The first cannon ball fell near the King, then the Captain of the Guard had his hat shot off, one of the Guard was killed and another wounded (p. 55); the range was fairly short and for the next two hours the French gunners took full advantage of such an excellent target as troops in column

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of route with their baggage.* "As the baggage was posted between 1st and 2nd columns, which was done for the convenience of marching, there was for some time a good deal of confusion. I can assure you, our Cavalry was a good deal galled; nevertheless they recovered their countenance and advanced with the greatest firmness towards the enemy" (p. 15). Another eye-witness has given us a little more detail of this phase of the battle:—"Then the English planted a battery, which annoyed the rear of the (French) Army, after which the French one played upon our brigade with desperate fury, to which we were a long time exposed, and the balls came as true into our lines as if they had been directed by marksmen. Soon after another battery began to play upon us, and then we found that they had posted themselves in a wood on our right; presently after their main body appeared on our front, so that they fired cannon balls, chain-shot and fire-balls, on both flanks, and field-pieces from their front upon us at the same time. Their Army marched very regular, and (ourselves) advancing very slow, gave time for their cannon to do great execution; for, as some of the prisoners told us afterwards, their design was totally to have destroyed all our Brigade of Guards; but Providence protected us beyond all human hopes and expectation, for several of the General Officers said they believed no Horse was ever cannonaded so long and so smartly,"† (p. 29). "The generals," says Townshend, "were raised from their carriages by a severe cannonade."‡

Whilst the Allies were under this gruelling bombardment the vanguard noticed that Grammont's force was taking up its position behind the stream at Dettingen. As the advanced portion of the allies at that moment had halted facing the Main,

* "Their (the French) side of the river being higher than ours, they improved that advantage by planting cannon thereon; our rear not being come up, they began, at half an hour after nine, to fire upon us, and, as the ground favoured them, they cannonaded us from rear to front above two miles. The ground was so low on our side that we were not able to raise one single battery to dismount their cannon, but we raised two good ones against their infantry." —Extract from a letter of a private gentleman in the Fourth Troop of Life Guards: see p. 19 of "British Glory Revived."

† Another eye-witness states: "The balls flew very thick about us; there were whole ranks swept down just at my side" (p. 38).

‡ *op. cit.*, p. 21.

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waiting for the remainder to clear the defile of Klein Ostheim, they were in the dangerous situation of having batteries in their front, de Grammont on their right flank and Noailles with the remainder of his force threatening their left. §

When the cannonading commenced the King was with the Guards in the rear-guard, but as it continued he soon realized what Noailles' plan was and that the front, and not the rear, of his force was the place where fighting would be most likely. There being no time to get the Guards forward he sent them, with the remainder of the rear-guard, to occupy a hill just north of Aschaffenburg which commanded a secure line of retreat. Stair in the meantime was busy deploying the Army and the Order of Battle seems to have been as follows :—*

1ST LINE.

Lieut.-General Clayton.

CAVALRY.

Bland's or The King's Dragoons (3rd Hussars).

INFANTRY.

Pulteney's (13th Som. L.I.).
Onslow's (8th—The King's).
Sowle's late Cornwallis (11th—Devons).
Dunoure's (12th—Suffolks).
Peers' (Royal North British Fusiliers) (R.S.F.).
Johnson's (D. of Wellington's).

Lieut.-General Sommerfeldt, Duke of Cumberland.

CAVALRY.

Generals Honeywood, Campbell, Ligonier, Baron de Couriere, Lord Albemarle.

Austrian Brigade.
Royal Horse Guards (The Blues).
Horse Grenadier Guards (Life Guards).
Stair's Dragoons (Inniskillings).
Royal British Dragoons (1st Royals).

* I have not discovered a complete statement of the position of every regiment at this battle, and the one given here is compiled from statements in the various eye-witness accounts supplemented from p. 95, Vol. II of Fortescue.—T.J.E.

§ Commenting upon the position of the Allies the "London Gazette" (p. 65) states :—"The danger was visible and pressing, and His Majesty arriving that instant, ordered the Generals of the day to make our front immediately to the enemy, by extending to the river, and the two lines of Horse were immediately formed. His Majesty ordered the Foot that was coming up to the right into the wood, and some battalions posted to cover

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2ND LINE.

Earl of Dunmore, Earl of Rothes.

Howard's (3rd—Buffs).
Handasyd's (31st—E. Surrey).
Ponsonby's (37th—Hants.).
Huske's (32nd—D.C.L.I.).
Bligh's (20th—Lanc. Fus.).

Generals Cope and Hawley.

Royal North British Dragoons (Greys).
Queen's Dragoons (7th Hussars).
Rich's Dragoons (4th Hussars).
Honeywood's (1st K.D.G.).
Ligonier's (7th D. Gds.).

REAR GUARD.

Brigade of Foot Guards.
Four regiments Lunebourg.
Hanoverian Cavalry.
Some Artillery.

During the course of the action, owing to the inactivity of the French at Aschaffenburg, the Guards moved up to support our right flank. The Hanoverians placed a well-concealed battery on the right of the first line "that did prodigious execution," (p. 7).

The available space between the wooded Spessart Hills on the right and the Main on the left was about one mile, a good deal of it being rye fields.† Between Klein Ostheim and Dettingen is a tongue of wood which juts out from the hills and

the flank; and as fast as they arrived, placed the infantry, British and Austrians, as also four battalions of Hanoverians, who all marched through the intervals of the Horse, from the mountain to the Mayn in two lines, which were supported by the Cavalry of the right wing, also in two lines. In making this disposition, which was a very fine one, and which by reason of the slow motions of the Foot, took up a great deal of time, the Earl of Stair, the Duke d'Aremberg and Marshal Nieperg assisted with great capacity and activity."

† The ground being so narrow between the River Mayne and Ye Mountain, as not to admit of more than 22 or 23 battalions in front, with some Cavalry of which my regiment was a part; so that in some places we had a 3rd line of Foot supported by two or three lines of Horse." (Extract from the letter of a General Officer; p. 381, "Gentleman's Magazine," 1743).

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it was near this that the allies deployed. The King rode about from regiment to regiment giving words of encouragement. "We were in high spirits, and His Majesty, as if assured of victory, ordered it to be given out amongst his soldiers, that they should enjoy the plunder of the enemy. He was thanked by a general shout," (p. 4). It was a beautiful summer's day with a cloudless sky and hot sun, and as the two armies, the French mostly in gray clothing and the Allies mostly in red, faced each other, less than a mile apart, over the green rye fields, it must have been a picturesque sight. Trudging along in Duroure's regiment (Suffolks) was a lad of sixteen-and-a-half years about to undergo his baptism of fire; he is now acting-adjutant, but we know him later as General James Wolfe, of Quebec fame.

Somewhere between 11 a.m. and 12 noon the Allies had completed their deployment and were ready for de Grammont, whose force was 25,000-30,000 strong, whilst his opponent had only about 18,000. The French had abandoned their position *behind* the stream at Dettingen, and contrary to Noailles's orders had moved out in *front* of it. The truth is that Grammont was impatient for a fight and could wait no longer. They now advanced in three lines, the first two composed of infantry with cavalry on both flanks and the third entirely of infantry. When all was ready we advanced towards the French, but as a morass knee-deep in mire had to be passed, going was somewhat slow. About half-way to the French the line was halted to give the men a "breather"; after this a cheer was raised and the line, muddy and perspiring, advanced again. A certain amount of annoyance was caused to our first line by a squadron of the Maison du Roi parading about in front of the whole army and towards the Allies left. This provoked some of our men to open fire upon them without orders* which led to the whole line doing the same. This spasm of indiscipline gave the French much encouragement, for being beyond range, the bullets fell short without doing any harm. They were, however, deceived, for our men, reloading quickly, were soon well in hand.

* "Our men were so eager that they would hardly wait for the word of command, but continued firing on the Maison du Roi" (p.49).

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All the baggage was apparently not yet clear of the troops and in its efforts to get away to the hills on the right became intermixed with them. Just at the time the King was passing it the French batteries gave it some salvoes. This startled the animals "and they ran their waggons among us, and almost over the King. The crying of the women and children* frightened the King's horse and he ran away with him, but he soon stopped him," (p. 55). After this the King dismounted and continued on foot.

The French first line came on cheering loudly and firing somewhat wildly. The Allies gave a succession of well-controlled cheers "seconded by thundering platoons, which struck the French with such a panick that they gave ground, but by the management of their officers, who behaved extremely well, they came up again in very good order," (page 30). Our left had been badly damaged by the French batteries across the river and Grammont sent the Maison du Roi against it in an endeavour to break through. An eye-witness states:—"The French King's household made the first attack, sword in hand; I saw them come full speed down the hill and break in upon Johnson's infantry (Duke of Wellington's), who received them without retiring an inch and made great havock amongst them, and took of 'em 2 standards and many prisoners," (p. 15). Sir Robert Rich's Dragoons (4th Hussars) charged the Maison du Roi and did great execution and apparently captured the two standards just mentioned (p. 20). According to a letter from Wolfe to his father, the Gens d'Armes, or Mousquetaires Gris, also attacked about this time and broke through the "Scotch Fusiliers" (Peer's, R. North British Fusiliers), but that they were practically wiped out and lost a standard to Hawley's Dragoons (1st Royals).

Bland's Dragoons (3rd Hussars) and Johnson's Foot, though they withstood this charge well, were sadly depleted in numbers. Nevertheless the allies dressed their line again and

* Up to the Crimea a proportion of soldiers' families was permitted by regulation to accompany the troops in the field. A number of women of loose character of every social grade also followed the Army, and Dettingen was no exception.

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continued the advance with grim determination. "The French then brought up their second line and attacked us with great bravery, but our men received them well and after a very bloody and well-fought battle on both sides, we beat their second line back. We then breathed a little and the English Horse were ordered to charge the French Horse; but on the first onset of the French our Horse all ran away, and broke through our first line; and the French Horse, which happened to be the Gens d'Arme, followed them quite through. This had likely to be attended with fatal consequences but the English Foot, with the greatest bravery, closed their line, turned about, and I believe, out of 400 which broke through, not fifty escaped. The Gens d'Armes behaved most charmingly: they rode up to us on a full trot, with a broad sword slung to their wrists, and a pistol in each hand which, as soon as they had fired they flung at our heads, and fell on, sword in hand. The Foot, which had been in some disorder by the cowardice of our horses, were not able to stand the shock, but gave way, tho' they soon closed, faced about and killed them by dozens. My Lord Stair, after this, came to the head of our regiment and praised the whole of the Foot, and said he would himself see us make the attack on the third line of French, who were then in beautiful order to oppose us; upon which we gave him three huzzas and marched on, but there was such a panick through the French at seeing our first line able to face 'em, that they retreated immediately over the bridge they passed in the morning" (p. 39).

There was, however, a good deal of fighting to be done by the Cavalry before the French retreated; in fact, after the onslaught by the Gens d'Armes a series of charges took place. Bland's Dragoons (3rd Hussars) particularly distinguished itself, and its conduct is referred to by more than one writer of eye-witness accounts in other regiments who had observed their feats. Being on the extreme left of the line they were continuously under the fire of a battery of 12-pounders but "towards the end of the action" charged nine squadrons of the Maison du Roi through which they cut their way three times. This gallant struggle against great odds was performed under the

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eye of the King, who at the time had the Colonel of the Regiment, General Humphrey Bland, in his suite.*

In this fight Bland's was supported by Stair's Dragoons (Inniskillings), The Blues and Honeywood's Horse (1st K.D.G.) where the inexperience of these regiments nearly led to something approaching disaster, according to the following extract from a letter of an officer of The Blues who took part in the affair. "When they were led on to the charge by General Honeywood instead of advancing (at) a gentle trot, which would have kept them close, and by that means preserved the superior weight of their Horse, they advanced full gallop with such impetuosity that one of their squadrons were got in behind the first line of the French Foot and directly opposite to the whole body of their cavalry, not halted until the General himself, when he went off with intent, I suppose, to order other squadrons to our support. This action of the Blues may betray want of experience, but I think it argues no want of courage. During this halt as many squadrons of Honeywood's Regiment who had followed the steps of our indiscretion, notwithstanding our halt, advanced near musket-shot beyond us almost to the noses of the French who by this time had doubled their front, lined their intervals with Foot, and were advancing to the charge. So small a force thus being opposed to so large a body, so well-appointed, you may imagine the necessary consequence was rout. In short, Honeywood's presently wheeled to the right, ran in upon our two squadrons, before we even had an opportunity to charge, broke us, and we were all obliged to retreat behind the first line of Foot, where we formed again. I can't help observing that this repulse was lucky in its consequence and not a little instrumental in gaining the victory, for the French Household troops, flushed with their success, ran in

* The regiment, however, suffered terribly so that we are not surprised to find in Lord Stair's Order Book a few days later: "Brigadier Bland's Regiment to do no duty." Writing of this phase of the operations Bland states:—"My three standards are lost, but not taken by the enemy; they were shattered to pieces by the cannon and trod under foot in the mud where they charged, so as not to be found when the action was over. One of the cornets which carried them was killed; another wounded, and the third, which was Mr. Child, Lord Castlemaine's brother, had two horses killed under him, so that my standards were lost nobly."

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directly upon the line of our infantry, who flanked them, gave them their whole fire, and almost tore them to pieces." No wonder one of the captured French generals "told His Majesty that his troops stood like pallisado's of iron," (p.31). As regards the conduct of Honeywood's, it is possible that having witnessed the dashing manner in which Bland's had dealt with the Maison du Roi, were eager to "get at 'em" and emulate their comrades, which led to their getting out of hand and becoming isolated. Still, good came out of evil, for this meant the end of the fighting of the French Household Cavalry, the survivors of this charge not being able to stand up again to British musketry, and this was the signal for a general slowing-up of the battle. "The French," writes another officer present at the action, "about two o'clock, began to act less vigorously, and to seem inclined to the defensive. They thought to have penetrated through Huske's battalion* (D.C.L.I.) before it was formed, but the Brigadier in person at the head of the grenadiers, received them so warmly that the battalion had time to put themselves in order and to occupy the ground they were to defend." (p. 10).

This was the beginning of the end; covered by the French Household troops, the remnant of Grammont's force withdrew to the pontoon bridges at Seligenstadt. They rallied once "but Lieut.-General Campbell,† with a body of 3,000 Horse, was sent against them, the bravery of whom the French could not resist, but began to fly with great precipitation. Upon this our Army sent up a general huzza and the French thought of nothing now but to repass the river, which they did in such confusion that no doubt many of them perished in it," (p. 4). Whilst the French were fleeing from the field some of their own cannon which had been captured was turned upon them, (p.20). Wolfe states that "one of the bridges broke and in hurry

* "Huske's battalion fought like Devils, and Hawley's Dragoons (1st Royals) sustained such fire as I never saw" (p. 13).

† "James Campbell at the head of his Greys put them in a sullen humour" (p. 11). "This push was made by Lieut.-General Campbell, with a body of 3,000 Horse, who made great slaughter amongst them. The Blues, together with General Hawley's (Royals) and General Bland's (3rd Hussars) have been severely handled but behaved gallantly" (p. 2).

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abundance were drowned. A great number of their officers and men were taken prisoners, their loss is computed to be between six and seven thousand men, and ours three thousand." For years after in the French Army those who were unlucky enough to fall into the Maine or who had to ford it were referred to by their comrades as "the Maine Ducks."

"The business is done, old Boy! We have beat them *a-la-mode* de Ramailles" writes a subaltern of the Royal Scots at "two in the morning" the day after the battle, and no doubt the French were badly beaten by a numerically inferior force. Their casualities included great numbers of the nobility, General Officers and officers of the French Household. Our men amused themselves by taking the feathers and other finery from the French dead, and one writer records:—"The dead and wounded are a dismal sight, yet it is pleasant to see many of our common soldiers strutting about in hats and feathers and fine gold trimmings which they have taken from their conquered enemies," (p. 4).

During the action the Duke of Cumberland's horse was wounded four times and becoming irritated bolted across "no man's land" into the enemy, from whom he very fortunately escaped with a wound in the leg. One sad loss was the death of General Clayton.*

The hard fighting was over about 3 p.m., and when the victors looked about them they saw a dreadful sight of mangled men and horses whose condition, as far as the wounded were concerned, was much aggravated by the heavy rains which fell soon afterwards.

No account of Dettingen is complete without the stories of the standards of the 7th Dragoon Guards (then Ligonier's Horse) and the 3rd Hussars (then Bland's Dragoons).

Cornet Richardson bore the standard of Ligonier's and at one phase of the battle he was surrounded by the French Horse

* Jasper Clayton: first commissioned 24th June, 1695; served under Marlborough and became Colonel of the 11th Foot, and later of the 14th Foot. Lieut.-Governor of Gibraltar during siege of 1727; Major-General, 1735; Lieut.-General, 2nd July, 1739. Killed at Dettingen and buried in the private chapel of Prince of Hesse at Hanau.

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who endeavoured to cut him down and take his charge from him. So stoutly did he defend himself that he retained the standard but received no less than thirty-seven sabre cuts and bullet holes upon his body and through his clothes. Asked afterwards how he managed to save his charge, the gallant Irishman replied in Irish fashion, "If the wood of the standard had not been of iron it would have been cut off." The standard* is now in the Royal United Service Museum.

When Bland's were making their gallant charges the standards were cut to ribbons and in one case the cornet was wounded, causing him to relax his grasp and it fell to the ground. Trooper Thomas Brown, of Kirkleathan, Yorkshire, was in the act of dismounting to recover it when a French sabre slashed at his bridle-hand and cut off two of his fingers. His horse promptly bolted towards the French and carried him to the rear of their lines. Here he saw one of his regiment's standards being borne away in triumph by a Gens d'Arme. This was too much for Brown, and disabled though he was he rode straight at the Gens d'Arme, attacked and killed him, recaptured the standard, and gripping it between his leg and the saddle, fought his way back to the British lines. Seven cuts on his face and three bullet holes through his hat testified to the effort he had made. For this exploit he was made a Gentleman of the King's Guard.†

The conduct of the King during the battle has been remarked upon by several eye-witnesses and he appears to have borne himself most bravely; some of the expressions used are:—"His Majesty behaved with the greatest steadiness and resolution," "The King gave his orders with the utmost coolness," "His

* It is a good example of the period when Colonels were permitted to put their own armorial bearings on standards, etc., a practice which was prohibited by Royal Warrant for cloathing, dated 1st July, 1751. General Ligonier's crest (a demi-lion issuing from a ducal crown) and his motto "Quo fata vocant," have long been the crest of the 7th Dragoon Guards.

† I am aware that there is a story to the effect that Brown was created a Knight Banneret on the field by the King, but having referred the matter to an editor of one of the "Peerages," etc., publications, it is not found to be substantiated. For an article and portrait of Brown see the CAVALRY JOURNAL for January, 1912.—T.J.E.

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Majesty was in the thickest of the fight," "The King charged at the head of a regiment of Foot." Wolfe says that "His Majesty was in the midst of the fight." An account which was printed at the Hague records that "His Brittanick Majesty was in the heat of the action during the whole time of its continuance, sometimes on horseback but mostly on Foot; and, after he dismounted, a cannon-ball broke the bough of a tree immediately above his head." To George II remains the distinction of being the last British King to command an Army in the field in person.

The Scots Greys had the distinction of capturing the white standard of the Maison du Roi.

REGIMENTS BEARING THE HONOUR "DETTINGEN."

Granted under the authority of Horse Guards' letter dated 20th September, 1882.

Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.*	*Title when honour was granted.*
The Life Guards.	Horse Guards. / Horse Grenadier Guards.	1st Life Guards. / 2nd Life Guards.
Royal Horse Guards (The Blues).	Royal Horse Guards or Blues.	Royal Horse Guards, Blue.
1st King's Dragoon Guards.	The King's or Honeywood's Horse.	1st King's Dragoon Guards.
4th/7th Dragoon Guards.	Ligonier's Horse.	*7th Dragoon Guards.
5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.	Stair's Dragoons.	*6th Inniskilling Guards.
1st The Royal Dragoons.	Royal British Dragoons.	1st Royal Dragoons.
The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons).	Royal North British Dragoons (Greys).	2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys).
3rd The King's Own Hussars.	The King's or Bland's Dragoons.	3rd King's Own Hussars.
4th Queen's Own Hussars.	Rich's Dragoons.	4th Queen's Own Hussars.
7th Queen's Own Hussars.	Queen's Dragoons.	7th Queen's Own Hussars.

* Granted only to this regiment of the amalgamated regiments.

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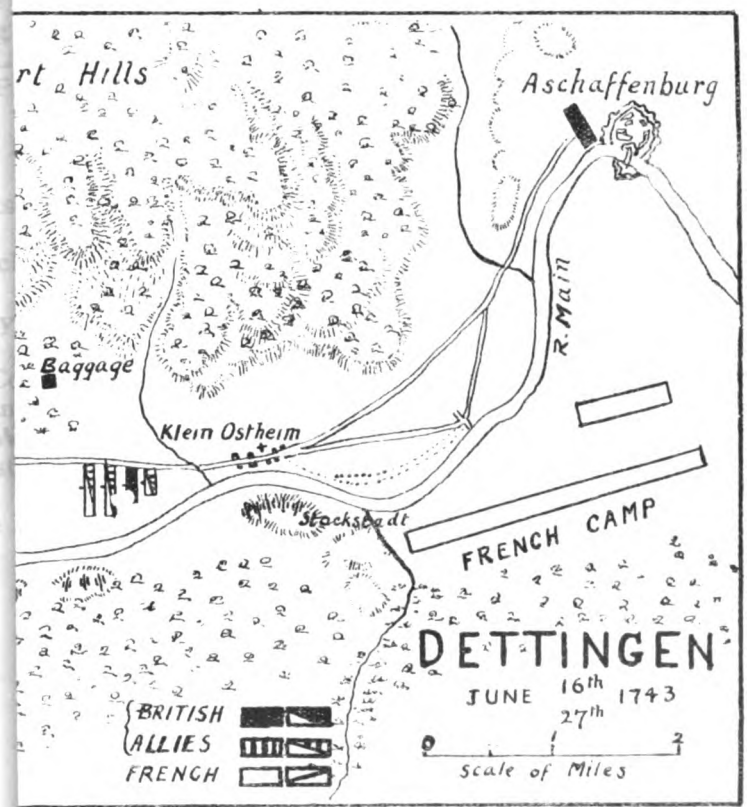

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Present Title.	*Title at date of battle.*	*Title when honour was granted.*
Grenadier Guards.	1st Foot Guards.	Grenadier Guards.
Coldstream Guards.	Coldstream Guards.	Coldstream Guards.
Scots Guards.	3rd Foot Guards.	Scots Guards.
The Buffs (East Kent Regt.).	Howard's Regt.	The Buffs (East Kent Regt.).
The King's Regt. (Liverpool).	Onslow's Regt.	The King's (Liverpool) Regt.).
The Devonshire Regt.	Sowle's Regt.	The Devonshire Regt.
The Suffolk Regt.	Duroure's Regt.	The Suffolk Regt.
The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's).	Pulteney's Regt.	The Prince Albert's (Somersetshire Light Infantry).
The Lancashire Fusiliers.	Bligh's Regt.	The Lancashire Fusiliers.
The Royal Scots Fusiliers.	The Royal North British or Campbell's.	The Royal Scots Fusiliers.
The Royal Welch Fusiliers.	Royal Welch Fusiliers or Peer's.	The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
The East Surrey Regt.	Handasyd's Regt.	The East Surrey Regt.
The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.	Huske's Regt.	The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.
The Duke of Wellington's Regt. (West Riding).	Johnson's Regt.	The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regt.).
The Hampshire Regt.	Ponsonby's Regt.	The Hampshire Regt.

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HUNTING BIG GAME

WEGH.

WHY in India one should talk about "shooting big game" and in Africa refer to the sport as "hunting" is a mystery. Undoubtedly "hunting" is the more expressive word; the hunting is the thing; the shooting is a corollary, and not even a necessary one at that.

It is an obvious axiom that intimate knowledge of the habits of an animal forms the basis of successful hunting, but unfortunately the information is frequently difficult to come by. Books and the experiencies of friends will lay the foundation; personal experience and the help of native shikaris, guides, and gunbearers will perfect it. The general dependence, which is often placed upon the native, is to be deprecated; mainly because much of the enjoyment is thereby lost, and also because there are few natives who justify such reliance. The native, who can give accurate information as to the habits of the animals near where he lives, may frequently be encountered, but one, who is able practically to apply this knowledge, is indeed a rarity.

The hunter should be in possession of information under the following headings, if he is successfully to pursue an animal that is a trophy really worth obtaining:—

(*a*) A good average size of head for the locality.

(*b*) Shape and size of the footmark of a warrantable male.

(*c*) Recognition of the dung.

(*d*) Any colour distinction of an old male.

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(*e*) At what seasons the males or females may be expected to be together or separate.

(*f*) At what time of the day the males may be expected to finish feeding and lie down.

(*g*) The food of the animal.

(*h*) How often the males go to water (once a day, once in three days).

(*i*) What time of the day or night they usually go to water.

(*j*) Recognition of any noises made when alarmed or at other times (nearly every animal has an alarm note).

(*k*) Whether an animal when alarmed has the habit of pausing in its flight to look back at what has frightened him, or whether when alarmed he will go away without stopping to look round.

(*l*) Which of the animal's senses are most acute.

The habits of any particular species vary considerably with the locality in which it lives; thus if water is scarce and carnivora are numerous most animals will go to drink in the daytime, whereas, if man were the main danger, they would prefer the hours of darkness in order to conceal their approach. Animals are never more timid than when approaching water.

The liberties that may be taken when hunting the various kinds of animals differ very considerably, and it is of course most desirable that the hunter should be able accurately to gage them; though experience is the only true guide, there are certain theories which form a useful basis to work on. It is naturally far better at first to overestimate then to underrate an animal's senses. Animals which live on the open plains rely mainly on sight for their preservation, whilst the thicker the cover, which it is natural for them to inhabit, the more dependence is placed upon nose and ears as a warning of danger. Animals living in broken and hilly country are very sensitive to any taint of wind.

There is little doubt that if an animal sees the hunter he is far less frightened than if he winds him, and especially is it true in regard to a herd of animals. This is natural for, in the case of scent, probably most of the herd get it, whilst only one

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or two animals may see the danger and, unless it is imminent, may not communicate their fear to the remainder. There is no doubt too, that an animal trusts his nose implicitly, whilst quite frequently, though his suspicions may be aroused through his sight, he will settle down again if not further alarmed. This feature is specially true of the goats and sheep.

Certain animals, which live in thick cover, have marvellous hearing powers; the shape and size of the ears give a clue as to whether this faculty is highly developed or not; the best examples are perhaps the sambhar and the kudoos, which are quite exceptionally gifted in this respect. Hearing, in the case of most of the smaller animals, is a sense which is generally used as a warning and they do not usually flee on hearing man, but wait for confirmation by sight or smell. The carnivora and some of the shyer fauna do not, however, wait for any such confirmation, but slip away noiselessly upon the first sound of man's approach.

The carnivora are all exceptionally gifted in the way of sight and hearing but, with the exception of the lion, they have apparently little sense of smell. As may be expected from animals which themselves are dependent upon hunting for their own livelihood, they are difficult to hunt and stalk, and so special methods are adopted in their pursuit. In this article the special methods necessary for hunting the carnivora are not considered in detail.

There are three main methods of locating game which we will call "spying," "still hunting" and "tracking." One or more of these methods may be used in the pursuit of a single animal. Once the game is located a stalk is often necessary to bring the hunter into a suitable position for a shot. Each of these phases will now be dealt with in turn.

Spying is the method usually employed in hilly or mountainous country when the cover is not too thick. It is a straightforward and simple method. The natural eyesight of the average native, who lives in the wide open spaces, is probably as good as the European's eyesight helped by binoculars, but on the other hand many natives cannot use a glass. Even so, one is amazed at their ability in spotting game and one's own

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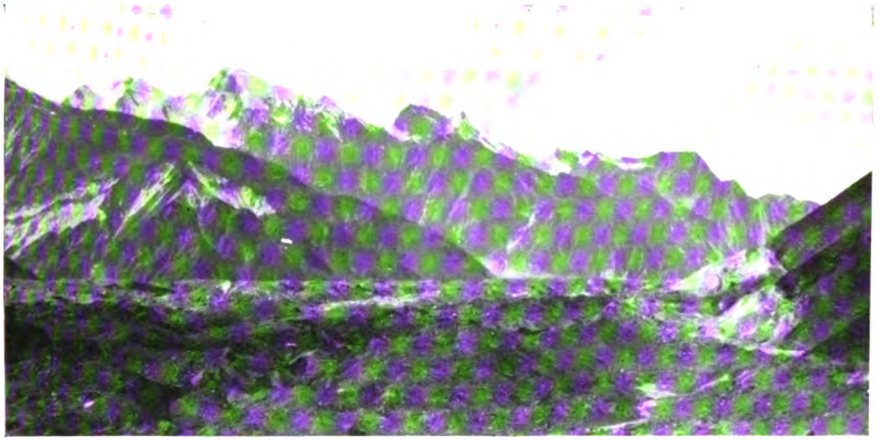

The Chogo Lungmia Glacier. Typical Ibex country in Baltistan.

A resting Rhino in typical African light bush country.

A Tiger and Bison Jungle in the Ghats.

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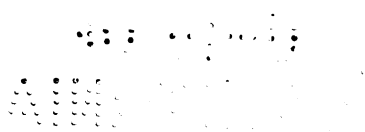

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inability to do so, even when an animal is pointed out. There are a couple of reasons apart from proficient eyesight which account in some degree for this. Firstly the native knows where to look at the various times of day, and secondly, he knows exactly what to look for—its colour and its shape in the varying weather and height of sun. Both points are important. One realizes the truth of the latter factor when a change is made in the type of game to be hunted. One had got quite good at picking up the old type, but, for the first two days after changing, the old difficulties return in regard to the new type. Practice and experience will make the art of spying three times more easy.

When spying, natives have a bad habit of sitting perched up on the skyline, and this must be guarded against. When spying distant country from a skyline position it is usually better to be in front of cover than behind it, though the approach to such a position must be a careful one. Even the hunter himself is inclined to try to get to the very best position for spying straight away, and thereby to risk springing game nearby, whereas, he should search all the nearer ground with his glass, piece by piece, as it comes into view, before exposing himself to any animals that may be there.

The subsequent stalk from a spying position will, of course, be simplified if the hunter chooses a place from which he is looking into the wind. To make a wide detour on account of the wind, in country such as the open slopes of the Himalayas, and to come out where desired, requires a very fine eye for country and a wonderful sense of direction. To do so in the lower hills of Africa, in country covered in bush, may be an almost impossible task. Country, which looked open and nearly flat from above, becomes a labyrinth of gullies and dense cover when entered, and the landmarks which were so clear from the spying point are either invisible or have completely changed their appearance. Before leaving the spying position, the greatest care should be taken that all data, that will help in keeping the direction throughout the stalk, have been noted. In the excitement of seeing a good head, this point is sometimes forgotten, even by hunters of experience. A telescope, except in the clear

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atmosphere of the Himalayas, is seldom as good as glasses for spotting game, and even in the Himalayas binoculars should be the main stay of the hunter. The telescope is often invaluable for estimating the size of a head, and many a long and tiresome walk and climb may be avoided by its intelligent use.

"Still hunting" is the method usually employed in thick cover when tracking is not feasible. The object of still hunting is to become aware of the presence of game, and to locate it, before it is alarmed. Man's eyesight, when trained, is probably as good as that of most animals; his hearing is as good as some, but inferior to most, whilst his sense of smell is negligible in comparison. The wind then becomes one of the most important factors and this is true in still hunting for nearly any type of game; it is a point which natives will usually ignore, unless they are in pursuit of bison, buffalo, elephant or rhino. Unfortunately one cannot go against the wind the whole time, but a careful programme can be made up, so that the best pieces of country are taken against the wind at the best time of day.

There is an inclination to think that the chance of success will be increased if the hunter goes out by himself, for one man is less likely to be seen or heard than a number. I think this point is, however, outweighed by the fact that several pairs of human eyes are likely to see more than one pair. So often has one of the men behind been the first to see the game that, personally, I am convinced that it is better to hunt with two or three selected natives than by oneself. The party should move in Indian file, the first man being a native guide, a gunbearer, or shikari, then should come the hunter himself, followed by two or more natives. If the hunter himself is carrying his light rifle, then the foremost Indian should have the heavy one, if there is any chance of meeting dangerous game. If, on the other hand, the hunter is carrying the heavy rifle himself then it is preferable that the man behind should carry the light one; the reasons are obvious.

The tendency in still hunting is to walk too fast. The thickness of the cover will be the main guide as to the pace; the thicker the cover the slower the rate of progress. Seldom, however, even in the open bush, should a pace of more than a mile

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an hour be exceeded. Every suspicious object or sound must be most carefully investigated, and in thick cover frequent pauses should be made to listen for game. It must be constantly borne in mind that a mutual recognition by hunter and hunted is not what is to be aimed at, for seldom will such a condition give the chance for selection of the best head, even if a hurried shot be possible; the object of the hunter is to locate unsuspicious game, and to do so he will require to exert all his caution. The best heads are carried by the most suspicious animals, and the fact that the hunter is frequently seeing females and small males must not be taken to imply that he is not frightening, unseen, the big heads, which are his quarry.

The party should move in Indian file, close together, and there must be some pre-arranged signal, such as a low hiss, for use when game is seen or heard. Natives are inclined to move quickly back, or drop quickly to the ground, when they see an animal, whereas it is far better to remain absolutely motionless and only to move when the animal turns its head away. Any quick movement is to be deprecated at all times.

Frequently it is impossible for the hunter to move quietly owing to the noise made by dead leaves. The alternative to quiet movement is noise which will not arouse suspicion. Shuffling through the dead leaves with constant pauses will be sufficiently like the noise made by feeding animals to allay suspicion.

There are a few agents that help in locating game, foremost of which are the tick birds, especially useful when hunting buffalo or rhino; if carefully watched they will generally give a clue. Animals that like young tree shoots will frequently be found below a group of feeding monkeys; though the monkeys may help in their location, they may be a desperate nuisance in the subsequent stalk. Vultures in the trees indicate carnivora still on a kill, whilst if they are bunched on the ground the rightful owner has probably departed.

Where stones, rocks, or tree roots abound it is essential to wear crepe or rubber soled shoes for still hunting, and in dry country they are almost as pleasant to wear as leather soled footwear. Rifles should be carried slung over the shoulder and

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never sloped on the shoulder; the glint in the latter position is noticeable long before the man carrying the rifle can be seen; this is more true in brush than in forest country.

To my mind "tracking" is the most pleasurable and exciting method of pursuing big game, and, incidentally, it is a method generally applicable to animals which are most worth while hunting. A certain proficiency can soon be attained in this art, but the great trackers are born and not made, and they are very few, even amongst native hunters. There is a vast difference in tracking an elephant and say a lesser kudoo, and a man may be good with one and not with the other; one man may track well in one type of country and not in another. Every hunter should learn to track so as not to be entirely dependent on his staff; when the hunter is ignorant his staff may play him queer pranks—change from a wounded dangerous animal to one unwounded—lose easy spoor unjustifiably during a hot and wearisome hunt. Never be dependent on the native where it is possible to be independent, good fellow though he frequently is.

Tracking includes all the interests of still hunting with the added excitement of following the spoor and knowing that, if successful, the game must finally be located. It is a method of hunting to be used where the animal hunted is rare and therefore tracks are few. Like "still hunting" it is essential to be on the *qui vive* the whole time, for although the tracks may be two hours old the game may be encountered at any moment, as it may have stopped to feed or rest, or have circled on its tracks.

It is essential that one of the party should have some real knowledge of the art, in order to be able to tell the age of tracks and whether they are likely to belong to a warrantable animal. Others of the party need only be gifted with good eyesight. Methods will vary with the country but for normal conditions the following is suggested. One tracker on the spoor, pointing with a stick to show that he is following; on each side of him a tracker ready to take up the spoor or to cast to the flank when it is lost. Three men tracking should ensure that the hunt proceeds at a reasonable pace, but in a very difficult country, where wide casts must be made, more men may be necessary.

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The sportsman together with a gunbearer, who should be gifted with good sight, act as " still hunters " and should be in advance of the trackers; they must be responsible for spotting the game, and they should see that the trackers do not go too fast. At a serious check the gunbearer can go back to help the trackers, whilst the hunter himself, by making an intelligent cast well forward to some easy tracking ground, can frequently save them a lot of time. To do this he must however know his job, and not bring his men forward to a false trail.

The chances of obtaining a shot at the game followed must naturally depend largely on the locality in which contact with it is made. The only influence the hunter can exert is by tracking slowly or quickly. He should therefore steady the pace in difficult country so as to minimise his chances of coming up with the game there, and he should go slowly when tracking down wind. The hunter should continually test the wind, a small bag of wood ashes being a convenient thing to carry for this purpose.

The technique of tracking could not be taught from a book, and it varies so much, according to the country and the animal hunted, that it is not feasible to give any general rules, except to say that in difficult country intelligent anticipation and a good " animal sense " play a very important part. The interest and excitement in following a particular animal's movements for several hours and then gradually to realize, by the various signs, that one is getting close to him, makes this form of hunting, to my mind, supreme in the pursuit of big game.

The " stalk " is usually the most exciting part of hunting, and it is therefore the time when the hunter is most liable to forget simple principles and practices. To approach a single unsuspicious animal, upwind, is generally an easy matter even when cover is scarce, but it is not often that such a simple task presents itself. The first thing to do before beginning to stalk is to search the ground most carefully for other animals or birds that may give the alarm. Having done this before starting does not relieve the hunter from doing it many times again during his approach. More stalks are probably spoilt by other animals or birds giving the alarm than by any other means. Testing

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of the wind is, of course, an essential of the first importance, and if a detour is to be made on its account the picking up of easily recognizable landmarks is necessary. It should be remembered that good cover near the end of the stalk is more valuable than good cover at the beginning, but this again is a point likely to be overlooked unless the whole stalk is considered and planned out from the start. Naturally difficult pieces of ground will be crossed when the animal is looking the other way or is engaged in feeding; this is what makes stalking a single animal so easy, and a herd so difficult.

It will often occur that an animal is so placed in relation to the ground, or other animals, that a stalk is not likely to have much chance of success. This point must be recognized at once, and the hunter should, if feasible, wait until conditions improve.

If the hunter is spotted he must decide at once whether he will take the shot. It is usually inadvisable to continue the stalk, or make any change in position, the only alternative to shooting being to keep perfectly still until the animal's suspicions subside—in the case of the warier game a poor alternative indeed if the hunter is within 250 yards.

Crawling on hands and knees is not a method of approach to be advocated, unless the hunter is likely to have a lengthy period for rest before taking the shot, as after crawling, for even a short distance, the arms are very unsteady for a considerable time.

Conditions of light, range and position, vary so much that the greatest care possible, consistent with the necessary speed, should be taken over the shot. With the larger animals, and when using a light, high velocity rifle, 250 yards should be the absolute maximum range for a shot; with the smaller beasts 180 yards should not be exceeded. Dangerous game, fired at with a heavy rifle, should be approached much more closely.

It is the first shot which really counts, and every precaution should be taken that the animal is at least seriously crippled by it; even so the sportsman should invariably immediately put in a second bullet if the animal is still standing and visible.

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I was taught to aim just behind the shoulder and half way up the body in the case of an animal standing broadside on, and I think this is the usual aim advocated. It is, I am convinced, a bad one, because, if the alignment is even slightly wrong and the bullet strikes too far back, it becomes the worst of shots—a certain lingering death to the animal, with little chance of its recovery by the sportsman. The object should be to put a bullet into the vital parts which lie between the shoulders, and to break one of the shoulders in doing so. For an animal standing broadside on, the rifle should be aligned on the fore leg and brought straight up the shoulder until the aim is about one-third to two-fifths of the animal's depth from the lower line of the body. It is better to be too low than too high. Now if the alignment is right a clean kill will result, whereas, if too far forward, it will become a deadly neck shot, and if too far back, it will be just behind the shoulder and in a good position. A man employing this aim will leave very little wounded game on the ground, which must surely be the first ambition of every sportsman. For an animal partly facing, the aim should be just in front of the shoulder, and for one partly turned away, just behind the shoulder; in either case the vital parts will be pierced and the bullet will stand a good chance of breaking the shoulder furthest away from the shooter.

It cannot be over emphasized that the greatest care should be taken in approaching dangerous game when wounded, even when apparently quite dead—how many men owe their deaths to neglect of this basic principle. A shot into the back of the neck, taken from behind the animal, is the kindest and quickest method of dispatching a wounded beast, and I have never known it to spoil a headskin.

Shooting is the one part of big game hunting that can be practised "at home," and I think, for any one who has no experience, it is very well worth while to make a brown coloured target of the size and shape of an animal's body, and to shoot at it from various ranges. This is far better practice than firing at a bull's eye target. There is little need to practice in the lying position, and nearly all the shots should be taken sitting, or freehand, *i.e.*, standing without a rest. The free-

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hand shot is the one to practice most, being the most difficult, and the one that the hunter will generally be obliged to use in an emergency when hunting in cover. In Himalayan shooting, however, it will seldom be necessary to take a freehand shot and the hunter will frequently get the chance of a kneeling or lying shot from behind a rock. Few beginners take sufficient trouble and time practising with their sporting rifles. Most regret their negligence and put things right later, but probably not before the pleasure of one shooting trip has been literally spoilt.

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MASS VERSUS MOBILITY

A Brief Study of the Evolution of Offensive Tactics in the Mobile Arm.

There is a well-known physical law which defines the relationship between mass, movement and momentum. Momentum, it says, is the product of mass and movement. That is, a huge mass with very little movement may possess the same momentum as a minute mass in a state of rapid motion. And we might draw a parallel between this relationship and that which connects the three military principles of concentration, mobility and offensive power.

The simile, however, is not quite exact. For although offensive power is normally the product of concentration and mobility, there is a limit beyond which neither component can be carried without detriment to the whole. The mastodon, the dinosaur and the megalosaurus mark a stage of evolution in which unwieldy mass became the victim of its own monstrosity. The fate of Goliath points the same moral in the history of human affairs. And later, when organized mass took the place of individual bulk, a similar tendency evinced itself. The mammoth lived again in the unwieldy hordes that followed the great Darius, and many another oriental monarch, into battle —only to sink once more into oblivion.

On the other hand, absolute mobility can offer no better promise of success. For it is as difficult to control movement in the one case as it is to initiate it in the other. And so we find manœuvrability, rather than mere speed, taking the place of superfluous mass in the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legion.

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When the domestication of the horse, the elephant, and other quadrupeds, introduced a new standard of mobility for man, it was along individual and commercial, not along purely military, lines that the first experiments were made. In the 16th century B.C., when he made his first recorded appearance upon the battlefield, and for the next seven hundred years, the horse was used solely as a means of transport, and not for the development of offensive power.* His rôle was to pull the chariots which preceded the main armies, and which, after the preliminary skirmishes, were usually withdrawn some distance to the rear. Not until the reign of the Assyrian King Assur-izir-pal (885 B.C.) is there any mention of cavalry proper, and even then their employment was confined to reconnaissance and similar duties.

Mounted action, when it came, followed the usual tendency. Individual bulk, striding along like the tank of 1916, at the head of the assaulting infantry, was relied upon to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy and thus pave the way to victory. In countries where he flourished, the elephant enjoyed a brief reign of terror. Elsewhere the chariot was adapted by military genius to the same ends. In 559 B.C. Cyrus the Great of Persia converted this vehicle into an offensive weapon by putting scythes on the axles, and protecting the driver with a wooden turret and the horses with armour. Thus equipped, the chariot was used in the front line of the attack, and by its aid Cyrus won a great victory at Thymbra.

As usual, however, the pioneer was followed by a succession of slavish imitators. The system was perpetuated by the Persian monarchs without thought of adaptation to changing conditions, until it was finally discredited by Alexander the Great at the battle of Arbela. His methods offer an excellent illustration of the anti-tank paras. of our present training manuals. The Greek light-armed troops and darters, placed well out in front of the main body, destroyed many of the chariot horses and drivers with their missile weapons, while the ranks of the main body were opened to let through the remainder,

*For this, and most of his other facts, the writer is indebted to "A History of Cavalry," by Col. George T. Denison.

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who, as they emerged, breathless and disorganized, on the far side, were routed by a portion of Alexander's reserve cavalry, specially detailed for the purpose.

Looking back, it is easy to see what brought about the decline of the elephant and the war chariot. They were too unmanageable to go on winning victories once the psychological effect of their novelty had worn off. Their continued supremacy depended, like that of the tank of to-day, upon the evolution of some system of control by which they could be kept in hand during the critical moments that follow the first successful onslaught. And as such a system was beyond the powers of the signal services of those days, they were doomed to failure.

Alexander the Great, appreciating this fact, turned his attention to cavalry proper as the best means of achieving, and exploiting, shock action. By disciplining his mounted troops, he welded them into a compact and manageable body, by the aid of which he could equally well exploit a victory or ward off a defeat. In his battles at the Granicus, the Issus, and Arbela, he employed his cavalry on both wings of his army, and after routing the opposing cavalry by a charge at full speed, he turned his victorious horsemen against the exposed flank, or flanks, of the infantry formations which comprised the enemy's centre. All three battles ended in complete victories, and on each occasion his handling of his cavalry brought out the importance of manœuvrability in the employment of the mobile arm.

His methods remained the model of all successful cavalry actions for the next thousand years or more, being well exemplified by Hannibal at the battle of Cannæ (216 B.C.), Scipio Africanus at Zama (202 B.C.), Actius at Chalons (451 A.D.), Narses at Casilinum (554 A.D.), and the Emperor Henry I at Mersberg (933 A.D.).

During this period there was a progressive decline in the popularity of the infantry arm. Yet there were occasions when, under good leadership, it was able to meet the cavalryman on equal terms. At the battle of Pharsalia (48 B.C.), Julius Cæsar showed how a flank attack by a superior cavalry could be successfully countered by a concealed reserve of well-trained infantry,

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backed up by a charge of his own, numerically inferior, cavalry at the psychological moment.

About the same time there had occurred a new development of the mobility principle. The Parthians, taking advantage of the broad open spaces of Mesopotamia, employed only cavalry in their armies when fighting over this area. And the majority of this was light cavalry, which was unarmoured and used only the bow, a large reserve of arrows being carried with the army on camels.

At the battle of Carrhæ (53 B.C.), the Parthian general, Surena, seeing the depth and solidarity of the Roman infantry columns which were advancing against him, countermanded his order for a charge by the heavy cavalry, and, wheeling his men outwards, surrounded the Romans. The latter were then gradually annihilated by the arrows of the Parthian light horsemen, who would retreat before any advance of the heavier Roman cavalry, but would always return to the attack. And with the advent of night, these light horsemen vanished like a cloud into the desert, and took their rest miles away from the scene of battle, while their hobbled steeds grazed leisurely around them, safe in their isolation from any interruption by the enemy.

Similar tactics were subsequently adopted by the Mongols, Saracens and Turks. At the battle of Leignitz (1241 A.D.), the Mongols obtained a victory over the Poles which bore many resemblances to the Parthian success at Carrhæ. The Polish cavalry were all heavily equipped, and the much lighter Mongol horsemen, by evading the shock of the first onset, and then alternately attacking and retiring, finally wore out the Poles and routed them.

The essence of this development was the substitution of missile for shock action. The enemy, instead of being overwhelmed in a single mighty rush of man and beast, were gradually worn down by a constant stream of small but deadly projectiles, from which they could obtain no shelter and to which they could essay no reply. But as with the massive war chariot and the heavy cavalryman, so with the light cavalry, it was only a question of time before the counter-measure was discovered and perfected. At the battle of Merseberg, the Emperor Henry I made use of a

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specially organized corps of light cavalry, who were armed with the cross-bow, and who competed successfully with the lightly equipped Hungarian horsemen and distracted the enemy's attention during the battle by constant skirmishing.

Meanwhile there were many who had realized that in the majority of battles, where surprise was not likely to be complete, and where the terrain was almost certain to be a mixture of mountain, wood and plain, some compromise would be necessary between the two extremes of shock and missile action. Hence, from the earliest times, there had been attempts to combine within the mobile arm the advantages of fire and movement. In 418 B.C. the Bœotians employed a force of 500 cavalry in which each horseman was accompanied by a foot soldier, whose duty it was to support his mounted comrade when in difficulties. And the same idea was adopted later by the Germans, Spaniards and Turks, the latter mounting the foot soldier "en croupe" behind the cavalryman, and thus providing themselves with a mixed force which could be moved rapidly to a decisive point. As late as 1804, Napoleon organized a corps of voltigeurs at Boulogne on the same principle. But by this time other and more effective means of giving fire support to the mounted arm had been perfected, and the experiment was soon abandoned.

With the introduction of chivalry in Western Europe, and the general adoption of body armour, the whole system of warfare underwent a change. Both the missile weapon and the infantryman disappeared almost completely from the scene, and the art of fighting degenerated into a series of isolated combats between small parties of heavily clad, slow-moving horsemen. Individual mass was once again almost supreme.

For some three centuries this supremacy was maintained, until in the 14th century the English archer and the Swiss pikeman restored the prestige of the infantry, and reintroduced the necessity of providing an immediate fire support for the cavalry —a necessity which was still further emphasized by the introduction of gunpower and the gradual improvement of the musket.

This led to a revival of the old tactical method of interspersing groups of infantrymen between cavalry squadrons, and this

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method became popularised by the success which it appeared to bring to the Imperialist arms at the battle of Pavia in 1525 A.D. But the area of the battle zone had now increased to such an extent that this system of grouping cavalry and infantry meant a serious curtailment of the mobility of the mounted arm. And the failure to realize this fact was due to the faulty tactical methods of the cavalry itself, which—as a reaction no doubt to their previous neglect—had now become obsessed with the value of fire-power, and had subordinated the lance and the sword to the pistol and the musket.

Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell did something to restore shock tactics to a position of importance, and the former went a long way towards providing a mobile form of fire support for cavalry by the introduction of light field artillery. Their cavalry charges were still carried out at the trot, however, and the tactical grouping of infantry and cavalry was not entirely abandoned.

It was about this time that the Turkish cavalry achieved a considerable notoriety by their reversion to the methods of the Parthians, only substituting the *arme blanche* for the missile weapon. They made use of no complicated manœuvres, but employed soft spot tactics, and when the enemy gave way they spread out fanwise round his flanks and rear. By 1711, however, their methods had been successfully countered by the Russians by the introduction of infantry squares, chevaux de frises, the partial rearming of the infantry with the pike, and the use of artillery to flank the infantry squares.

Frederick the Great, imitating the dash of Charles XII, and developing Gustavus Adolphus' light field guns into a reliable form of horse artillery, at last succeeded in bringing cavalry shock tactics to the point they had reached under Alexander and Hannibal. He divided his cavalry in the field into independent corps of 20, 30 and 40 squadrons, and forbade the use of firearms by them in battle. They generally seized the moment when the combined use of artillery and infantry, or either singly, had made an impression on the enemy, and then dashed in; or else they rapidly gained the enemy's flanks and charged home. Out of twenty-two great battles fought by

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Frederick or his generals, the cavalry, thus employed, decided the fate of fifteen.

Napoleon, like Frederick, fully appreciated the value of shock action. Under his guidance, the evil habit, adopted in the original armies of Revolutionary France, of scattering the cavalry regiments among infantry formations, was abandoned, and the cavalry was organized into large masses, which he called "Corps d'Armee de Cavalerie." These masses were trained to attack in deep formations, and were supported by large numbers of horse artillery.

Thus organized, and directed by his genius, Napoleon's cavalry achieved many notable victories—for example, Kellermann's counter-attack at Marengo, and Murat's charge at Eylau and pursuit after Jena. It was their discipline and cohesion that enabled them to do these things. Comparing them with his own British cavalry, the great Duke of Wellington wrote in 1826: "I consider our cavalry so inferior to that of the French, from want of order, although I consider one squadron a match for two French squadrons, that I should not have liked to see four British squadrons opposed to four French; and as the numbers increased, and order, of course, became more necessary, I was more unwilling to risk our cavalry without having a great superiority of numbers."*

But no one knew better than Napoleon the conditions under which victory was to be won. His successful employment of the infantry square in his campaign against the Mamelukes must have early convinced him of the ability of well-trained infantry to hold their own against a cavalry charge on ground, and in formations, of their own choosing. And against more redoubtable opponents, he knew, like Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great, how tactical genius might upset the traditional superiority of a hostile cavalry. In his earlier campaigns the enemy cavalry were often superior to his own, and he shaped his plans accordingly His front line of infantry was drawn up deployed in battle array, while the second line was formed in squares of battalions, the heavy cavalry being in reserve, the artillery and light cavalry in front and on the flanks. If a

*See "The Words of Wellington," by Edith Walford, p. 134.

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charge of horse broke through the front line, it passed disordered through the intervals of the squares, from the front and flanks of which it received a heavy fire; and then, while out of breath and out of control, it fell an easy victim to the heavy cavalry of his reserve.

Even Napoleon, however, could not successfully apply the principles of war against the forces of nature. As the Roman legions had been baulked by the mobility of the Parthians in Mesopotamia, so were his armies made to taste defeat by the Cossacks amid the steppes of Russia, though by slightly different methods. Instead of the direct fire attack, the Cossack —inspired possibly by Napoleon's own teachings—contented himself with an indirect attack against the administrative services of the invader. After his arrival in Moscow a cordon was formed round the city, all foraging parties were cut off, supply convoys were captured, and the French army was virtually held in a species of investment. In three weeks 4,180 French soldiers were taken prisoners without a battle being fought.

During the 1813 campaign the Cossacks moved further afield and carried out several daring raids in rear of the French armies. The capture of Hamburg and the relief of Lunenberg encouraged the Germans to rise and throw off the French yoke, while Tchernikoff's raid from Magdeburg to Cassel created great consternation among the French authorities, drove Jerome Buonaparte from Westphalia, and exposed the hollowness of Napoleon's military kingdoms.

Half a century later the cavalry raid was to reach the high water mark of its development during the American Civil War. In America a contempt for the sword, and the habit of individual citizens of arming themselves with revolvers and rifles, led to the almost universal employment of mounted infantry; while the conditions, both political and geographical, favoured the use of long-distance raids. There were several States which, though within the territory controlled by one side, contained many partisans of the other, and to the numerically inferior South the recruiting possibilities of a raid into such territories naturally made a strong appeal. To the North, on the other

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hand, especially during the later stages of the war, when the economic problem had become acute, the ill-protected agricultural areas and feebly developed communications of the Southern States presented a legitimate military objective.

Morgan's raid from Knoxville (Tennessee) to Midway (Kentucky) in July, 1862; Stuart's ride round McClellan's army in June of the same year, and his raid on Pope's communications at Catlett's Station in the following August; Forrest's dash on Memphis in August, 1864; and Grierson's raid from La Grange (Tennessee) to Baton Rouge (Louisiana) in April, 1863, are some of the many examples of the indirect attack by cavalry formations. But there were also some notable failures, which ended in the annihilation of the raiders, or their absence from the battlefield at a critical moment, without any serious damage having been done to the enemy. And this is worth remembering when applying the lessons of the past to the employment of the mobile arm to-day.

Thenceforward mass action fell into one of its periodic declines. The magazine rifle,, the light automatic, and the Q.F. gun sounded the death knell of the heavy cavalryman, who for three centuries had been the terror of his foes and the darling of the war artist and descriptive writer. There were many, of course, who required to be convinced of this fact. But their conviction was not long in coming. In the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 two successful cavalry charges only are recorded. At Langelzalza, on the 27th January, the Duke of Cambridge's Hanoverian Regiment charged some retreating Prussian infantry, broke two squares, and captured a battery of artillery. And on the 15th July Colonel Bredow's Regiment broke up an Austrian artillery train on the road between Olmutz and Tobitschau. On every other occasion the cavalry were driven off by the fire of the infantry whom they attacked, and by the end of the war the foot soldier had become so sure of the power of his rifle that he often did not attempt to form square when receiving a charge.

The lesson was repeated in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. Michel's charge with his cuirassier brigade at Worth inflicted inconsiderable loss on the advancing Prussian infantry,

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and the time required for the retreat of the French wing was purchased at an immense sacrifice of life. At Vionville, Bredow's brigade galloped some French guns and infantry, but it was badly cut up by a French cavalry counter-attack, and the charge was in fact regarded as a last resort to check the attack by the French 6th Corps against Alvensleben, who had no other reserve left. At Sedan Margueritte's charge with the Reserve Cavalry Division ended in a fearful loss of life with no other result whatever.

In the Russo-Japanese War, 1904-5, there were no serious attempts at shock action, but the extent and nature of the theatre of operations led to a resuscitation of the raid—with varying success. In January, 1905, Mischtschenko, acting in ignorance of the true state of affairs, took some 8,000 sabres and 34 guns on an eighty mile ride round Nogi's l.-of-c. with Port Arthur, and achieved practically nothing. But shortly before the battle of Mukden, two squadrons of Japanese cavalry, by working round the Russian rear and partially destroying the railway bridge at Guntschuling, caused Kuropatkin to send 8,000 troops north to defend the railway line.

In 1914 French doctrine still clung to the use of the *arme blanche*, whereas the Germans had since 1908 been steadily losing faith in the value of shock tactics. As a result, the French cavalry spent the early days of the war looking in vain for enemy cavalry formations to attack, and were too tired to undertake a distant operation from Amiens after the battle of the Marne to disorganize the German rear. During the battle of the Ourcq, their 5th Cavalry Division spent five days behind the enemy front line, during which time it dispersed several supply columns by artillery fire, attacked an aerodrome with one squadron, and caused considerably anxiety to von Kluck's staff. But this was the last example of a cavalry action of the traditional type on the Western front. In other theatres, owing either to the open nature of the country or to the poor equipment—and in the later stages to the lowered morale—of the enemy, opportunities for shock action were more frequent. As witness, Jouinot-Gambetta's raid on Uskub with a French cavalry brigade from the

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22nd to the 27th September, 1918, and the great drive by the Desert Mounted Corps in Palestine about the same time.

On the Western Front the bullet had definitely conquered both the sword and the bayonet, and had set the seal to the lessons of 1866 and 1870-71. "In modern war"—thus "Cavalry Training, Vol. II, 1929—"opportunities for shock action . . . . have become less common owing to the power of fire," and it is only against a demoralized enemy, or a small force which has been surprised, that a cavalry charge is likely to be successful. So that the most important tasks of cavalry are now reconnaissance and protection, which require dispersion, rather than concentration, to effect their purpose.*

Meanwhile the A.F.V. has made its appearance, and has altered the aspect of momentum, or offensive power, within the mobile arm. It is not intended to relate the history of this development, which is recent enough to be fresh in the minds of most readers and too recent to be made the subject of a reliable history. But one may, perhaps, essay a brief comparison between the evolutionary cycle that is just beginning and that which may be said to have closed.

The A.F.V., like the war chariot of old, began its career as a transport vehicle. Like the war chariot, it owed to mass, rather than to mobility, the greater part of its offensive power. And at Cambrai, in November, 1917, it won a victory comparable to that of Thymbra.

Since the war, however, the development of the A.T. weapon has brought brought about results similar to those which followed the battle of Arbela. The tank has had to sacrifice some of its mass in the interests of mobility, and to acquire cohesion and manœuvrability, like the cavalry of Alexander. It has also had to cut itself adrift from the slow-moving infantryman, as did the cavalry of Frederick and Napoleon. And now ingenuity is hard at work providing for the A.F.V. formation of to-day a mobile fire support that will take the place of the horse artillery employed by those two great soldiers.

Thus, in the space of fifteen years, has the A.F.V. passed through a series of evolutionary stages which occupied the horse

*See "Cavalry Training," Vol. II, 1929, Secs. I, 5, & III, 1.

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some twenty-five centuries. What the future holds the writer is neither wise enough to know, nor rash enough to guess. But this much seems certain, that, though exceptional circumstances may sometimes give the victory to unwieldy mass or to undisciplined mobility, the majority of decisive battles will continue to be won by that happy mean to which we have given the name of manœuvrability.

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THE LAST BATTLE OF PANIPAT
January 13, 1761.

By H. G. RAWLINSON.

THE last battle of Panipat has a peculiar claim upon the attention of the military historian. It was the last great battle fought on Indian soil by purely Asiatic armies, and it was contested with all the ferocity of a religious and national struggle between the two leading powers, Mahommedan and Hindu, of the period. The actual numbers engaged—80,000 on the Afghan side and 70,000 on that of the Marathas, not counting camp-followers—was unusually large. They were mostly mounted troops, and the manœuvres preceding and during the action afforded a crucial test of the comparative merits of the old guerilla tactics of the Marathas and the new methods of training armies just then being introduced into India by professional soldiers who had acquired their knowledge of military science on the Continent of Europe. Finally, we are fortunate in having detailed descriptions of every phase of the campaign from eye-witnesses. On the Afghan side, there is the excellent account of Kasi Raja, an officer on the staff of Shuja-ud-daula, the Nawab Vazir of Oudh, and the scarcely less circumstantial narrative by the author of the *Siyar-ul-Mutakherin*; while for the Marathas, there are the *Bakhars* or chronicles of the period, and the despatches written to the Peshwa from the battlefield and preserved in the Poona Daftar Office.

In the year 1756, the Maratha power had reached its zenith. From Attock on the Indus to Cape Comorin, there was hardly a strip of territory that did not pay them tribute. The Mahommedan princes of Hindustan were seriously alarmed, and called in Ahmad Shah Durrani from Afghanistan. It is needless to follow here in detail the Durrani's invasions of Hindustan; but in the cold weather of 1756-7, Raghunathrao (Ragoba), the Peshwa's brother, drove his troops out of Lahore, and returned

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to the Deccan, leaving Malharrao Holkar and the Sindia brothers in charge of affairs in the North.

Ahmad Shah was furious at the insult, but he was delayed by domestic troubles at Kabul, and it was not until the cold weather of 1759-60 that he was enabled to return. Then his horsemen came pouring over the passes, and took the Marathas completely off their guard. At the Badaon Ghat on the Jumna River, Najib Khan cut to pieces the army of Dattaji Sindia which was guarding the ford. Another cavalry force under Pasand Khan made a sortie against Malharrao Holkar, who was encamped at Sikandra, near Agra. The mobility of the Afghans was extraordinary; it was said they covered nearly one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. Be this as it may, Holkar, like Sindia, was caught napping and utterly routed.

The news of the disaster reached Maratha headquarters at Udgir in the Eastern Deccan, where they had lately inflicted a crushing defeat on the Nizam. The Peshwa at once resolved to send an army to drive the impudent intruder back over the mountains; too indolent to take the field himself, he placed it under his cousin Sadashivrao (the Bhao Saheb); with him, as titular commander-in-chief, he sent his son and heir Visvasrao, a gallant lad of nineteen years, "according to the ancient custom of the Marathas."

The army which left the Deccan in the end of February for the North was the finest the Marathas ever put into the field. There were 20,000 of the famous horsemen who had spread the terror of their name all over India, including the Khas Paga, or Household Brigade, and what was more, there was the division trained by Ibrahim Khan Gardi, himself an officer who had served under the great Bussy, consisting of 9,000 sepoys, 2,000 horse and 40 cannon, drilled on the European model. But trained observers would have noted disturbing signs. Shivaji's army had taken the field with nothing but horse, spear and shield and a bag of grain, and that great commander had made it punishable with death to bring a woman into the army. Now the Maratha officers travelled in the greatest luxury, accompanied by their wives and families, with lofty silk-lined tents, elephants, and a countless host of followers. Moreover, the inclusion of

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Ibrahim Khan's division was in reality a source of weakness, involving as it did a departure from the traditional guerilla tactics of the Marathas.

But no thought of failure troubled the mighty host as it made its way to the Chambal River. At is moved northwards, reinforcements poured in. Malharrao Holkar, burning to avenge his defeat, Jankoji Sindia, Damaji Gaikwar and others brought their contingents, and the expedition took the form of a crusade against the enemies of Hinduism. Amongst the new arrivals was Suraj Mal, the veteran leader of the Jats. With the eye of an experienced soldier, he at once detected the weakness of the unwieldy force. He begged the Bhao Saheb to park his camp-followers, baggage and heavy guns in Dig or Bhartpur, and then to start guerilla operations against the long line of his enemies' communications: this, he said, would compel him to evacuate India without delay. Holkar and Sindia concurred, but the haughty Brahmin dismissed their sage counsels as the "chatter of *zamindars* and goatherds." The Maratha leaders were deeply wounded. "If this Brahmin wins," they said, "he will take all our revenues, and compel us to wash his *dhotars*." Suraj Mal came to the conclusion that the force was doomed to fail, and determined to slip away at the first opportunity.

The Marathas were outside the Imperial capital early in July, and Ibrahim Khan's artillery made its capture an easy matter. The Marathas then went into quarters for the rains, and here, too, the Bhao Saheb's arrogance gave great offence; he plundered the Hall of Audience of its silver ceiling, and robbed shrines which even the Afghans had respected, and he shocked Muslim opinion by threatening to place Visvasrao on the throne of the Great Moghul. Meanwhile, the Abdali was encamped at Bulandshahr, and both sides were busily negotiating for the support of the Nawab Vazir of Oudh.

October was now at hand, and the great Hindu festival of the Dassara was the signal for the Marathas to take the field. About 78 miles north of Delhi lay the important post of Kunjpur, guarding a ford over the Jumna, and garrisoned by Najabat Khan with 10,000 Rohillas. The Bhao Saheb marched out to attack it on the 17th. Ibrahim Khan's heavy guns once

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more made light work of the defences: Kunjpur was stormed, and the garrison put to the sword. The Jumna was still in spate, and the Abdali had to look on in helpless rage at the butchery. But here the bad discipline of the Marathas proved their undoing; while they were ransacking Kunjpur for plunder, the Afghans slipped away and hurried down-stream to the ford of Bagpat, about 20 miles from Delhi, the existence of which had been revealed by the Nawab Vazir of Oudh. The river was still in full flood, but the Abdali saw that it must be crossed at all costs, and in two days he got the whole army over with a number of casualities from drowning. Had the Marathas come up during the crossing they might have annihilated their opponents, but when they at last arrived it was too late; the bulk of the Afghan army was established on the other side, and the Bhao Saheb was repulsed with loss and fell back fighting on Panipat, a little town some 60 miles north-west of Delhi. Once more Holkar advised him to adopt guerilla tactics, but Sadashivrao refused to listen; he proceeded to "dig himself in," surrounding the town with a ditch and rampart in European fashion, his heavy guns mounted at regular intervals along the perimeter. At the same time he despatched urgent letters to the Peshwa for reinforcements. The Abdali had in the meanwhile entrenched himself in a fortified camp about eight miles away, between the Marathas and their base at Delhi.

It is generally held that the Marathas made a great mistake by this move. "A city besieged is a city taken," and they had lost their greatest asset, their mobility. And one capital error is certainly to be laid at the Bhao Saheb's charge: by taking women, children, camp-followers and other non-combatants with him to Panipat, he quickly consumed all the available supplies. Had they been left behind in Delhi under a guard, Panipat might well have held out until relieved. On the other hand, the Bhao Saheb had an excellent position. If he could induce the Afghans to attack, he would sweep them away with his powerful artillery from behind his defences; if, on the other hand, they remained inactive, they would, on the arrival of the Peshwa with a fresh army, be caught, as it were, between the jaws of a nutcracker. Nor was the Bhao Saheb content with a

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passive defence. He did all he could to provoke an attack. On November 23rd, and again on December 7th, the Marathas made sudden raids on the Afghan entrenchments, penetrating their lines, and were only expelled with great difficulty. Meanwhile the Bhao Saheb had sent word to Govind Pant Bundele, the Peshwa's agent in that district, to attack the Afghan lines of communication. Govind Pant, with swarms of light horsemen, began to harry the enemy in the traditional Maratha fashion. Foraging parties were cut up and supplies were intercepted, until the shortage of food in the Afghan camp became of almost famine intensity.

The tables were now turned. The Afghans were no longer the besiegers, but besieged. They could not attack, and the prospects of another army arriving from the Deccan filled them with alarm. They went to the Abdali and begged him to break up camp and retreat before it was too late. And now Ahmad Shah showed himself a great captain. "This," he said, "is a matter of war, with which you are not acquainted. Military operations must not be precipitated. You shall see how I will manage this affair and bring it to a successful conclusion." His first undertaking was to clear the Afghan lines of communication. On December 22nd Attai Khan with a picked body of horse, after an almost incredible ride of 80 miles in twenty-four hours, surprised and killed Govind Pant, and dispersed his body of raiders. The Abdali's next undertaking was closely to blockade the Maratha camp. He established an advanced post of 5,000 horse halfway between the lines to keep the enemy under close observation; at nightfall these were pushed right up to the trenches, preventing ingress or egress under cover of darkness. He himself spent the day in a little red tent pitched in the middle of the line, and rode fifty or sixty miles daily visiting his outposts. Iron discipline was maintained. "The Shah's orders were obeyed like destiny, no man daring to hesitate or delay one moment in executing them." These fresh measures soon began to take effect. Every night parties of grass-cutters used to go out to collect forage for the Maratha cavalry: 20,000 of these were intercepted and put to the sword. A worse disaster was to follow. On January 2nd, a convoy from Delhi,

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bringing pay for the troops, blundered into the Afghan outposts and was cut up.

The state in the Maratha camp was now indescribable. The Bhao Saheb's fatal mistake in bringing vast hordes of non-combatants into the field, despite Suraj Mal's advice, was apparent. Without them Panipat might have held out for months longer. Nana Farnavis, the future Maratha statesman, vividly depicts the state of affairs. "We were surrounded, and the enemy's shot fell thickly among our tents daily. Thus we remained in a state of siege for two months, during which most of the cattle of the army died, and the stench was dreadful." The Bhao Saheb sent urgent despatches to the Peshwa, but that idle voluptuary had dawdled at Paithan celebrating his second marriage until December 27, when it was too late. Attempts to negotiate through the Nawab Vazir of Oudh met with no success. "The Marathas are the thorn of Hindustan," said the Afghans, "and they are to be rooted out without mercy."

On January 13th, the Maratha chiefs came to the Bhao Saheb. The men were starving, they said, and their only chance was to try and cut their way through to Delhi before it was too late. The Bhao Saheb called a council of war, and it was decided to offer battle next morning. That night he sent a despairing note to the Nawab Vazir: "The cup is full to the brim, and cannot hold another drop. If anything can be done, do it now; henceforth there will be no time for writing or speaking." The missive fell into the hands of Kasi Raja, who galloped off to the Abdali with the news that the Marathas were coming out. The dawn was just breaking, and he found the great captain already fully armed and mounted. He was standing outside his tent, smoking his Persian hookah. Just then, an unusual stir in the Marathas camp was apparent. "Your servant's news is very true," said the Abdali to Kasi Raja, and turning to his staff, began to issue the necessary orders.

The Marathas could now be seen deploying for action in the dim light of the dawn, amid the sounding of trumpets and the blare of musical instruments. It was an imposing sight. On the left wing was Ibrahim Khan Gardi and his division of mercenaries; on the right were Sindia and Holkar. In the

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centre, drawn up in line, was the Household Brigade, led by the Bhao Saheb himself, seated on a magnificent war-elephant and covered with costly jewels. By his side was Visvasrao, and overhead floated, fold upon fold, the great orange *Bhagwa Jhenda*, the National Standard of the Maratha Empire. It was noticed that the Marathas had the ends of their turbans untied and their faces smeared with saffron—a sign that they were out to conquer or perish. Opposed to Ibrahim Gardi the Abdali posted Barkurdar Khan and Amir Beg with Rohilla and Mogul troops; Shah Pasand Khan and Najib-ud-daula on the opposite wing faced Sindia and Holkar. The centre was composed of the pick of the army, the Durranis on their powerful Turki chargers, commanded by the Grand Vazir, Shah Vali Khan. Next to him were the Oudh divisions. It is noticeable that the Abdali, unlike the Bhao Saheb, kept in hand a strong general reserve. This was destined to decide the issue of the battle.

The opposing lines advanced obliquely, the Maratha left wing pushed forward. The engagement opened with a fierce bombardment by the Maratha artillery, but owing to the deceptive morning light, the gunners overestimated the range and the round shot flew harmlessly overhead, some falling a mile behind in the Afghan camp. Thus the weapon on which the Bhao Saheb chiefly relied broke in his hands. Ibrahim Khan with his trained battalions now closed with his opponents. So fiercely did he press home his attack that the Afghan right wing was thrown into disorder, and a considerable gap was made, exposing their centre. Seeing this, the Bhao Saheb gave the order to the Household Brigade to charge straight for the opening. The Maratha cavalry immediately bore down at a gallop upon the Afghan centre, taking their opponents by surprise. The shock was incredibly violent. Our eye witness, Kasi Raja, who was sent by the Nawab Vazir of Oudh to see what was happening, says that the air was filled with clouds of dust which made the scene almost invisible, out of which arose fierce cries of *Din*, *Din*, and *Har*, *Har*, *Mahadev*, as the horsemen, locked in so tight a death-grip that they were unable to use spear or sword, stabbed and struck with battle-axe and dagger, pulling one another from their horses and rolling on the ground. Kasi Raja found the

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Grand Vazir dismounted and in full armour, in a paroxysm of rage. "Our country is far off," he kept crying, "Whither do you fly?" But none heard or heeded. The Grand Vazir appealed for help to Sujah ud Daula, but the latter could not move without exposing himself to a charge from the Marathas opposed to him. The battle had now raged for five hours with unabated fury, and the psychological moment had come. It looked as if the Afghans had lost. Their right wing was turned, their centre all but broken, and already men were dribbling away by twos and threes to the rear. But the Abdali knew that the Marathas had shot their bolt. Man and horse, they were in bad condition after being cooped up for weeks in camp. And they had no reserves. Ahmad Shah now sent troops to whip up all stragglers, camp-followers, guards and everyone they could lay hands on, on pain of death. Out of these, he allotted 4,000 men to reinforce his broken right. The rest, with his reserves, 10,000 in all, he sent to the Grand Vazir, with the order "Charge with the sword, at full gallop, in close order." At the same time he directed Pasand Khan and Najib-ud-daula, as soon as they saw the Grand Vazir on the move, to take the Marathas centre in flank.

The counter-attack, prefectly timed, was launched all along the line at about 2 p.m. The effect on the exhausted Marathas was terrible, but they still disputed the ground inch by inch. The author of the *Siyar ul Mutakherin*, describing this phase of the conflict, says: "A furious engagement ensued, and for full two hours there arose such a cloud of dust that none of the combatants could distinguish the earth from the heavens. From midday till 4 o'clock nothing could be heard or seen, but a furious slaughter was going on at an incredible rate." Then Visvasrao fell dead, shot in the forehead. This was the signal for the collapse of the Marathas. "All at once, as if by enchantment, the whole Maratha army turned their backs and fled at full speed, leaving the battlefield covered with heaps of dead." The victors pursued them at full speed, giving no quarter. "The field of battle looked like a track sown with tulips," picturesquely observes the author already quoted. "As far as the sight could extend, nothing could be discovered but

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bodies stretched at the foot of bodies, as if they had been asleep or marshalled by art." The bulk of the fugitives took refuge in the town of Panipat, which was stormed next day. The plunder of the camp was prodigious : the women and children were driven off as slaves, and the unhappy prisoners ranged in rows and butchered. Among the bodies found was that of the Bhao Saheb, who, seeing all was lost, had mounted his favourite Arab, and riding into the forefront of the battle, sought and found a soldier's death. Even then the sufferings of the routed army did not cease; the peasants, eager to turn the tables on their late oppressors, killed many of the fugitives. It is difficult to estimate the total Hindu losses, but they were in the region of 200,000, including camp-followers and non-combatants. As the Peshwa was advancing in leisurely fashion to the Narbada, he received a letter couched in the enigmatic language of the time : " Two pearls have been dissolved," it said, " twenty-seven gold mohurs have been lost : of the silver and copper the total cannot be cast up." The news was confirmed by fugitives. The conscience-stricken Peshwa never recovered from the shock. He slowly retreated to Poona, where, six months later, he turned his face to the wall and died. "Never was a defeat more complete," says Montstuart Elphinstone, "and never was there a calamity that diffused so much consternation. Grief and despondency spread over the whole Maratha people; most had to mourn relatives, and all felt the destruction of the army as a death-blow to their national greatness."

Perhaps for the historian the most interesting fact is that the destruction of the Maratha power paved the way to the British conquest of India. When, at the close of the century, the East India Company found itself face to face with the Marathas, both in Hindustan and the Deccan, they had to contend with independent chiefs, aided by European adventurers and mercenaries of every nation. To have defeated such an army as took the field at Panipat was a task beyond their resources, and but for that tragic disaster, the whole course of history might have been altered.

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WHYTE-MELVILLE: SABREUR AND SPORTSMAN

By Percy Cross Standing.

" A rider unequalled—a sportsman complete,
A rum one to follow—a bad one to beat."
—G. J. Whyte-Melville.

There are, I think, few more poignant tragedies in our literature than the suicide of Adam Lindsay Gordon, " the first of Australian poets," on the very day of 1870 that he had dedicated his last volume of verse to Major G. J. Whyte-Melville. And this tragic happening was destined to have its scarcely less tragic sequel a few years subsequently, when the recipient of that flattering dedication met his own death as the result of a fall in a Buckinghamshire hunting-field. It was but a short while since he had penned the lines:

" Pleasure that most enchants us
Seems the soonest done;
What is life with all it grants us
But a hunting run?"

Between 1853 and 1878 Whyte-Melville wrote and published nearly thirty romances of sporting, military, and historic interest, the first and one of the best of these being " Digby Grand," in addition to several volumes of verse. The most widely-read of his novels included " Market Harborough," " Holmby House," " Kate Coventry," " The White Rose," " Katerfelto," " The Queen's Maries," " General Bounce, or the Lady and the Locusts," and " The Gladiators." The last is considered the best among his historical romances. He refused to make money by his pen, preferring to devote the proceeds to good works on behalf of grooms, stable-hands, and other sporting employés. He had one daughter, but his marriage to

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Charlotte, daughter of the first Lord Bateman, turned out an unhappy one. He lived for many years in the hunting counties of Northamptonshire and Gloucestershire, and, although "an acknowledged arbiter of hunting practice and a critic of costume, he was careless to a fault in his own attire."

It was but on rare occasions that Whyte-Melville cultivated "literary" society, preferring that of soldiers and sportsmen. He has been appropriately characterized as "the laureate of fox-hunting," yet was ever prone to self-depression and unbelief in his own powers. In that connection Mr. Locker-Lampson has said: "This notion of the smallness of his gift may have been fostered by his never having been a really needy man. He could always afford to hunt the fox, so the excitement of the *chasse aux piéces de centsous*, which stimulates most authors, was denied him."* To which another commentator has added—

"As an historical novelist he is not equal to Harrison Ainsworth in painstaking accuracy and minuteness of detail; he makes his characters live and move with great vividness. It is on his portraiture of contemporary sporting society that his reputation as a novelist must rest; and though now and then a character re-appears, such as the supercilious stud-groom, the dark and wary steeplechaser, or the fascinating sporting widow, his variety in the invention of incidents is amazing. Whyte-Melville was not merely the analyst of sporting society for his generation, but may also be fairly described as the principal moralist of that society. He exerted a considerable and wholesome influence on the manners and morals of the gilded youth of his time."

Although, moreover, this many-sided individual was "very fond of making young horses into finished hunters," it was while astride of his old and favourite hunter, "The Shah," that he met his death, hunting in the Vale of the White Horse near Aylesbury on December 5, 1878. Curiously, too, at the moment he was thrown and killed instantaneously he was cantering quietly across a ploughed field and not in "full cry." Only a short while before a friend had criticized his house at Tetbury

* "My Confidences."

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as being too near the local churchyard. "Perhaps so for some tastes," quoth Whyte-Melville, "but the closer the better for a hunting man—they won't have so far to carry him." Prophetic words indeed, for he was interred at Tetbury. In the ensuing year his last romance, "Black but Comely," was published posthumously.

In the field of verse-making alone, he is perhaps best remembered as the poet of Tosti's immortal ballad "Good-bye." Some of his most picturesque phrasing is to be found in such tuneful outpourings as "Boots and Saddles," "Like to Like," and "A Lay of the Ranston Bloodhounds."

A grandson on the maternal side of the fifth Duke of Leeds, George John Whyte-Melville was born in Fife, on June 19, 1826. He passed from Eton (where his headmaster was Keats) into the 93rd Highlanders, but, exchanging into the Coldstream Guards in 1846, he retired three years subsequently with the rank of Captain. All this was during the "forty years' peace," and, burning to smell powder, Whyte-Melville went out to the scene of operations after the opening of the Crimean War. He was then given a commission as Major in a regiment of Turkish irregular cavalry, and served with them to the end.

Naturally he knew the Earl of Cardigan—the Lord Cardigan of Balaclava fame—in those days; and Whyte-Melville's verdict on him was that "the foundation of his whole career was valour." His superb hunter "Mars" was almost as popular as he was. Lord Cardigan was twice nearly drowned in negotiating turbid rivers during hunting runs in England, and his ultimate end was characteristic. At the age of seventy he insisted on riding an admittedly dangerous horse, one that he "would not have permitted any friend to ride." The animal returned home without his rider. . . .

It was at a Malton steeplechase in 1864 that Whyte-Melville, "happening to stand near the brook, *eighteen feet of water*, observed my friend Captain Coventry come down at it. Choosing sound ground and a clear place—for it was already beginning to fill with numerous competitors—he set his horse going, at about a hundred yards from the brink, in the most

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masterly manner, increasing the pace resolutely but gradually, so as not to flurry or cause the animal to change his leg, nearly to full speed before he took off. I could not have believed it possible to make a horse go so fast in so collected a form, but with the rider's strength in the saddle and perfectly skilful hands, he accomplished the feat and got well over, I need hardly say, in his stride."*

There are numerous good and characteristic stories of Whyte-Melville. He was once splashed from head to foot by mud thrown up by a lady's carriage which stopped suddenly in front of a shop into the window of which he was gazing. The lady turned out to be a friend of his, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Major Melville, I *am* so sorry!" "It doesn't matter a bit," he gallantly and untruthfully replied, "I have always said that you drive the best-actioned horses in London."

He was fond of telling how he once heard Sir Francis Head discriminate between the dangers and chances of the battlefield and the hunting-field. "There's a guinea's worth of danger under fire," remarked Sir Francis, "but it comes to you. In the hunting-field there is only three-ha'porth, but *you go to it*." On which Whyte-Melville's comment was that "in both cases the courage required is a mere question of degree and as in war, so in the chase, he is most likely to distinguish himself whose daring, not to be dismayed, is tempered with coolness, whose heart is always stout and hopeful, while he never loses his head." In short, he had no time for that type of the soldier or sportsman who "knows no fear and nothing else."

Many may recall that it was Sir Herbert Maxwell who some thirty years ago edited the beautiful and ultimate edition of the works of Whyte-Melville, embellished with delightful drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson. Sir Herbert, who dedicated that edition, "on behalf of the Bridled and Saddled, to the Booted and Spurred," rightly lamented that, though they were contemporaries, the pencil of John Leech never enriched the letter-press of Whyte-Melville—an alliance which, he considered,

* "Riding Recollections."

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would have been as memorable in its way as that of Boz and Phiz. Sir H. Maxwell went on to say:—

"But Whyte-Melville was a careless author; he cared little, that is, for the form in which his books were published. Writing for his own amusement and that of his friends, he devoted all the proceeds of his labours to philanthropic and charitable ends, especially to the establishment of reading-rooms and other means of recreation for grooms and stable-boys. . . . He was a born story-teller, and from the first he never lacked an audience. Man of the world in the best sense, he gave the impression of one who never lost consciousness of something beyond the world. His writings abound in passages of true philosophy, not less profound because expressed in terms suggestive of levity. He was at his best, and therein almost unrivalled, in describing the incidents of the hunting-field. Nimrod could stir the pulses of his readers by recounting the business of the chase and the performances of individuals; Surtees had the knack of throwing a life-like picture on the screen, and imparting a sense of wind and weather, of scents and sounds, of life and movement in the open air and a wild country. But neither of them had the secret of Whyte-Melville's glamour, which invested the raptuous reality with an air of romance and gave to technical detail the momentous import of the operations of war. Neither of them kept before his readers, as Whyte-Meville did, the ideal of a cultivated, accomplished, lofty-minded, warm-hearted English gentleman. To him must be given the palm among all who have hitherto celebrated the glories of the noblest among British field sports."

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SENLAC FIELD

By Major C. F. Marriott, 20th Lancers, I.A.

The short but memorable campaign of Hastings fought in the autumn of 1066 is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the history of mediæval warfare, for as the result of the decision reached that October afternoon, England became a great Continental Power for over four hundred years, and the realm of the Norman Plantagenet monarchy exercised immense influence over the politics of Western Europe throughout that period.

Tactically, moreover, the battle of Hastings is a striking example of masterly combination of the three arms, of which an army was then composed, a combination in which cavalry played a most decisive rôle.

Edward the Confessor ruled over the Saxon confederacy, into which England was then divided, for over a generation. Towards the end of his reign, there being no lineal successor of mature years to the celibate king, William of Normandy commenced to canvas for support as heir. He gained a large number of adherents at the Saxon Court, he was distantly related to the Royal House, and the advantages of a union of England and Normandy under such an able soldier-statesman were obvious. National feeling was at that date far less intense than it became later under the Plantagenets, for Northumbria, the West, and what are now known as the Home Counties had very little in common.

By far the most powerful of the Confessor's subjects was Earl Godwin, who died shortly before his sovereign, but Godwin's eldest son Harold succeeded to his position, and was regarded by those who were opposed to the accession of a foreigner as the only possible alternative ruler. Shortly before the Confessor died, Harold was shipwrecked off the Norman coast and resided for some days as the Duke's guest. During

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this visit, he swore what was, according to the beliefs of those days, a very binding oath to support his host's claim to the English throne to the best of his ability when the time should come. It is possible that at this date he had not envisaged the possibility of himself as a rival claimant.

The Confessor died early in 1066, without clearly designating either Duke William or Harold as his successor. For the moment, however, the national party appears to have been in the ascendant, Harold was offered the crown and accepted, pleading with some justification that his oath had been unfairly extorted from him.

William promptly began to collect an army to enforce his claim, and the famous pontiff Hildebrand, having formally pronounced excommunication against the King of England, despatched to Rouen a banner publicly blessed by his own hand under which the conquest of the unfaithful island was to be consummated.

Harold mobilised, and concentrated his forces between Dover and Portsmouth, and since his fleet appears to have been a more efficient instrument of war than that of his adversary, he might well have staved off invasion, until his position as *de facto* ruler had become far stronger than it was in the autumn of 1066. While the King was guarding the south coast, Harold Hardrada of Norway landed in the Humber, defeated the Northern levies and captured York. Harold felt he must take the risk of marching against the Norsemen, although his army appears to have been too weak numerically to leave a detachment in the south. By bad luck or bad management the Saxon fleet chose this very moment to proceed to the Thames to refit.

By dint of a series of rapid forced marches, Harold, picking up reinforcements as he went, appeared unexpectedly in the vicinity of York and brought the Northern invaders to battle at Stamford Bridge, in the last week of September. As the result of what must have been a fierce and exclusively infantry mêlée, the invading host was cut to pieces, and the Yorkshire dalesmen doubtless saw to it that few of the fugitives regained the Humber.

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Meanwhile, however, the Norman armada, which had suffered considerably from unseasonable storms during the summer, took advantage of a spell of fine weather, and disembarked unopposed at Pevensey. On receiving the unwelcome tidings at York, Harold came south with such rapidity that he was in position confronting the Normans by October 12th, but his command would have been far stronger had he been more deliberate in his movements. By every rule of strategy the Saxon should have refused to accept battle forthwith. Time was all on his side, with every day that passed fresh levies must have reached him, and he could have anticipated their arrival by retiring on London, and thereby compelled his adversary to quit the vicinity of his ships, which so far he had declined to do. The Saxon fleet too, having refitted, was in a position to hinder, if not entirely to interrupt the arrival of supplies and reinforcements from Normandy. But the ban of Holy Church was no light matter, and the Norman had many adherents, particularly in London. Harold doubtless felt that the Home Front might well collapse as the result of a Fabian policy. The victory of Stamford Bridge was also responsible for a feeling of over confidence in the Saxon ranks, combined with a tendency to underrate the skill and fighting power of a most redoubtable foe.

Numbers are an impossible problem where mediæval warfare is concerned. In those days every army contained a large number of individuals capable of fighting on the defensive but not on the offensive; who could assist in driving home the nails of victory, and who often suffered indiscriminate slaughter in the aftermath of a lost battle. This fact largely accounts for the apparently gross exaggerations of fighting strengths and casualities by contemporary chroniclers. Tradition speaks of 60,000 as having fought under the Duke's banner. It is possible that this figure, large as it appears, represents the entire ration strength of the invaders, including seamen. We must remember that in the XIth Century the proportion of professional soldiers in any community was far higher than it is to-day. Given a ration strength of 60,000, the maximum fighting strength for

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an offensive battle would be about 35,000. Allowing on the one hand for the speed of the Saxon advance, and on the other that the islanders fought on the defensive, Harold was probably outnumbered by about one-third. Against greater odds he would hardly have dared to offer battle. A horde of ill-armed peasantry hovered in the vicinity of the battlefield, in the hope of joining in the orgy of loot which would follow the defeat of the invaders.

The Saxon dispositions are not difficult to reconstruct. The rising ground, on which the ruins of Battle Abbey still exist, marks the line on which Harold took his stand. The position is one typical of a hundred others whereon a mediæval army awaited the attack of a numerically superior adversary. Strengthened by trenches and palisades, it was indeed formidable under the tactical conditions of the age, except for the fact that from the higher ground on either flank it was possible for bowmen to enfilade the troops posted in the centre, where waved the Dragon Banner of Wessex, and the standard bearing the effigy of the Fighting Man, the emblem of the House of Godwin.

After a brief reconnaissance, the Duke launched his men to the attack. For some hours, covered by their huge shields, the Saxons stood fast despite the storm of arrows, and hewed down their assailants in hundreds with sword and battle axe, until at length the defenders counter attacked prematurely, when certain Norman formations gave way before the fierce axe play. Legend portrays this retirement as a ruse, yet it was doubtless genuine enough. But the Duke had mounted reserves at hand, who made short work of the disorganized pursuers, and one or both of the flanking crest lines was carried. It was thus from a position of vantage, and shooting in enfilade that the Norman archers caused great havoc, the King himself becoming a casualty. Having directed operations with conspicuous skill all day, the Duke put himself at the head of all his available mounted men-at-arms, and thundered forward against the gallant House Carles, and such other units as still stood firm, whilst the bowmen kept up their arrow flights until the mailed horsemen were about to close. With everything in their favour

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the Norman chivalry bore down all resistance, the stricken King, his brothers and all his staunchest adherents perished, whilst by sunset the Sacred Gonfanon waved in triumph on the spot occupied in the morning by the banners of Wessex.

Tactically, Senlac is a conspicuous example of the superiority of a real master of war over an opponent who was little more than a gallant fighting soldier. It is true that the Norman possessed cavalry and archers whilst the Saxon had none, but on the other hand the Duke's command was composed of many diverse elements of varying military value. Harold's dispositions with the limited means at his disposal were above criticism, except for the fact that he should not have remained on foot himself in the centre of his line. Mounted, and moving from point to point with a small escort, like Bruce at Bannockburn, he might well have made his presence felt with decisive effect, and prevented the untimely counter attacks which ruined everything. As already indicated, few battles have been more skilfully directed than was Hastings by the Norman Chief. He would appear to have grasped at once the importance of the high ground on each flank of a strong defensive position. He carried through his plan of attack to a victorious issue, undismayed by more than one repulse. Above all, he was himself ubiquitous, and but for his inspiring example and skilful dispositions, his motley army might well have accepted defeat and gone to pieces early in the day.

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AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST RACEHORSE

In our last issue we gave an account of Alice Hawthorn (1838), who was known in her time as the Queen of the English Turf. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the article was the long list of distinguished descendants in the direct line. Amongst these will be found Night Raid (1918) who, when mated with Entreaty, produced Phar Lap (1926), claimed to be the greatest racehorse that Australia has ever known.

Phar Lap, chestnut gelding, was born at Timaru, in New Zealand in 1926. During his racing career he was jointly owned by Mr. Harry Telford and Mr. A. J. Davies. Mr. Telford discovered him in the pages of a yearling catalogue, took a fancy to his breeding and persuaded Mr. Davies to buy him, the price paid being 160 guineas. It is said that Mr. Telford paid £4,000 for his half share, but it turned out to be one of the best investments he ever made as the total winnings under the joint ownership amounted to £66,440. Such was the earning power of this great horse, that there was no necessity for his owners to bet.

Altogether Phar Lap won 37 races, was the highest stake winner in Australia and the 3rd highest in the world.

The "Melbourne Sporting Globe" eulogises his performances as follows:—

GEMS IN A BRILLIANT CAREER.

Phar Lap won the A.J.C. Derby and Victoria Derby with the greatest of ease, registering record times in each.

Easily outclassed weak St. Leger opposition at Flemington and Randwick.

With 9.12, he started 11/8 on, the shortest-priced favourite

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By courtesy of Maj.-General Sir Nevill M. Smyth, V.C., K.C.B. *Photograph by Akers & Co., Melbourne.*

PHAR LAP

(NIGHT RAID—ENTREATY)

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in a Melbourne Cup, and won easily by three lengths. Time, 3.27¾. This was slow, owing to the absence of a pacemaker.

Cantered away with the King's Cup at Adelaide as a three-year-old.

With 8.11 he won the A.J.C. Craven Plate, 1¼ miles, in 2.3. In winning this event the following year, he reduced the time to 2.2½ (an Australasian record).

Regarded by many as his greatest triumph was his Futurity Stakes victory in 1931. With 10.3 he revealed great speed in beating Mystic Peak by a neck in 1.27¼ for the seven furlongs.

Won A.J.C. Plate, 2¼ miles, in 3.49½ (Australasian record).

In face of difficulties easily won Agua Caliente Handicap in record time, gaining the richest prize of his career.

As a three-year-old he registered a sequence of nine wins. The following season he won 14 races in succession.

Mr. Davies was all against Phar Lap going to America, but Mr. Telford was determined to show that the horse was as good out of Australia as he was in it and the ease with which he won the great Agua Caliente Handicap fulfilled his opinion. Shortly after his great win came a cable from Mexico telling of his mysterious death. Poisoned he certainly was, but Mr. Telford is convinced that there was no foul play, his theory being that the horse was poisoned by his own feed, the feed that was shipped from New Zealand with him.

There is a certain type of fungus to be found in New Zealand rye grass. A quantity of meadow hay was sent to Mexico with Phar Lap, and Telford thinks it likely that some of the fungus was in the bundles. There was nothing to be gained by killing him, the big race was over and there was no betting on the next.

He died on April 5th, a date which will never be forgotten for its bad luck by Mr. Telford, just as it will ever be remembered as a day of good luck by Mr. McGregor, the joint owner of this year's Derby winner.

T. T. P.

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MAINTENANCE OF THE OBJECTIVE

Pieces of a Grim Fairy Tale.

By CAPTAIN HOOK.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT T. O. BASCO of the Forty-Eighth Lancers dismounted and swore. He imagined he had a grievance (quite in accordance with the traditions of the Army) against whom he knew not.

In a regiment of fatalists it was probably Fate.

'Twas in that famous year nineteen hundred and umpteen that he found himself with two years' service somewhere in Waziristan, on Active Service, so called. He had just returned for the umptieth time from patrolling a large plain surrounded by hills and intersected by nullahs and for the umptieth time it was a case of "nil to report."

Four months on Active Service and ne'er a sight of an enemy.

No, further South they appeared to be having all the luck, some real fighting, and what was more, one of those rare opportunities had been offered and taken advantage of by two squadrons of the 51st Light Cavalry. A mounted attack against a considerable portion of a "lashkar" (army) of Mahsuds—caught in the open and though near, yet so far from their highland fastnesses.

Loosening his belt, he entered his mud residence which even a house agent would scarcely have dared call desirable.

There on a camp table lay a letter from the greatest friend he had yet made in his short life.

This friend of the same Public School and of the same company at Sandhurst was now officially designated as Second-Lieutenant C. A. Yenne, 51st Light Cavalry. The letter contained an account of the action which Yenne described in his own phraseology as "A real stroke of luck, great shikar, quite a good bag, seventy-one killed and wounded, over a hundred prisoners. Our losses: two haversacks and a tin of Gold Flake."

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Second-Lieutenant C. A. Yenne had since been decorated. Basco sat, then he sat and thought. Beyond doubt pleased at his friend's achievement, for envy hardly existed in his being, he could scarce control a something, a restlessness it seemed, a restlessness born of disappointment. Basco was of hasty temperament. He subsided again, however, as on entering another undesirable mud residence known as the Mess, he was greeted with "Hullo, funeral face, heard the latest? The Political Agent says the Reverend Haji Khan (as a brother subaltern respectfully termed the Mullah) has preached another sermon to his Shabi Khel congregation and intends having a go at us."

"I've heard that one so many times before," was the only rejoinder forthcoming from Basco as he settled down to stringy goat, which the "khansamah" called cold mutton.

To Basco there seemed to be a lasting depression over the Tochi Valley, but something in the nature of an anti-cyclone arrived with the entrance of the G.O.C., who was followed by the C.O., the P.A., and "Intelligence."

There seemed no doubt at all but that the Mullah had gathered together the greater part of the Shabi Khel and a large section of Khostwals and was contemplating an attack on the Camp and Fort, which together contained five battalions of Infantry, one Cavalry Regiment, three Mountain batteries and two old fifteen-pounders.

Mr. T. O. Basco retired to bed that night in more hopeful frame of mind. As a matter of fact he fled to bed hotly pursued by Martingale, also a subaltern, down whose unsuspecting neck he had poured a whisky and soda with the remark: "The Spirit of Cavalry is the offensive!" Now as he lay beneath a mosquito curtain his hopes and his imagination rose and expanded. A distant shot rang out in the stillness, seeming to swell and ripple among the rocks and ravines of the land of the wily Mahsud. Another shot, the neigh of a horse in the lines, a slight altercation between two mules in the transport lines and then silence. Basco dreamed . . . . dreamed he was making a fourth at bridge . . . . with Seydlitz, Kellerman and Mistchenko. Mistchenko was continually revoking.

* * * * *

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The only one to observe Ayub Khan as he stole away from a cluster of rocks near the large pool in the nullah where animals watered was the man in the moon. A remarkably fine specimen of the genus Mahsud was Ayub, whose movement came nigh unto the poetry of motion, but in ordinary prose he would be described as active, lively, nimble, quick, vigilant and on the alert. Moving beneath the shelter of the bank of a nullah until well clear of the possibility of attention from sentries, he then struck across the rugged country of his birth. A child of nature he was gifted with the bump of locality and wasted not a single stride in making his objective.

Though a member of the clan Shabi, yet he was an "Agent" under the "I" branch of the P.A.

There was a reason for this, for he knew on very good authority that his father had met an untimely end at the hands of certain influential members of the tribe whilst he himself was but a child. As to who the individuals responsible were he was unable to ascertain definitely, and so, instead of the normal frontier feud against a family or section of a family, Ayub had sworn a feud against the whole of his own tribe, the Shabi Khel. It seemed remarkable, too, that not a member of the whole of this Khel was aware that Ayub, since he was of tender years at the time of his father's death, knew aught of the circumstances in which he died.

That he carried his life in his hands was a matter of no great import to him. The "urge" was upon him; and so he strode onwards in the direction of the towered village which he knew to be the present G.H.Q. of the Mullah Haji Khan. T'was twelve miles distant and but a step to one born to a hard school of life. Moving cautiously as he neared the stronghold of the clan, for a challenge was not unknown to be preceded by a bullet, he made for a pinnacle of rock on the crest of a ridge. Gaining this point of vantage as the moon, like a great round Marigold, was about to be submerged in the silhouette of a landscape, he saw below the glimmer of many fires. Without doubt many had answered the call to arms of the Mullah. Instinctively he became aware of the presence of a sentry a short distance away to his left. As yet he was unobserved. Hailing this sentry in

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a quiet and reassuring manner, he advanced towards him. All was well, and accompanied by another of the faithful he proceeded towards the village. Near an entrance beneath one of its towers he was subjected to a searching cross examination by certain elders of the people. Finally he was ushered into the presence of the great Mullah Haji Khan. Ayub made profound obeisance, then burst forth into eloquence: "Tidings I bring, Oh Mullah! Thy servant cometh to say verily hath Allah delivered the infidels into the hand of thee and thine who are the true followers of the Prophet. Thou in thy wisdom knowest, Oh Mullah, that others make war upon the infidels, thou knowest also the Mahsuds who served them but who being of the faithful have deserted them. Their fighting men are gone, and lo! thy servant speaketh the truth when he saith there are but chicken-livered dogs in yonder Fort and Camp in the valley of the river. Dogs not bred to fight but to pretend, who will scatter before thee and thy followers as chaff before the wind. 'Tis true, as thou sayest, their bullets are as water."

Then said the Mullah, "What of the 'chita puk puk' (machine guns) of the infidels?"

"Two have I seen, but now they work no more and the dogs know not how to make work their 'topak' (guns). Tarry not, Oh Mullah! Go forth and slay!"

T'was then that Gul Shah, an elder, spoke: "Yea, Mullah, Ayub Khan speaketh the truth, for have I not also seen and heard these things which he saith."

Then said the Mullah, "On the third day from this day shall the lashkar of the faithful sit upon the hills above the camp of the infidels and shall demand treasure of them. Go forth Ayub Khan and say to me should more of the dogs be seen to come from places afar off."

Ayub Khan went forth.

* * * * *

Once again it fell to the lot of Second-Lieutenant T. A. Basco to patrol the plain, the plain which he had erstwhile termed "the plain of monotony."

This time he returned with two troops, less one sowar and two horses. He and his patrols had for the first time come under

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fire. Something to report at last. And now, when there seemed a prospect of fighting the Mahsud, there came other enemies taking the form of malignant malaria and sandfly fever. The latter two had already taken toll of the force. The 48th Lancers suffered from a shortage of officers to the extent that Basco now commanded B squadron.

That night were many fires seen along the hills to the South. The Mullah and his merry men were growing bold. They had successfully scuppered, by a clever ruse, a post with its garrison of seventy men, situated but a few miles off.

That night also did the G.O.C. receive an ultimatum demanding twenty lakhs of rupees for which consideration he and his force would be permitted to proceed unmolested to Bannu.

Events were moving rapidly for even as the envoy was returning to the Mullah with the request that twenty-four hours grace be granted in which to collect the money from the nearest treasury, a force was making a wide detour through the hills in rear of the Mullah's army This force was led by a guide who was none other than Ayub Khan.

And in the Mess of the 48th the C.O. was explaining to officers the situation and issuing orders for the attack to be carried out against the Mahsud position at dawn. An attack by the Force less that portion at present under the guidance of Ayub Khan and a small garrison. To Basco and B squadron was given a simple and definite objective. To seize and hold a ridge of foothills between two prominent points marked A and B which were identified both on the map as well as on the wonderful panorama sketch kindly lent for the occasion by Major S. Hoot of the Gunners. Points upon which Basco had in reality gazed daily for the last four months.

He would be aided by every modern convenience. Flanks safeguarded, the support of a mountain battery whilst Nature offered a beautiful cliff at the most suitable place as perfect cover for led horses.

All was cut and dried, including Basco's chin, for excitement had caused a reflex action in his razor. And so to bed—for a short while, during which Basco again made up the same four at bridge.

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Then " Assembly " and a period of waiting—endless waiting it seemed ere two brilliant flashes in quick succession and two sharp detonations with their swelling echoes from the hills heralded the approach of another scorching sun. All the guns of the small Field Force were soon adding to the crashings and rumblings so magnified by rocks and ravines.

Basco's heart tried to break forth from khaki drill as he gave the signal to advance. " Line of troop columns." None too bad the going. Approximately a mile and a-half to go to the shelter of the cliff.

Not a shot fired against B squadron as yet, though further to the right was the crackle of rifle fire. Still unmolested they advanced. A sowar from a patrol galloped towards them and ere he could deliver a message Basco had seen numerous tribesmen running helter skelter on the plain and in the open barely five hundred yards to his left front. As he turned in his saddle to make sure that his signal had been interpreted he could see C squadron already dismounted, advancing up the slope of their portion of the ridge. The next moment he was at the head of his squadron extended in line. " Gallop ! " On they swept past point A into a horseshoe of the plain formed by a semicircle of hills. A number of fleeing tribesmen. Scarcely fifty yards was the nearest. Basco, his whole being translated into very ecstasy, saw red. A veritable squall of rifle fire greeted them. A horse plunged wildly ahead of his, fell with a clatter among the stones and lay still. The air seemed alive with bees. Men and horses crumpled with thuds. A yawning nullah immediately in front. In the eyes of Basco a vivid flash of light, a thousand stars and . . . . oblivion.

* * * * *

And it came to pass that the bullets of the infidels turned not into water, therefore ran the Mullah Haji Khan, also ran the elders, likewise all the faithful. And they that ran more swift turned back, for it seemed their enemies encompassed them on every side and they knew not whence they came.

Then fled they down ravines to seek safety in flight across a portion of the plain. There also were they the worse persecuted by infidels on horseback bearing pointed sticks. Verily on this

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day was the downfall of the faithful great. A multitude was slain.

* * * * *

Basco was walking, he knew not where. Walking in a pleasant land though he could not feel the ground. He came to a dark and narrow river. Here was a ferry with twelve boats. Each boat was guarded by a comely Valkyrie. He asked that he might cross over but each one said him "Nay, for the boats are for others." And sitting on the bank with his back to the river he beheld a host advancing and as they drew near he saw Rissaldar Mul Singh and half his troop, Jemadar Lal Singh and more than half his troop, and with them others, and came their horses with them. Behind them came the Mullah Haji Khan, many of the elders and a multitude of followers. And as he watched they were transported across the river. Basco wept bitterly. Then returned the Valkyries to him saying, "Weep not but seek knowledge for your time is not yet come." And they brought harps and Basco thought he also had a harp ('twas only mortals who could see him grasp the wire of a government mattress). Then played the Valkyries on their harps and burst forth into song. To the tune of the "Gallop Past" they sang, and each word of their song was branded upon the soul of Basco in letters of fire.

"'Midst the tumult and clash of the battle,
When Cavalry spirit runs high,
When you feel that a chance
For the sword and the lance
And the spur is drawing nigh;
When men hold well together,
Encouraged by sporting invective,
Oh, spoil not the fight
By losing all sight
Of your super important objective."

The song ended, Basco looked for the singers but instead saw a Mortal. "Who is it?" muttered Basco. "M.O. Sir," was the reply. "M—m—m—maintenance Objective?" "No, Sir, Medical Officer."

And Private Bandage, ward orderly, told Sister Iodine "the Orficer in number seven was still 'dilirius.'"

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THE OUTLYING PIG

By "KOOSIAL."

ON a hot weather afternoon, away back in the first years of this century, a young Indigo Planter was in the office of his little Outwork. He was a fair-haired, stocky youth of the type best described as a big little 'un, and was a noted man after pig, in a district where nearly everyone rode pig.

Like many another Indigo Assistant of his day, he was a great deal keener on a bit of sport, than on a job of office work, and a good deal too much was left in the hands of his Babus. Sambo—as everybody called him that, he need get no other name in this story, was said to have one formula, when he signed his accounts: "Is this all right? God help you Babu, if its not."

His temper was always of the hair-trigger kind, and this afternoon, he was ramping roaring mad, as his most trusted Babu had quite definitely put him in the cart.

He had in front of him a letter from his Burra Sahib, pointing out certain flagrant frauds in the last month's accounts, and saying that as Sambo was not a crook, he was several different kinds of an incompetent young fool, and that there was a tidy sum of money to be made good.

Sambo was discussing this with the Babu concerned, and had just run through a catalogue of the man's female friends, with comments on their morals, and customs, for three generations, and was passing on, to detail what was going to happen to the Babu himself, in the immediate future, when a diversion was caused by a slight stir outside. A peon came in, and announced that a neighbouring landowner, Janab Ali Khan, had come to call. This old gentleman, who looked as if he had stepped

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straight out of the Old Testament, was a nice old thing, but a most unmitigated bore, at the best of times. His visits were all the same, half an hour spent in protesting he had only come to enquire after the Sahib's health, and a request at the end, for a recommendation to some official, for some relation who wanted a job. Feeling he could not bear it, Sambo very rudely said, "Oh, tell him to go to hell." Ordinarily, this would have been translated into: The Sahib is most grieved, but most urgent work prevents him from having the pleasure of seeing you."

This time, however, the Babu who was on the mat, saw his chance, first of making a getaway, and secondly, of having a parting smack at Sambo, so he went out, and delivered the message truthfully, and literally, and then started on a non-stop run for the nearest railway station.

The poor old Patriarch nearly had apoplexy, and remounted his pink-eyed stallion, and departed.

About three days later, a man from Janab Ali Khan's village came to the bungalow, with news that a boar was lying up for the day, in a certain small patch of jungle, close to the village.

This bit of "Khubber" was surprising, and Sambo, with his knowledge of the country round, and of the habits of pig, felt that the place was a most unlikely one. Still, travelling pig do lie up in queer places, and obviously, a morning spent in looking for even a non-existent boar, was better than one at work.

No time was wasted, and within ten minutes a small procession started, led by Sambo, on a wiry country-bred, followed by his syce, with a spare horse, and a couple of grasscutters, with spears.

They had only gone about half a mile when they heard weird rattling and chugging sounds, and round a bend in the road came the first motor car seen in those parts, driven by the Collector of the District. He was delighted to hear of a pig, and was soon on the spare horse. When they reached the small patch of thatching grass, and thorny bushes, where the pig was reported to be, they saw a crowd of twenty or thirty men armed with substantial bamboo lathis, waiting for them.

There was an indefinite, but quite noticeable air of embarrassment about them, and no one seemed to want to speak when

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Sambo addressed them. Another curious point was that they were nearly all strangers to him, and did not seem to know who had given the khubber about a pig. One man said that Janab Ali Khan and his two sons had gone away very early that morning on a visit to a distant village.

However, they agreed to help, and Sambo soon got them into a rough line, and started beating the jungle, from the side next the village, while he and the Collector took up their positions, one at each end of the line, and just outside the grass. The beat started in a very nonchalant fashion, and it was evident that the men expected to find nothing more dangerous than a jackal, but their attitude changed, when they saw the rush of something big, parting the grass in front of them.

An excited shout of "Soor, Soor" went up, and a good boar went away, at the far end of the patch, and made off at that lumbering pace that looks slow, until you follow on a horse.

The two spears got well away, and Sambo, being better mounted, soon took the lead. The country the boar made for, was open rice land, parched and dry, at that time of year, and subdivided into smallish plots, by the usual little banks which hold in the water, when the rice is growing. In addition, one larger bank ran straight across, from east to west, for nearly a mile. This bank was over two feet high, and just wide enough on the top, for the pig to get along it, and so save him jumping all the little cross bunds.

By the time Sambo drew up to the pig, it was going strong along the bank, and the situation was a bit awkward. The beast's back was just about level with the pony's withers, as Sambo came up, with the pig on his off side, and a charge would have been pretty well a jump on the top of him. Considerations of that kind when a boar was in front of him never worried Sambo, and he began to close in. The boar thought better of it, and jinked off the bank, and went off at right angles on the other side. This gave the Collector, who was some fifty yards behind, his chance of getting on the line, by crossing the bund, while Sambo had to check, and turn. By this time, the boar had decided that running away would not do, and he charged, with a couple of angry, coughing, grunts, as the Collector got up to him. The

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latter got in a useful, but by no means deadly spear, which checked, and diverted the charge enough for the pace of the pony to take him clear. Sambo got in a second spear, which finished the fight, though the *coup de grace* had to be administered.

Girths were slackened, and the two men waited for the syces to come up, when the boar was roughly measured and declared a good thirty inches, and in another five minutes, the ride home, at a walk, was begun. As they got near the village on the way back, they saw old Janab Ali Khan coming to meet them, on the ancient white stallion. The old gentleman explained volubly, that he had heard that the Collector Sahib, and Sambo Sahib had honoured his village with a visit, and that he had immediately returned at great speed. Neither he nor his mount looked capable of much speed, but no one was impolite enough to suggest this, and the old man talked at great length to the Collector, such an opportunity not being one to miss. When they got back to the motor car, Sambo persuaded the Collector to come on to lunch, and the morning was discussed over the beer. Sambo pronounced the whole thing the funniest thing of the sort, he had struck.

"Those fellows with lathis were a crowd of toughs, river-side Ahirs, who have nothing to do with these parts, and they had no idea we would find a pig. Old Janab Ali Khan, too, must have been just round the corner all the time." "Yes," said the Collector, "I recognized Gopi Ahir. He is mixed up in half the 'bad livelihood' cases in the district, but anyhow we got the pig."

They would have known more about it, if they could have listened to Janab Ali Khan, who was at that moment, moralising to his sons. "Truly, Allah is merciful, and his ways are wonderful. All our arrangements were well made. Sambo Sahib started to come to the village, with only two or three men, and would have been well beaten, to avenge my honour. It would have been shown that we had left on a journey, long before he came, and that his eye became red with anger, because someone had given him false khubber of a boar. In his rage, he beat and abused some Ahirs, who happened to be passing to a caste feast, and these men, who were strangers to him, and had no quarrel

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with him, were so unlucky as to give him a few blows, in defending themselves. All men know Sambo Sahib's temper, and the evidence was good. Even if some Ahirs went to jail, that is no new matter, and they were paid. Then Allah sent the Collector Sahib, who was recognized by Gopi Ahir, before any disturbance took place, and Allah provided a pig, where no pig was. The Collector Sahib was very pleased when I told him that his name would always be talked about in my village, because he speared the boar first, when riding against Sambo Sahib, who is a great Bahadur in pigsticking, and spears pigs every day. After this, I asked him to remember the name of my nephew's son, who is a candidate for the excise department, and he promised the matter would be considered. Also, I met the Tehsildar of the Factory, who told me that he heard Sambo Sahib give his usual polite message, that he was too busy to see me, and the whole trouble was caused by the runaway clerk, upon whom be shame. Truly, Allah's ways are best."

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TALES OF TOMSK

By SIEGFRIED P.

II. *A Paper Chase* (*Siberia*, 1919).

PELMAN, Copse and Yakub Khan, the C.O.'s Indian orderly, rode across the railway line into the forest towards Stepanovka. Each carried two heavy haversacks of paper. It was a sunny Sunday morning, and church bells were pealing behind them.

We ought to have a good field, Pelman," said Copse. "At least six of the Hussars said they'd turn up, and Birula promised to bring as many Czechs as he could; and there's little Misha—he likes whisky, but he won't win it. Then there's that Georgian horse dealer, and seven of our lads, and probably the arch-duke."

"The arch-duke won't be out of bed in time," interrupted Pelman. "Besides he's far too busy with his lady-love. She's darned pretty. By the way, who nick-named him the arch-duke?"

At this juncture Copse's horse stumbled in a mud hole and the conversation turned to the work in hand. They left the road, jumping a small fence, and cantered across meadows dripping with dew. "Isn't it lovely?" said Pelman. "Look at the colour of those woods. This little valley would make a very decent golf course. What fun one could have exploiting Tomsk as a holiday resort when things get settled—and aeroplanes come into their own," he added.

A large dyke confronted them. They had been dropping paper every few hundred yards. Pelman galloped at the obstacle, gave his horse his head and landed in a morass beyond. "Pahjalooista" (which means "Please" in Russian;—the

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Canadian N.W. Mounted Police horses, on which the British Military Mission officers were mounted, had been given Russian names), the big bay, he was riding, stumbled, almost fell, kept his feet and scrambled on to firm ground, pulling his hind legs up the bank behind him. Yakub crashed into the stream and got a bad wetting. Copse's "Stickavoi Boy" (Bayonet Fighting) refused as usual. Yakub, dripping, got back to terra firma and chased his horse heavily round the field. Copse caught it, and they made their way round by a ford lower down.

"Better put some paper by the ford, Yakub!" said Copse, galloping on to join Pelman.

They entered the forest again and soon after came to a series of glades. Cows were grazing, and a peasant girl shyly answered their "Good morning."

"Time we laid a false trail. We wasted about ten minutes down there. Do a chukker round up that dell and join us on the hill beyond that homestead, Yakub," ordered Pelman. "We should get a good view through the trees."

On reaching the hill a few minutes later, the two officers dismounted and, letting their horses graze at reins length, threw themselves down for a cigarette. Below them a tributary of the River Tom wound through meadows, the ground rising to woods a mile beyond. The dome of a church caught the sun above the trees, behind which lay the town. Sheep were cropping the short meadow turf. Smoke climbed lazily into the air from a hamlet ensconced in a fold of the ground stretching steeply down to the river.

"Isn't it wonderful. I'd no idea that Tomsk would be like this. I imagined Siberia to be one vast steppe."

Cigarettes finished, they got to their feet. "Yakub's taking his time. By Jove, there they go. Tremendous crowd. Those three are Czechs in front. Wait till they reach the ditch. I expect those thrusters will jump it."

A figure detached itself from the rest and dashed at the obstacle. "Well done, my lad," said Copse, delightedly. "He took it in fine style. Look! Number two's down. Three's funked it."

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A fourth horseman tore past the refusal. His horse struck the top of the mound and the pair went head over heels. "What a fountain! I hope he's not hurt. I don't expect many others will try," and so it seemed. The field scattered right and left. One brave man floundered over, and after two refusals another stout heart collapsed into the mud beyond the water. Horse and rider stumbled on to the far bank. Another man shot into the stream over his horse's head.

"No more for the shore now," ejaculated Pelman. "They're taking their time to find the ford." "I wonder if Yakub dropped that paper; I never looked to see," said Copse. "Anyway they've found a way across, look there." A file of horsemen were splashing through the water below the jump, where it widened out. "Up to their bellies. Cool 'em down. We'd better hop it. Can't wait for that beggar any longer. Come on Copse," said Pelman, dragging his horse's head from the grass. "We'll just wait till they get to those glades," he added mounting.

"There's the first bloke! What's he doing?" The first horseman was galloping round the dell like a spaniel on a keen scent. He turned left and disappeared, only to be seen a few seconds later galloping back by the road he had come.

"What can Yakub have done?" The horseman kept on appearing and disappearing as he swept through the trees. Rounding a corner he suddenly bumped into several oncoming horsemen. They halted, confabulated and went back. Five minutes later they appeared back in the meadows again, and then Yakub's voice was heard. "Sahib, Sahib! I put them off the scent."

"Where have you been?" asked Pelman irritably. "Oh! I brought the trail round to that bend in the river. They'll have to swim unless they go exactly where I did," chortled Yakub. "Then they must climb that steep cliff. Fine sport, Sahib," he grinned.

You silly owl, that's between us and home," barked Pelman, "if they ever find your infernal trail! Why can't you do as you're told. Yes, by Jove! There they go. All our efforts are

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wasted anyway. Come on. It's no good talking. They'll catch us, or get home before us if we don't look out."

Off they careered. They were not well mounted, as the best of the British Military Mission stable were naturally being ridden by the hounds. However, panting they reached the top of the cliff in question before the field, and galloping on they soon felt safer. Over a brushwood stockade, down a lane and on to a muddy road they went. Their haversacks were light now. Over the railway again by a level crossing and they were soon nearing the racecourse, their goal.

" We'll wait outside, and give them a run for their money," Pelman suggested, reining up a little. Three hundred yards from the course they halted in a birch grove. " Won't be long now," said Copse excitedly. " Here they are. All in a bunch. Come on."

The hares were off again. A "yoiks, forrard away" told them that they were spotted. A medley of war whoops from both parties added to the excitement when Pelman drew the prized whisky bottle from his haversack and waved it as he dashed on.

They swung into the paddock, passed an amazed old man who shouted something, and rounded the paddock gate into the race-course, which had been hidden from their view by a fence.

A frightful moment followed. Down upon them flew three light racing " sulkies." On their pairs of bicycle wheels, drawn by great striding trotting horses, with the vizored faces and outstretched arms of their drivers, whip in hand, Pelman envisaged three Boadiceas. He had no time to think much. By a miracle he passed between two chariots. The other two hares managed to efface themselves by barking their knees against the fence.

In the meantime pandemonium reigned. A trotting trial was in progress. Every Sunday afternoon, races, mostly trotting, took place on the cinder track; but this on Sunday morning was something special and unforeseen. The grandstand was full of people standing and shouting excitedly: " Nilzia." (It is forbidden.) " Get back! " " Look out! "

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"Take care!" The cries were too late for Pelham and his companions. But what of the hounds?

"Heavens! They'll all be killed." He managed to slow down his horse, whisky bottle in hand, and looked back.

The trotters were near the gate now. "Will they get by in time?"

"Whoop-la," shouted a voice, and round the corner of the gate crashed a horseman, a crowd of others jostling at his heels. He just missed the last chariot as it swept past the gate.

"Thank God!" breathed Pelman. But the excitement was not over yet. Four horses rounded the gate together. One came down throwing his rider. Another stumbled, but nearly regained his footing. Two more riders burst through the gate. One appeared to crush the fallen officer's face in the dirt, and the other completed the downfall of Skobeleff, the Mission's third string.

"Anyhow, what's done can't be undone. We must give give them a final run," and, undeterred by the shrieks and waving arms from the grandstand, Pelman urged his hares on.

It was a great finish. Luckily it happened before the trotting trial arrived round again. A glittering Czech Captain, going all out on his tired stallion, caught Pelman's bridle arm, beating a Russian officer by a head. The Mission's first string was fifth.

"Quickly, get out of the light. We're unpopular enough as it is," shouted Pelman, as the uncoming trotters advanced unswervingly. The whole crowd got off the track, shouting and yelling and telling everyone what had happened, and why they had not won.

"Allow me to present you with the coveted prize," bowed Pelman to the winner. The latter seized the bottle, held it aloft, and was about to knock the top off against the fence—but the Mission's Major restrained him. "No, heel taps is all right in moderation, but this is no light wine. It is John Jameson's best. I think we might repair to our mess and do the thing in style all round—probably the race club secretary had better be invited too," he added thoughtfully.

Yakub beamed on the mob.

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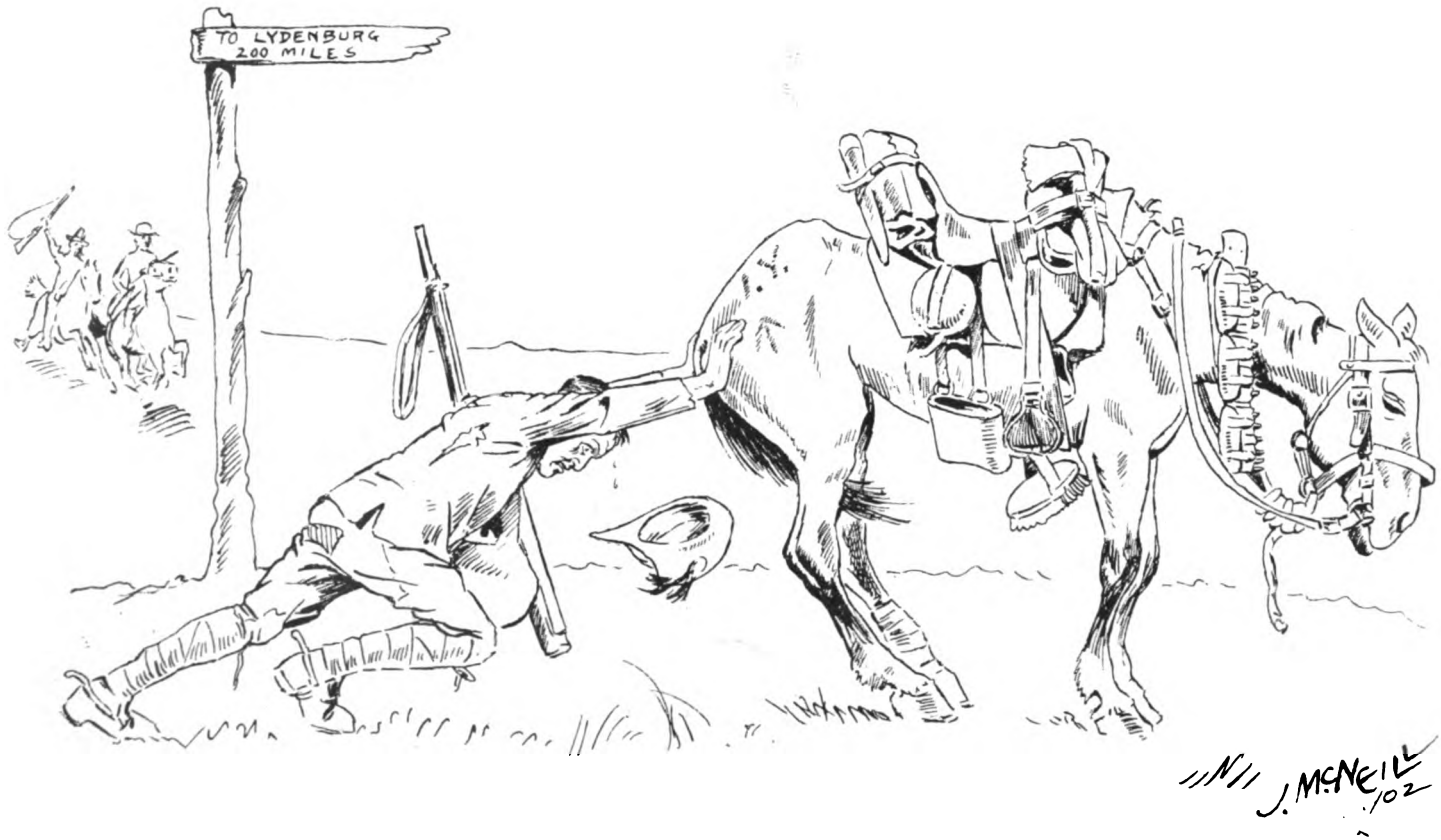

Dear Father: "I am still trekking. We cover great distances, often chasing the enemy thirty miles in one day!"

(Extract from letter of Imperial Yeoman.)

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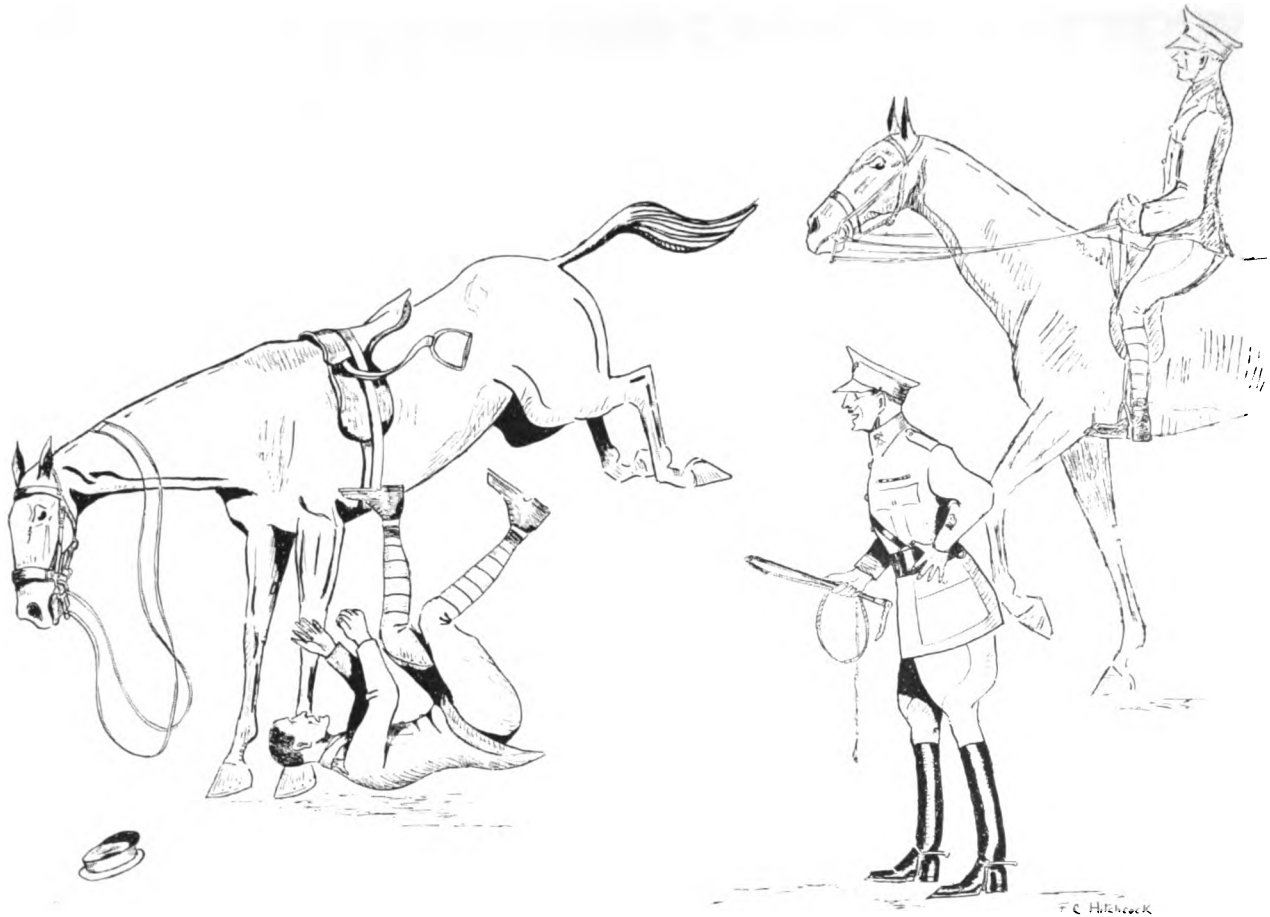

Advice in Equitation to intending G.C.'s:—Never say you can ride at Sandhurst or assuredly you will be allotted a "nappy" one.

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CHARGERS IN HORSE SHOWS IN INDIA.

By "RISALA."

OF all the many categories in a horse show possibly the most difficult to judge is the charger class. Probably no two individuals will agree as to the tests that should be applied, or as to the way in which marks should be apportioned. To adjust adequately the balance between training and type, or in other words, conformation, is indeed a problem difficult of solution. Let us deal, however, for the moment, with the aspect of training.

I venture to suggest that what we require in the ring is the trained article. We want to see the "End," not the "Means" whereby that "End" is attained. We require therefore, to examine the charger, in so far as this is possible in a show ring, in the evolutions which he is likely to be called upon to perform on service. We do not want to see him execute movements which, essential though they undoubtedly are during training, are of value purely from that point of view, or as aids to development, or improvement of balance.

Certain movements were required of horses in the recent Imperial Delhi Horse Show which may legitimately be classified under the heading of "Means," *i.e.*, the half-pass at the walk and trot, the collected trot—or was it the trot short ?—I forget which—the turn on the haunches, and for reasons which I will explain later, the canter with a loose rein. To the casual observer, it would appear that the Charger Test in Delhi is modelled on that held at the Equitation School, but I suggest that the objects are not synonymous. At Saugor, the test must obviously be framed primarily to form an estimate of the proficiency of the student, and of his capacity to apply the aids, whereas in a horse show the object is to judge the horse.

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Enough of destructive criticism. Let me now endeavour to produce some suggestions which are intended to be constructive. Four years at the Great War, partly in France, and partly in Palestine, with a cavalry regiment the whole time, have led me to form certain conclusions regarding the requirements of a charger on service, and after all a charger is maintained, or should be, with a view to his usefulness in war. Certain tests cannot, of course, be applied in the show ring—*i.e.* staunchness under fire, and capability of maintaining condition on a service ration, though the latter can be judged fairly accurately under type, or conformation.

From the training point of view however, the following tests are suggested, with reasons. It is contended that these cover practically all requirements, whilst reducing very considerably the time spent by the judges at the ring side.

(*a*) *Observation of the horse's paces at the walk with a loose rein, the trot, and the canter.*

Any judge worthy of the name should be able to decide, by seeing a horse in a string at these paces, whether he is sufficiently temperate, well balanced, and up to his bit, to give his rider a comfortable conveyance over a distance, or a country. This, I suggest, obviates the necessity for the individual loose rein test at a canter. Many horses, extremely light of mouth, and delightful rides, will never, once they have been taught to accept the bit, go on an absolutely loose rein, although they never fret, or pull. It may be however, that the judges are not too insistent on an absolutely loose rein, but include this as a test of temperance. Every horse should, of course, be trained to walk on a loose rein.

At this stage, it should be possible to carry out preliminary elimination of obviously unsuitable horses. As a rough guide, it is suggested that horses which fall under the following heads should be removed from the ring :—

(1) Horses that fret or pull at the trot or canter, or refuse to walk with a loose rein. These very serious disadvantages must of course, be judged in degree, and balanced against conformation, but if it be recalled that officers have been asked to ride eighty miles in

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thirty-two hours, it will be obvious that it is of the first importance that a charger should be a good hack.

(2) Horses obviously unsuitable as regards conformation, *i.e.*, the leggy countrybred, full of breeding, but a horse whose figure will obviously resemble that of a greyhound if he is ever asked to do a serious job of work.

(3) The medium weight polo pony, ridden by a man who cannot weigh less than thirteen stone in his bathing suit.

(*b*) *Jumping Test.* This must be artificial in a show ring. The existing test of making a horse jump an open hurdle is probably as good a one as can be devised of testing his heart to face an obstacle. A ditch, or trench, is of course the most common obstacle met with on service, but this is not usually practicable in a show ring.

(*c*) *Figure of Eight at the canter.* A test of handiness, in order that a horse may play an adequate part in that operation of war, now probably a memory of the past, the "Mounted Mêlée." The manner in which this exercise is performed affords an excellent guide to the general standard of training of the horse.

(*d*) *Halt from the gallop.* Most important. We lost a doctor in France in 1917—prisoner of war, through inability on his part to perform this evolution, while an officer of my regiment would have shared his fate from the same cause, on the same day, had he not met with a stout barbed wire entanglement!

(*e*) *Stand still while being mounted, dismounted, or when drawing map or sword.* A most important test, the reasons for which are obvious.

(*f*) *Passage from the halt.* Very necessary in order to get out of the way of motor cars, or motor cycles, passing up and down a column. At first sight this may appear to be an inadequate reason for the inclusion of this test, but I feel that anyone who has carried out marches in France will agree with me. Further, a horse that can do a passage can do a half pass, or a turn on the

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haunches, provided always that he is up to his bit, for which test provision is made elsewhere.

I have omitted the "Trot Short" and "Collected Trot," because these are purely exercises. For the trained charger there is only one trot—the regulation eight miles an hour. If a faster pace is required, there is always the canter. If a slower pace, but faster than the walk there should be no difficulty in collecting a horse that passes the above tests, back to a hound jog.

Having concluded the manege test, it is suggested that further elimination should be carried out. Detailed examination of conformation is to follow, but the difference between the best and the worst as regards conformation is not usually sufficient to warrant the further retention of those horses whose performance in the manege test cannot be classed as anything but extremely indifferent. By such elimination, the task of the judges would be very considerably shortened.

To turn now to type, or conformation. This may be dismissed in a very few words, for the requirements are so well known that they should require no reiteration. They may be summed up in the words—"A *true* heavyweight polo pony, low on the ground, for a lightweight, and something of the same type, though rather bigger, for a heavyweight." Sixteen hand blood English horses do not make ideal chargers on service, when they may have to subsist on six pounds of corn, or even less, for protracted periods, though they look grand on the First of January or Third of June parades (and not infrequently behave abominably!).

To apportion marks as between training and type is probably the most difficult problem of all. Training is judged definitely by marks, but conformation is judged largely by impression, and is therefore liable to acquire an enhanced value *vis-à-vis* training. There is frequently little to choose between the horses that have emerged in the first three or four in the manege test as regards conformation, otherwise they would probably not have occupied this position, for the connection between conformation and quality on the one hand, and training results on the other, is intimate, yet judges are apt to be more severe in this respect

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than in their marking of the manege test. It is suggested therefore, that marks for conformation be allotted according to a definite scale. A further reason for this suggestion is that in India judges are almost certain to find themselves confronted with at least three different breeds—English, Australian, and Indian, a factor which increases very considerably the difficulty of their task of selecting the most suitable war horse.

Turn-out may, or may not be included. I think it should receive a proportion of marks, as it gives an indication of the interest displayed by the owner in his mount and harness. I have seen accoutrements become detached when subjected to rough handling by the judges!

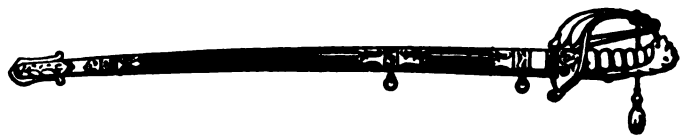
In conclusion therefore, I would suggest the following apportionment of marks:—

Training	50 per cent.
Conformation	40 per cent.
Turn-out	10 per cent.

Is is of course, very difficult to judge a horse's conformation by sections, but as a rough guide, I would suggest the following sub-division of the 40 per cent. allotted for conformation.

Action (Including conformation of limbs and feet)	30 per cent.
Back and loins	30 per cent.
Rein and shoulder	15 per cent.
Bone, and substance generally	15 per cent.
General—*i.e.* quality, type, impression	10 per cent.

It would be idle to expect everyone, or indeed anyone, to acquiesce in these suggestions in their entirety. They are advanced purely as suggestions, and if anyone is sufficiently interested in the subject, there will undoubtedly be criticism. But if, as a result of discussion, we reduce the time taken to judge the charger class, and examine the entrants on lines more closely akin to those required on service, we shall, at least, have achieved an object.



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SHIPWRECKED NEAR 'FRISCO

By "Old Timer."

> "It's a solemn, gospel, mate," he says, "but a man as ships aboard a steamer tramp, he gets his whack of the wonders of the Lord—such as roaches crawlin' over his bunk, 'n' snakes inside his bread, and work by night and work by day enough to strike him dead."—Masefield.

So many people have said to me, "Why don't you write a book on your experiences?" that at last, after much hesitation and many misgivings as to my ability to put incidents on paper in a readable form, I have decided to record a few of the more interesting events of my chequered life. They have at least the merit of veracity and are not merely founded on fact. They are my own practical experiences, and therefore run the risk of achieving a reputation for egotism which is as undeserved as it is unintentional.

At the appropriate age I entered the Mercantile Marine by way of the comparatively primrose path of the training ship "Conway." Life there was rather like a strenuous holiday. On completing my training I was apprenticed to a firm of Glasgow sailing-ship owners. I was shipped on board a large four-masted barque, destination: San Francisco; cargo: coal.

There were six of us, and though "apprentice" was our fancy name, we were no "poop ornaments" by any means. We were general slaveys, articles to be sworn at on all occasions for all shortcomings, ranging from the misdemeanours of the cook to the crimes of the ship's dog. It was no bed of roses being a ship's boy in those days, I can tell you.

Three of the apprentices were first voyagers and the older three naturally lorded it over them (namely, us) and managed things so that all the dirty work fell to our share.

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One of them, a proper bully, went a little too far one day at dinner time with the result that there was a rough and tumble between him and myself. The space was limited for such proceedings, which was lucky for me as I did not require so much room to turn round in as he did. Over sea chests, under bunks, on top of and under tables, we fought like Kilkenny cats, and I found my "Conway" training stood me in good stead.

At last he gave in, and after that there was less bullying, and life for us new hands became more tolerable. What with our work and pugilistic bouts, our ship had got down to the Horn without my finding the days tedious.

One Sunday night, three of us were fast asleep in our bunks, when suddenly we were pitched clean out on to the lee side of the house, amidst a confused jumble of blankets, sea chests, and tin dishes. We heard a rushing, rumbling sound, and the noise of the cargo of coal shifting and pouring to leeward. We picked ourselves up and managed to light a lamp. The deck was at an angle of over 45 degrees, impossible for standing on. We could not get out of the house as we could not open the door. The three of us were caged up like mice.

By hoisting each other in turn up to a port hole which looked for'ard, we could get an idea of the situation which was far from cheering. The vessel was on her beam ends, half covered with water. Huge seas broke over her, her ribboned sails cracked in the wind, as if she was firing a farewell before sinking in the deep. Our position was hopeless, we could do nothing to save ourselves. One boy suggested we might pray.

"Pray?" replied another; "you can pray if you like, I'm going to get some sleep."

This striking us as good common sense, we all rolled ourselves up in our blankets and soon forgot our danger in slumber.

But it was not long before we were awakened by screams. Though we sat up and listened, we could form no opinion as to where they were coming from. Horror-struck at the yells for help, all we could do was to listen to these, interlarded with curses and blasphemies, until they got fainter and fainter, ending at last in a dreadful kind of gurgle. Then all was still again.

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We heard afterwards that a man had been caught in the lamp locker, which was on the lee side and totally under water. The door being shut, the sea made its way slowly through the keyhole and round the edges of the door. The wretched chap could do nothing to open the door against the rush of water. Slowly but surely the ice cold liquid crept up his limbs, and he was veritably drowning by inches. His shrieks and cries were too piteous and terrible for description.

To us, who were also imprisoned, although on the weather side, and so having escaped the inrushing water, the agony of hearing those agonizing cries of despair was an additional torture to our nerves. I am glad to say he was rescued somehow in the end, and none too soon, as a few more minutes would certainly have finished him.

After this episode, an awful stillness seemed to reign, broken only by the thunder of occasional heavy seas, and the cracking of what few shreds of canvas were left, whipping and rattling in the wind.

Although we once more composed ourselves to sleep, it was the lethargy of despondency that had us in thrall. We heard no sounds of any humanity on deck; we concluded that the crew had either abandoned the ship or been washed overboard.

All of a sudden we were hailed from the deck: "Anyone in there?" called a voice, easily recognised as that of the boatswain.

"Yes," we answered in chorus. "Is that you, Bo'sun? Thank God we're not deserted after all!"

Next minute the door was opened, and in came the bo'sun, a splendid fellow. He had made a rope fast to the weather rail, and by sliding down it had managed to reach our door. Never was a visitor more welcome. He put fresh heart into us and we felt ready for anything. He told us to come with him, so one after the other we swarmed up the rope on to the bulwarks and scrambled forward. When we reached the fo'c's'le head, we were sent down the manhole, and so made our way aft to the hold. Here a most weird sight presented itself. By the dim light of a few lanterns, the crew were seen working like fiends, which they rather resembled. The cargo had shifted, and the

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only hope for the old ship and ourselves was to shift it back again, a hopeless and heart-breaking task at the best.

A few tons would be lying on the weather side where they had just thrown them, when the barque would give a colossal roll; with a rattle and rush, the stuff we had so laboriously shifted came avalanching back to leeward, bringing more with it. For quite seven or eight hours we slaved and slaved, with a rest now and again for a glass of grog and a biscuit.

At last black despair took a grip of us. The water was coming through the hatches, although they were covered with tarpaulins and battened down. The men began to growl, cursing and refusing to work. The first mate's orders were answered by "What the h—'s the good of staying here to be drowned like rats? If we have to drown, let's have a chance anyway." A man was then sent on deck to report matters to the Captain. How we envied that man as he disappeared up the manhole. Soon he returned and shouted "All hands on deck!" and we stood not in the order of our going, I can tell you. We positively raced for the manhole, and soon were once more breathing the pure cold air, a perfect ecstasy after the fetid, dust-laden atmosphere of the hold. It was now daylight, and we crawled aft to the poop, where the skipper and the man rescued from the lamp locker had been keeping a look out. From there we saw a sight which put heart in us all, for a large full-rigged ship was a few miles away signalling to us.

"Now, lads," said the skipper, "they're asking if we want assistance. For myself I would rather stick by my ship and try to get the cargo trimmed and the barque righted. But it is for you to say."

"Damn the ship," answered the crew. "We're dead beat trimming cargo for no use; she's foundering anyhow; leave her."

So "Send a boat" was signalled to the other vessel, all our own boats having been smashed or washed away by the gigantic seas which had swept over us.

It looked as if the stranger did not fancy the risk of launching a boat, for she continued on her course, and soon was out of sight.

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We were astounded. Then the men broke out into volleys of curses by which the deserter was universally condemned to eternal fire. Discipline snapped, the crew broke loose. The Captain's orders were disregarded and the officers' threatened. The men were mad with rage and disappointment. They swept the Captain and mates aside from the chart room, went down the companion ladder to the saloon, where they found and broke open the grog locker!

The scene was Bacchanalian. Men, standing up to their necks in water, were pouring rum or any other sort of drink down their throats as rapidly as they could get the stuff. If they were to drown they would drown drunk and happy—such was their philosophy. The officers and apprentices with the boatswain and one or two men remained on the poop. They were rewarded by seeing the ship, which we all thought had deserted us, standing back. She lay to, about two miles off, and, watching anxiously, we could see a small boat making towards us. One moment it was poised high up on the crest of a huge wave, the next it had disappeared altogether in the trough beneath towering walls of water.

"Get out the life-belts," ordered the Captain. The men who had been drinking ran up on deck and rushed the locker where they were kept. We boys had no chance of getting any, being shoved aside. When at last I did get near the locker there was not one left. I resigned myself to do without one. Really, I was so cold and miserable after standing for hours in nothing but a shirt and trousers under the bite of an icy wind that I did not much care what became of me.

Our good friend the bo'sun, however, noticed that I had no life-belt, and casting his eyes around he spotted one half-drunk hero with two on. As the man refused to reduce his supply the bo'sun promptly knocked him down and relieved him of one which he firmly lashed round my body.

The boat from the other vessel was now some hundred yards from us. The officer-in-charge shouted and made signs that on account of the heavy seas he could not venture nearer. We would have to jump and swim for it, taking our chance of being

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rescued by the boat. We had to go one at a time. When my turn came I felt as if I were never going to stop going down, but my cork belt took me to the surface and for a time I bobbed about in an aimless kind of way not seeing the boat anywhere. The bo'sun on the poop of our vessel yelled to me to swim and pointed to where she lay, and at last I reached her. When I got to her side I was grabbed by the collar and belt, hauled aboard like a bale of goods, and thrown down into the bottom and ordered to be still. When half our men had been taken aboard the boat set out for the ship. It was not a pleasant voyage. She was full of ice-cold water and getting tossed hither and thither like a piece of cork. Owing to the smashing seas, the boat could not venture too close to the side of the ship and once more we had to undergo the ordeal of the bath. A line was thrown us, a bowline was put under our arms, and each man in turn jumped into the water and was hauled aboard. The boat could never have got so near had it not been for several men pouring oil continuously on the billows, an operation which had a soothing effect. In a few hours all the officers and crew of our ill-fated barque were safely rescued, and though in a more than half-frozen condition were soon put right with the nautical panacea for all the ills of life—a glass of grog and hot coffee.

Hardly had we been twenty minutes aboard our rescuer when we saw our own vessel heave up her stern, like a whale diving, and finally disappear down into the deep.

Although we were now safe our position was not too enviable because the ship was a German, bound to the West coast in ballast. She was not provisioned to feed thirty-two extra men so we were put on short allowance, viz., a biscuit and a-half per man being the daily ration. Our sleeping accommodation was the fore part of the 'tween decks, where we huddled all together for warmth with an old sail for cover.

After enduring this for three weeks we were not at all sorry when we reached Iquique and were sent ashore.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The July "Army Quarterly" appears to include somewhat more than its usual percentage of historical articles, ranging from the Napoleonic memoirs of Marbot down to the recent hostilities around Shanghai. There is much that is readable, and much of general interest, but nothing that calls for notice as peculiarly appealing to cavalry readers.

"The Fighting Forces" for June and August, in its new bi-monthly guise, fully maintains its previous high standard as a quarterly. Major Burnel's notes on the Palestine Campaign show fresh light on the operations in which the mounted arm played so prominent a part, and Major Lefebure's well-informed articles on Disarmament are of up-to-date topical interest.

The "Royal Engineers' Journal" for June contains an article of value to at least two cavalry regiments in the "Crossing of Water Obstacles by Armoured Cars" by Major Dening.

The "Royal Artillery Journal's" most valuable feature is perhaps the hints on "Training Without Troops," by Major-General Ironside.

The "R.A.M.C. Journal" for the quarter contains nothing of special interest for our present purposes; but even the more technical pages of the "R.A.V.C. Journal" are of value to all concerned with horses, and the May number is full of useful veterinary information not entirely beyond the comprehension of the laymen.

The most useful article for us in the "R.A.S.C. Quarterly" for May is that of the supply of a cavalry division in war; but there is hardly an item in its long list of contents that will not well repay perusal from the point of view of general interest.

Cavalry readers as such will find little of special appeal to them in the current "Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research," the "Journal of the United Service Institution of India" or the "Royal Air Force Quarterly"; but the Canadian Defence Quarterly" contains in Captain Forneret's "Prepare to Mount," a strong plea for an increase in the strength and improvement in the training of the Canadian cavalry forces.

E.W.S.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

The May-June number of the United States "Cavalry Journal" opens with an historical account of the Olympic Games, which forms an introduction to the narrative which follows of the organization of the 1932 Olympic Games and Equestrian Sports which took place this year at Los Angeles, California, in July and August. Following this paper is one by Lieut.-Colonel Scott on "Rapid Forced Marches by Cavalry"; and having dealt in his opening paragraphs for the greater need in future wars of increased mobility and long fast marches, and having shown that modern roads favour faster and longer marches, he then proceeds to deal with the specific methods by which these results may be obtained. He urges the value of frequent changes of gait and the necessity for flexible march schedules. Altogether this paper seems well worthy of study.

There are two interesting papers on Shanghai, the one describing the history and development of the old international settlement, the other the course of recent events in that city from the point of view of a neutral observer.

The May-June number of the "Revue de Cavalerie" opens with the first portion of a paper by Lieut.-Colonel Pugens, describing the operations of the German Cavalry Corps commanded by Generals von de Marwitz and von Richthofen from the 6th to the 9th September, 1914, when these two Corps had been ordered up to help close the gap, already existing and threatening to become larger in the First German Army under von Kluck, and then extending from Varreddes to Saucy. The story, as here revealed, of all that followed, shows the really remarkable confusion which then existed in the German army,

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the difficulty in getting together these two widely-separated corps for the execution of a common object, and how greatly the bodies composing each had been reduced during the comparatively brief interval of time since the war opened.

In this issue Colonel Daubert concludes and sums up his article entitled "Le Groupe de Reconnaisance," and this is followed by what is practically an epitome of the teachings contained in our various Regulations as to the employment in war of tanks and armoured cars, while the writer also reviews all that has been done and the advances which have been made in the perfection of the new arm. The general impression gained from a study of this paper is that the author appears to consider that the British Army is rather ahead of those of the other European Powers in the development and tactical employment of tanks and armoured cars.

"Wissen und Wehr" for June of this year contains an interesting, but unfortunately anonymous article on the Russian cavalry, divided into a Regular and a Territorial Force, and in these days when we hear so much about the reduction of armaments, it comes with something of a shock to learn that the annual quota of recruits for the whole totals close upon a million men. Of the two forces, two-fifths belong to the Regular and three-fifths to the Territorial Force. The greater part of the Regular Cavalry is massed on the Polish and Roumanian frontiers. The writer lays very great weight on all that he claims has been done in Russia to bring the cavalry arm up to the most up-to-date requirements, and claims that in any future war the Russian cavalry will achieve very much more than was ever attempted in 1914, and we are assured that there is small likelihood of the Russian cavalry being frittered away in small and profitless undertakings as it was in the early days of the Great War in the Eastern Front. Special stress is laid by the writer of this paper on the steps which are everywhere being taken by the military authorities of the Soviet Government—and apparently with conspicuous success—to revive the old traditions of the Force and to encourage all who form part of it to regard it as a veritable *Corps d'Elite*.

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An early number of this year's "Revue Militaire Suisse" contains a paper on "Modern Cavalry," which is well worth reading, and which is by Major de Muralt, instructeur de cavalerie. This writer traces the decline in favourable opinion as to the comparative value of the mounted arm in modern war to the fact there suddenly appeared in the field a number of wholly novel and unexpected weapons with which the cavalry was confronted and with which, totally unprepared, it was called upon to deal. As an almost natural result the cavalry of the Continental Powers has been subjected to a very serious transformation, one especially noticeable in the armies of France, Germany and Italy, though later the writer seems to say that Great Britain had gone further than others in motorizing its cavalry. Major de Muralt appears to notice to-day signs of something of a re-action; all the best authorities seem, so he opines, to have come round to the settled conviction that in modern war cavalry cannot be altogether done away with, and that under certain conditions of terrain, cavalry only can carry out all that is required. The writer sums up his argument by the statement, with which all but the cranks will probably agree, that the really mobile element of a modern army is composed of aeroplanes, armoured cars, etc., *and* cavalry, and that the three can and must act in complete liaison.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"School for Horse and Rider." By Captain J. E. Hance. (Country Life, Ltd.) 12s. 6d.

We have come across many fine riders in our time, and been lost in admiration at the ease with which they perform the most difficult feats. Everything appears to come naturally to them and their horses never seem to do anything wrong, but when you ask them "how is it done?" they cannot even begin to tell you. Captain Hance is not only a perfect horseman himself, but having made a life study of horsemanship, can pass on the valuable information in plain language, to those who are starting their education or seeking to improve their riding. This book will appeal to the imagination of all riders, for Captain Hance has not only studied the mentality of the horse, but what is so very much more important, that of the pupil. The illustrations are excellent, and from them alone there is much to be learned. We strongly recommend this book to all soldiers who wish to improve their horsemanship for polo, or get full enjoyment out of their hunting. Also to those civilians who are teaching the young idea in the numerous pony clubs.

T. T. P.

"The Indian Police." By J. C. Curry. (Faber & Faber.) 12s. 6d.

In this volume Mr. Curry, himself an old officer of Indian Police, gives a full description of the past and present organization and duties of the Force. It is a topic of considerable interest, when the future of the force is wrapped up with the fate of all India in considerable uncertainty, but one thing at least is quite certain, and Mr. Curry does well to stress it, that the approach to the great problem of police administration by the Indian statesmen into whose hands it will surely soon pass is

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of vital importance for the future peace and happiness of the Indian peoples. In the great sub-continent the rule of law, as we in this country understand the term, is an idea quite foreign to the mass of the inhabitants, hence the great prevalence of crimes of violence—murder, rioting, dacoity—and the difficulty of laying hands on the guilty and bringing them to justice. Mr. Curry fully describes, and highly praises, the manner in which in the past the Indian police have overcome the manifold obstacles to the performance of their very difficult duties; and this heritage of fine tradition and good service, as Lord Lloyd well says in his preface to the book, is not the least of the gifts which Britain has to offer to the self-governing India of the future.

"An Officer's Wife." By Zoe Townshend. (Country Life.) 6s.

This is an artless and inoffensive series of jottings, chattily and almost disconnectedly compiled, of the experiences of an Army officer's wife in England, India, and Ireland during the years preceding and following the war. The authoress would, we feel, be the last to lay claim to any pretension of literary style, though her pages are readable and lively enough; but one cannot help comparing them in this respect unfavourably with the similar autobiographies, recently published, by two naval officers' wives. The book will, however, serve to pass an idle hour pleasantly enough.

"General Sir John Maxwell." By Sir George Arthur. (Murray.) 15s.

Sir George Arthur's latest subject was well worth this excellent biography; England and Egypt both owe to Sir John Maxwell a very great debt, both as soldier and administrator. Egypt was his first love and to her service he gave the greatest and best part of his active life; he first saw active service there as a young subaltern at Tel el Kebir, in 1882, and it was not till 1916 that he handed over the chief military command in that country, after two years of yeoman service under a complication of external perils and internal difficulties which had taxed to

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the uttermost even his great capacities. Maxwell was admirably fitted for posts combining military and civil functions, such as frequently fell to his lot in the cause of his career—the governorship of the Sudan after Omdurman, the military governorship of Pretoria during the South African War, and finally the command in Egypt in the Great War; in such employment his tact and personal charm, his high sense of duty and readiness to assume responsibility, his vigilance and firmness, found full scope. It was an ill stroke of fortune that coupled his name in general recollection with the suppression of the criminally foolish Easter Rebellion in Ireland, and laid on his shoulders an undue share of the obloquy cast by that unhappy episode on all concerned in it. Sir George Arthur's loving and vivid memoir should serve to show in a fairer and juster light the career and character of a devoted and capable public servant, the like of which it is to be hoped this country will as often possess in the future as in the past.

"The Elements of Rifle Shooting." By J. A. Barlow. (Gale & Polden.) 5s.

This little work, practically written and clearly illustrated by photos and diagrams, deals entirely with Service shooting, that is, shooting with the service rifle and over the open sight. The author, whose personal record as a rifle shot is impressive in its distinction, writes well and clearly, and covers all the ground; there can be few, even among his brother experts, who will not profit from a perusal of his pages, while the aspirant to shooting honours will find them of the utmost interest and value. E. W. S.

"The British Way in Warfare." By Liddell Hart. (Faber and Faber.) 12s. 6d.

This book is really a collection of essays and lectures, many of which have already appeared in various periodicals. The author's main thesis is that there has been a distinctly British practice of war, based on mobility and surprise, but that this practice was wrongfully abandoned because of a misreading of history and because of pressure from the Continent. Fighting,

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in his view, must be reduced to a minimum, effects being produced by "economic pressure exercised through sea-power," and by striking at the brain centre by manœuvre along the "line of least expectation." His analysis of continental doctrines is interesting, but not really convincing; the subject is too vast for such short treatment, and his tendency to summarize different strategical doctrines in a single phrase, embodying one idea, which he then shows to be erroneous, does not carry conviction. Further, his claims that his views on bloodless victories are supported and illustrated by Napoleon's 1796 campaign and by Sedan are based on a somewhat strange reading of history! Like all this author's writings, however, this chapter makes one think, whether one agrees or not with his deductions and conclusions.

In other chapters, he deals with general questions of modern armament and development, and offers a strong plea for the expansion of air control in the Empire. Here again, however, his history seems biased. Most of the accounts written about the "Mad Mullah" operations, and those given by participants, scarcely agree with his view that success was due to air action; and very little mention is made of Palestine or the more recent operations on the North West Frontier, much less the complete failure of the French air operations in Morocco. Co-operation between the Services is the real answer, not the replacement of one by the other.

The author is at his best when he is writing on mechanization, of which he has made a particularly deep study, and he puts a strong case for the policy of complete mechanization of the Army.

Among the sixteen essays, which make up the book, there are two other chapters of outstanding importance, one on the modern Territorial Army, which is of particular interest at the present moment, and one on the Army of Italy.

Whatever one may think of Captain Liddell Hart's views, he always gives one furiously to think, and this book should certainly be read by all soldiers, and also by others, too, if it will make them realize the truth of his statement that, "if you wish for peace, understand war."

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"Lectures on F.S.R." III. By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (Sifton and Praed.) 7s. 6d.

In these days of many multi-coloured manuals, it is somewhat alarming to find an advocate of still another; yet there was undoubtedly a place for this small book. General Fuller has followed the lines of F.S.R. II, but dealing with every problem on a purely mechanized basis, and an analysis is therefore scarcely possible in a review. He states the case of the extreme mechanist, supporting the view that cavalry can have little effect in defensive operations, and that even mountain warfare can be largely machanized. The weakness of his whole thesis appears to lie in intercommunication. The more forces become mechanized, and the greater becomes their range of action, the more will success depend upon rapid and sure intercommunication. He only deals with this problem in a very short last chapter, and, while admitting that it "forms the first problem which will have to be threshed out before F.S.R. III can be written," he has no definite suggestions to make.

His ideas as to the future of cavalry may produce strong feeling and disagreement. "Cavalry," he considers, "will die a lingering though natural death, but the cavalry idea will certainly not die. It will live on in the form of the motorized trooper and the mechanized one as well."

This is a book which will be read by all who are interested in modern developments of thought and practice.

"Administrative Schemes. With Solutions." By Major Kirby, O.B.E., M.C., R.E., *p.s.c.*, and Brevet-Major Murison, M.C., R.A., *p.s.c.* (William Clowes and Sons, Ltd.) 4s.

This consists of six administrative schemes, with solutions, of a type similar to those worked out at the Staff College. There is one on the approach march and first contact, two on the attack, one on the defence, one on moves by M.T., and one on a withdrawal. The schemes are sound and fairly comprehensive, and they should be of considerable value to those studying for the Staff College or for promotion.

H. G. E.

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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

POLO.

The Prince of Wales's Tournament was played in Delhi during Horse Show week.

Three British Cavalry teams (the 10th Hussars, the 13/18th and the 15/19th), two Indian Cavalry (Skinner's Horse and the C.I.H.), one Native State (Baria State—a composite team including the brilliant young Maharaja of Jaipur) and two other teams, the Wanderers and the Gladiators, took the field.

In the first round the C.I.H. beat the 13/18th Hussars; Baria beat the 10th Hussars; the 15/19th Hussars beat the Wanderers and the Gladiators beat Skinner's Horse.

In the semi-finals the C.I.H. beat Baria and the Gladiators beat the 15/19th Hussars.

The final resulted in the C.I.H. beating the Gladiators by 8 goals to 6.

The teams were as follows :—

10TH ROYAL HUSSARS
Colours : Red, White and Black
(1) Capt. C. B. Harvey
(2) Mr. M. N. E. MacMullen
(3) Major C. H. Gairdner
(4) Mr. J. P. Archer Shee

13/18TH HUSSARS
Colours : Blue and White
(1) Mr. W. F. Butler
(2) Capt. J. H. Hirsch
(3) Major J. L. M. Barrett
(4) Mr. I. L. Wood

15/19TH HUSSARS
Colours : Blue, Red and Yellow
(1) Capt. T. J. Arnott
(2) Capt. W. R. N. Hinde
(3) Mr. J. G. Leaf
(4) Capt. C. Cokayne Frith

SKINNER'S HORSE
Colours : Yellow and Blue
(1) Mr. N. T. Loring
(2) Capt. E. D. Holder
(3) Capt. A. E. Dean
(4) Major E. J. Fulton

CENTRAL INDIA HORSE
Colours : Maroon
(1) Capt. M. Cox
(2) Capt. R. George
(3) Capt. B. G. Dalrymple-Hay
(4) Major A. H. Williams

BARIA
Colours : Orange and White
(1) Rajkumar Pirthi Singhji
(2) Maharaj Kumar Baria
(3) M. K. Amar Singh
(4) Capt. C. H. Law, in the first round;
The Maharaja of Jaipur, in the semi-final

WANDERERS
Colours : Dark Blue
(1) Capt. A. H. St. J. Avery
(2) Capt. R. N. Nunn
(3) Colonel H. Macdonald
(4) Mr. G. E. Rathbone

GLADIATORS
Colours : Scarlet, Yellow Sash
(1) Mr. W. W. Loring
(2) Capt. C. E. Pert
(3) Major E. G. Atkinson
(4) Lieut.-Col. R. Dening

RACING

PESHAWAR.

We have just completed here a very interesting series of Gymkhana Bona-fide Military Steeplechases, for which Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Elphinston presented

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a handsome silver cup. We had good entries, but they would have been much better had it not been for the cavalry being called out against Red Shirts the whole winter.

We have had eleven chases in which sixteen different horses have run, and about three more been entered without running owing to lameness, etc.

The horses that ran were :—

Inshallah	Mr. B. W. Martin, Poona Horse
The Speaker	Mr. B. W. Martin, Poona Horse
Cavalcade	Mr. B. W. Martin, Poona Horse
Sammy	Capt. W. M. Newill, Poona Horse
Dolly	Mr. A. Browne, Poona Horse
Jehu	Mr. B. H. Mytton, 15/19th Hussars
Jim	Mr. B. H. Mytton, 15/19th Hussars
Tranby	Mr. L. D. Patterson, 15/19th Hussars
Justice	Mr. A. D. Taylor, 15/19th Hussars
Ginger Dick..	Mr. Kellet, Royal Artillery
Tangrole	Mr. Lyall Grant, Royal Artillery
Donald	Capt. Wilson, 8th Cavalry
Shy Gold	Mr. Armstrong, 8th Cavalry
Jimmy	Mr. Beatty, Hodson's Horse
Aussi	Mr. Carill Worsley, R.A.F.
Hill Hog	Mr. E. D. Good, Royal Corps Signals

The riders who have ridden are :—

Capt. W. N. Newill, Poona Horse
Mr. B. W. Martin, Poona Horse
Mr. J. H. Wakefield, Poona Horse
Mr. Hodgkinson, 15/19th Hussars
Mr. B. H. Mytton, 15/19th Hussars
Mr. A. D. Taylor, 15/19th Hussars
Mr. Dillon, 15/19th Hussars
Mr. Carill Worsley, Royal Air Force
Mr. Hancock, Royal Air Force
Mr. Kellet, Royal Artillery
Mr. Lyall Grant, Royal Artillery
Capt. Wilson, 8th Cavalry
Mr. Armstrong, 8th Cavalry
Mr. Preston, K.O.Y.L. Infantry
Mr. A. R. Green, 3/17th Dogra Regiment
Mr. E. D. Good, Royal Corps Signals

I think you will agree that it is a notable revival of steeplechasing to get sixteen horses actually running and sixteen gentlemen riders going over fences in a place like Peshawar.

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